Pomfret, Conn.

Dear Merryweathers:

Probably since the first year of Camp, no greener crew ever signed on to see the good ship into port. The Skipper's successor had never had more than mate's papers, and the rest of the ship's company's experience, when one compares it to that of former years, was very slim and sketchy. Mrs. Powell, who was Lady-in-chief, had never seen Great Pond before. David Powell, the purser, was in like case. Sunshine Alley had one month's camp experience between them, and the two old timers on the faculty, Bob Cutler and Charlie Wiggins, were a bit out of training after a four-year interval. Both had been prefects, but aside from visitors, no old faculty were aboard. Joe Bradley was the only prefect who was a former Merryweather. Hence it was with high resolves but some trepidation that we set sail, but wind and weather were favorable; no mutiny or scurvy appeared to mar the voyage, and the ship made port with all sails set and flags flying. The captain is said to have told the reporters that he considered the crew as good as any that had manned the ship in thirty years.

Every summer at Camp is always "the best we've ever had", but certainly this was no exception. Never was keener scouting. The Algonquins won by two games. They had a bit of an advantage, as the only old scouts on the faculty belonged to that tribe. They were backed up by two old Algonquin scouts. There were only three Iroquois braves who had ever come to grips with Algonquins before. Scouting nevertheless was so popular that we had to have two extra afternoons after the season was ended.

Owing to long stretches of calm weather, the single shells, the double, and even the ancient pair were in constant use, and canoe navigation was pretty continuous. The regatta for single shellers at the end of camp had 19 competitors out of a camp of 29, eight of whom had not been on hand in July.

Doctor Blodgett, David Powell, Ivy De Friez and Holty Wood all passed their canoe tests as did J. R. Abbot, Jr., the latter thus carrying on an old family tradition.

Probably more mountains - many of them in the still little-known and indeed little mapped stretches of the North Woods - were climbed than ever before by assorted campers. Blue and Tumbledown, Bigelow and Arnold's Peak, Old Speck and Abraham, and Katahdin were all ascended in due course, and this naturally brought about longer camping trips, in wilder country, where trout were plentiful and deer and moose were seen and photographed.

SHIP'S COMPANY

J. G. W.

C. W. 3rd

Robert B. Cutler

R. Little

W. Blodgett, Doctor

David Powell, Secretary

PREFECTS

Philip Cutler

Holton Wood

PREFECTS

Ivison De Friez

Joseph Bradley

Mrs. Clarke Powell

Laura Wiggins

Rosalind Wiggins (August)

Betsy Cabot (August)

Nancy Richards (July)

BRETHREN

David Arnold
Thomas Brooks
Theodore Chadwick
William Chisholm
John Crocker
Dan Danforth
Philip Dorman
John Gardner
Robert Gardner
Christopher Garland
Peter Garland
John Hall
Frederick Hamlen

Kenneth Moller
John Motley
Charles Peabody
John Peabody
John Ross
John Swan
Edward Tappan
De Forest Trimingham
Richard Webb
John Williams
Henry R. Zahner
Richard Zahner

Joseph Hamlen
William Hamlen
Gregory Henderson
Gregory Lynes
Peter Meyer
William Meyer

John Carey
Peter Ogilby)last
Lyman Ogilby)fortnight
Edmund Billings
A. D. Thomson
John R. Abbot
Stephen Gifford

Sons of Old Merryweathers at Camp were:

J. R. Abbot, Jr., H. R. Zahner, Richard Zahner, Edmond Billings, Jr., Gregory Henderson, John H. Hall, Jr., Gregory Lynes, William Chisholm.

Among Old Merryweathers visiting at camp during the summer (with or without their families) were:

J. R. Abbot, George E. Abbot, Norman Walker, J. C. Cooley, Laurence McKinney (E. L. McKinney; the first time that E. L. McK. had been back to camp since 1906), Charles P. (Chippy) Burgess, David Hall, John Burnham, Maurice Walcott, J. A. Lowell, Tudor Richards, etc., etc. -- One of the best things of the summer was that R. B. Ogilby (President of Trinity College), who was Merryweather Tutor in 1905, spent the last two weeks at camp, with his two boys.

NEWS OF THE CLAN.

Skipper, L. E. R., R. R. and J. R. spent the summer at Indian Point; but Skipper and J. R. came and went, enough to keep in touch, and various of the Old Boys, visiting Merryweather, went down to Georgetown for lunch; and for the last ten days of the season, Old Guard and New were at Merryweather together.

The H. H. Richards family were at Squam, as usual, all but the two eldest boys. H. H., Jr., was Second Engineer on Dr. Grenfell's ship, the "Cluett" (his third summer); and Hamilton R. was Resident Faculty Member at the Groton Summer School.

The Shaw family had headquarters in Groton, as usual.

The C. W.'s were at Deer Isle, as usual, but a sadly depleted family, the eldest of their flock being at work, the three remaining on the Merryweather Faculty.

Mollie Nichols was married in January to David Weld, Harvard '34.

Harry Shaw was married on Christmas Day to Miss Dorothy Williams of Newton. They are living at Ivy Terrace, Brookline. His work, as for some time past, is with the Boston & Albany Railroad.

David Bailey was married to Miss Hilda Margaret Loram on Sept. 20, at New Haven.

Guido Pantaleoni was marrried, October 26, to Miss Helenka Adamowska of New York.

Alice Sherburne was married, Aug. 10, to John A. Reidy, Jr. M. D.

Samuel G. Houghton was married, Aug. 2, to Miss Sarah L. White.

George B. Cabot was married, Aug. 2, to Miss Margaret Hunnewell Blake, daughter of Mrs. George Baty Blake, of Brookline. Mr. and Mrs. Cabot are living in New York City.

Newell Bent was married recently to Miss Doris S. Kunnle of Lexington, Mass.

Sumner Putnam is engaged to Miss Wendy Morgan of Mt. Kisco, New York.

Robert Summers was married, Dec. 21, to Miss Mary E. Notman, daughter of Mrs. Henry C. Tuttle of Brookline.

Bill and Elizabeth Ticknor have a second son, Arthur, born in October.

Albert Bigelow, Jr. has a daughter, born March 29.

Haven Parker has a son, Herbert, born Jan. 4.

Marshall Dodge has a son, Marshall, Jr.

Loring Swaim has twin grandsons, Peter and Erik Johnson, born May 25.

Ralph Williams has a son, Benjamin Jackson, born March 22.

Harry Eldridge has a son, Harry Knapp, born July 22. Eldridge has changed his permanent mailing address to P. O. Box 1290, Albany, New York.

George Sturgis, who is practising medicine in Boston, has a second daughter, Jean.

Richard Flood has a son, Richard T., Jr., born Aug. 10.

Pierpont Stackpole, who, as for several years past, is teaching at Milton Academy, has a son, John, born Dec. 28.

Nancy (Ayer) Saltonstall has a second child and first daughter, Susanna, born in December.

Bill and Elizabeth Ticknor are living at 56 Beech Road, Englewood, N. J. Bill is in his father's company, Commercial Solvents.

Pop Corning, after a Sabbatical year from Milton, is taking a further year of absence, to work with his father, who is President of the Essex Institute, at Salem.

Charles Ames has been elected Mayor of the incorporated village of Laurelton, Nassau, L. I., New York. He has also been elected a member-at-large of the executive board of the Boy Scout Foundation of Greater New York, which serves over 50,000 Scouts; and a member of the advisory committee of the Society for the Relief of Poor Widows with Small Children, an organization established in New York in 1797.

William DeFord Beal has been elected President of the Boston Provident Association.

Phil and Dorothy Simons were abroad for the autumn.

Stephen Stackpole, after teaching for two years at Governor Dummer Academy, is President Conant's Secretary at Harvard.

Gerard Ives is with the Tri-Continental Corporation: his address is 178 East 70th St., New York City.

Archibald Coolidge has been teaching English at the Hotchkiss School in Lakeville, Conn., since 1930.

Philip Dalton's address is 1070 North Lake Road, Lake Forest, Ill.

Francis Gray has been elected a trustee of the Massachusetts General Hospital.

Lewis Hackett has been appointed vice-president of the Malaria Commission of the League of Nations. He is head of the Rockefeller Institute work in Italy; his address is Lungotevere degli Anguillana, Rome, 14.

David Hall entered the United States Naval Academy last June; he was on the midshipmen's European cruise, this summer.

George Harding is with the bond department of Townsend, Anthony & Tyson, members of the New York and Boston Stock Exchanges, 15 State Street, Boston.

Bob and Lucy Henderson have bought a farm at Mason, N. H. for their summers and week-ends. R. G. H. is (and has been for some years) Assistant General Freight Manager of the Boston & Albany. Their eldest son, Gregory, was at Merryweather this summer.

Fritz Schoyer, after completing his two years' service at Yale-in-China, of which he has written us most interesting accounts, and spending some weeks in England, has just arrived at home.

Dick Hale is an Instructor in History at Princeton.

Samuel Houghton is a member of the Editorial Board of The Writer, 8 Arlington St., Boston.

Abbot Stevens, treasurer of the M. T. Stevens Manufacturing Company of North Andover, has been elected a trustee of Phillips Academy, Andover. He graduated from the Academy in 1907.

Moses Williams has been elected chairman of the Building Owners and Managers Association of the Boston Real Estate Exchange. He is a member of the firm of Minot, Williams & Bangs, Inc.

William G. Rice, Jr., who is now on leave of absence from his duties as Professor of Law at the University of Wisconsin, is the representative of the United States Department of Labor in Geneva. He was recently appointed by President Roosevelt the American representative on the governing board of the International Labor Organization.

Joseph Alsop is Washington correspondent for the New York Herald Tribune. He also had an article in a recent number of Vanity Fair.

John A. P. Millet is associated with Dr. William B. Terhune in the joint directorship of Silver Hill, New Canaan, Conn., a reeducational centre for the diagnosis and treatment of nervous disorders and maladjustments. He writes us that Mrs. John (Alice Millet) whom many Merryweathers will remember when she was on the Sunshine Alley Faculty, has been giving, under the professional name of "Mona Rani and her Hindu Musicians", illustrative programmes of the folk dancing, with music of ancient instruments of India, where she was born and grew up. Those of us who saw them will never forget the charm of the Hindu dances and scenes she gave for us at Merryweather; we may well feel proud that her beautiful presentments of the Hindu dances, both religious and secular, which have won such notable success in London and New York, may have had part of their beginning at Merryweather Sing Songs.

Daniel Thompson delivered a lecture of "The Study of Mediaeval Craftsmanship" at the Courtauld Institute of Art, London, on May 25, 1934, and the lecture has been published as a supplementary issue of the Bulletin of the Fogg Art Museum of Harvard University.

Newell Bent, who spent the academic year 1933-4 studying anthropology at Trinity College, Cambridge, England, recently completed a five months' trip which he made alone through Africa. He traveled mostly by safari and native canoe, from Cape Town to Cairo. His main object was to take moving pictures of Kilimanjaro and its people for an English picture concern. Bent lived with various tribes on the mountain, and was the first to carry a camera to its summit. In the game countries he took photographs of big game at close range as well as pictures of countries of scenic beauty seldom visited by man. After his return he spoke in Boston at a luncheon given by the Rotary Club at the Hotel Statler, on "Jungle Giants of Central Africa". His talk was illustrated by motion pictures.

Melbert B. Cary, Jr.'s address is the Press of the Woolly Whale, 216 East 26th St., New York, where his avocation is the making of beautiful books.

Jack Lenman is on the Stock Exchange. His address is 823 Park Ave., N. Y. C.

Loring Swaim attended the opening meeting of the League of Nations at Geneva on September 6.

Richard P. Hallowell is a member of the executive committee of the Boston Wool Trade Association. He has been re-elected President of the Robert Gould Shaw House.

Tom Nazro is teaching German and History at St. Paul's School. He also coached the Old Hundred football team, which was undefeated and unscored on throughout the season.

Tudor Richards has been elected to the Nuttall Society; one of the oldest Ornithological Associations in the Country.

H. M. N. Wynne has bought a tract of woods and fields for his summer home, in Minnesota. He writes of a good fishing trip with Mrs. Wynne, among the Minnesota lakes.

Laura Wiggins has been working for the Peabody Museum, copying Maya vases and inscriptions, this winter. She has received the appointment of draughtsman of the Carnegie Archaelogical Expedition to Guatemala and Yucatan, next winter.

Ranlet Miner's address is 22 Arnold Park, Rochester, N. Y.

J. R. Burke has bought a house at Dover, Mass.

Marshall Dodge's address is 12 Frost Lane, Lawrence, L. I.

Arthur Dodge is teaching at the Cathedral Choir School, Cathedral Heights, New York.

Malcolm Muir, who was severely injured in a motor accident in the summer, was able to resume his studies at Yale, the second half year.

Tom Rodd's address is 529 East 85th St., New York City. He is with J. P. Morgan & Co.

Robert Cutler is studying architecture.

Jim Davis is a sophomore at Trinity.

Lea Luquer is, as for some years past, at the Asheville School, Asheville, N. C. He and Mrs. Luquer have three children.

L. J. Henderson, Jr., after completing his Harvard Law School course, is at the School of Business Administration at Harvard.

All the Clan will like to know that last June the degree of Litt.D. was conferred on L. E. R. by the University of Maine. As she did not feel quite strong enough for the 180-mile drive to and from the University, President Hauck did her the signal honor of conferring the degree at Gardiner, in her own house: the Governors of Maine and of New Hampshire, the President of Dalhousie College (Halifax), delegations from the four Maine Colleges, and the Mayor of Gardiner, being present. A beautiful occasion.

Books written by Merryweathers this year.

L. J. Henderson, *An Explanatory Volume on Pareto's General Sociology.*

Philip Means, *The Spanish Main,* Scribner's.

Conrad Aiken, *King Coffin,* Scribner's.

Archibald Coolidge, *Conventions of Composition,* Allyn & Bacon. Archie is teaching at Hotchkiss School, as for some years past.

Ogden Nash, *The Primrose Path*; like *Hard Lines,* it is like nothing that anybody else could write; funnier than can be told.

Tom Cabot's and Dr. Phillips's Canoeist Guide, *Quick Water and Smooth,* is the perfect guide to the smaller and all too little known New England rivers; clear and concise, with a valuable special chapter on Equipment, Conveying, Rapidshooting, etc.

It opens up (to most of us) unguessed wealth of beautiful and canoe-able small rivers and streams, with plenty of exciting, and even dangerous rapid-shooting, accessible for week-ends (many of them for a day) from most of the larger New England cities. A more valuable help to out-of-doors pleasure than this guide-book to a fine and highly skilled sport - a sport, moreover, which cannot well ever be organized or laden with technicalities - it would be hard to find.

The deaths of Charlie Leatherbee and Cecil Murray make breaks in the Merryweather group. Cecil Murray was at Camp for one summer only, as a younger boy; Charlie Leatherbee also for one summer only, as a half-past niner. Both showed already marked individual talent, now so early cut off.

We quote notices of both from the *New York Times* and from the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin.*

Cecil Dunmore Murray, Ph.D. (Columbia) '23, Ph.D. (Cambridge Univ., England) '25. Died at New York City, July 4, 1935. He was a scientist. He specialized in medical psychology and physiology. After receiving his doctor's degree from Columbia University, he served for a year as assistant at the Rockefeller Institute. In 1925-26 he was an associate professor at Bryn Mawr College and in 1926-27 was an instructor and tutor in pre-medical sciences at Harvard. He afterwards became an associate in medicine at the Presbyterian Hospital in New York and at the time of his death was on the medical staff of the New York Hospital. During the war he served overseas for two years as a lieutenant in the U. S. Navy. He was born in New York City, December 20th, 1897, the son of Henry A. and Fannie M. (Babcock) Murray, and prepared at the Groton School. In 1921 he married Veronica Frazier. They had a son and a daughter.

Charles Crane Leatherbee, actor and son of Robert W. Leatherbee of Hatchville, Mass. and Mrs. Frances A. Crane of Woods Hole, Mass., died of pneumonia yesterday at Leroy Sanitarium, 40 East Sixty-First Street. He was 27 years old.

Mr. Leatherbee was a graduate of Harvard, class of '29, and was President of the Harvard Dramatic Club. He had been active for several years in the direction of the Theatre Unit, Inc., and the University Players. More recently he had organized another producing organization, Stage Associates. In 1930 Mr. Leatherbee studied for a time under Constantine Stanislavsky in Russia.

He had appeared in "Karl and Anna," "The Game of Love and Death," "By Your Leave" and "The Pure of Heart." He is survived by his mother and father, his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Crane of 655 Park Avenue, his widow, the former Miss Mary Lee Logan, and two brothers, Robert C. and Richard C. Leatherbee.

To our deep regret, we learned this autumn of the death in a motor accident of "Peter" Merrill -- Payson Merrill, Jr. -- who was on the Merryweather Faculty in 1932.

Another loss hits a great many of the older Campers closely: Jason Hammond, who was cook at Camp for seven years, died this summer, following an operation.

"Doc" Hammond, his father having been killed by a fall, went to work at eleven years old, to support his mother and four brothers and sisters; odd jobbing for neighboring farmers, often hauling wood while still so small, he had to lift logs onto the sledge by a series of leverings. The fibre and devotion built up by such a youth showed all his life.

For fifteen years he was chef and steward at one of the fraternity houses at the University of Maine. One of his "boys" told me: "He was like a father to us all; never obtruded advice on us, but gave us fine food and kept us out of debt, and whenever any of us were in any scrape, or down on our luck, one of the people we went to quickest was Doc in the kitchen, who never failed to give some light on our problems, or to help us to take them manfully." -- The College authorities also rated him very highly.

It was the same at Merryweather, where he and Mrs. Hammond worked together. He was always cheery and dependable; the tradesmen all respected him and his judgment. (It was the agent of one of the wholesale firms who first recommended him to us, saying, "If you get Mr. and Mrs. Hammond to cook for you, you are made. They couldn't cheat or skimp their work, not if they were paid a fortune for it.") Successions of Cookees grew up under Mr. and Mrs. Hammond. One of the best and finest of them, Lowell Goud (who is now a cadet in merchant marine service), said "Next to my own parents, I owe Doc more than anyone in showing me how to work, and what was right; and there isn't one of us boys that doesn't feel the same."

We had just entered the notes about Newell Bent's fine and interesting work, when news came of his tragic death, the account of which, from the Harvard Alumni Bulletin, we give below.

Mountain Tragedy

On January 7, a telegram came through the State Department bringing the tragic news of the sudden death of Newell Bent, Jr., while making an attempt on the summit of Mount Aconcagua. This is the highest mountain in the New World, rising (22,835) in the Northern Chilean Andes on the border of Argentina. As yet no details are known regarding the accident except that he was accompanied by two natives, who brought his body down from a height above eighteen thousand feet to Puente del Inca, Argentina, where he was buried in the little cemetery of the town.

All of his life Newell was fond of climbing. When he was a boy he started with the White Mountains, then the Bighorns, and finally the Rockies. During a year in Europe he climbed in the Alps and made the ascent of Mount Blanc from Chamonix alone in mid-January. During the following summer he climbed Kilimanjaro (19,700), the highest peak in Africa, and took some unusual films from the summit.

Newell Bent, Jr., graduated from Harvard College in 1933 and spent the following year at Trinity College, Cambridge. He made a special study of native races that live at high altitudes, and on receiving his diploma in anthropology in the spring of 1934 immediately sailed for Capetown. From there he traveled North through Africa taking extensive photographs. He made a foot safari by himself, with only native boys, of over fifteen hundred miles through the little traveled sections of Northern Rhodesia, Tanganyika, and Uganda. Among his photographs are those of the Kalambo Falls that are over eight hundred feet high, the vast herds of antelope in the great Ngorongoro Crater, and the gigantic crater on the summit of Kilimanjaro. He also had unusual success with his wild game pictures.

On his return he did some lecturing and wrote a book which will be published shortly. Only two months ago he started on his South American adventure. On his way North after climbing Aconcagua he planned to do some anthropological and zoölogical collecting for the Harvard Museums. He hoped to get a specimen of the small black bear found in the mountains of Bolivia, and expected to collect monkeys in the forests of Eastern Colombia. He had with him credentials from the University to facilitate this scientific collecting.

H. J. C., Jr.

We quote from the Groton School Quarterly's account of a beloved Merryweather, John Webster Simons:

The death of John Simons, which occured in New York City on June 22, brought a sense of personal loss to the Groton and Harvard graduates who knew and loved him. He had been in poor health for some years, and his death followed a serious operation.

Simons was born at Springfield, Mass., June 12, 1886, the son of William C. and Mary E. (Gunn) Simons. He entered Groton in 1898 and graduated in 1905. He was a brilliant player on the baseball and football teams and was a prefect in his Sixth Form year. At Harvard he was quarterback on the Freshman eleven and had the exceptional record of playing at shortstop for four years on the Varsity nine.

When the United States entered the World War, Simons was among the first to join the Army. He was commissioned first lieutenant, Ordnance Department, July 10, 1917, and sailed four months later to France, where he served in the Office of Chief Purchasing Officer, Ordnance Department, American Expeditionary Force. He was promoted captain February 17, 1919, returned to this country April 20, and was honorably discharged from the Army April 23, 1919.

Aside from his war service Simons spent the active years of his life in business in Boston and Springfield. After two years with Stone & Webster and a like period with Lee, Higginson & Co., he joined his father's brokerage house in Springfield and in 1920 took charge of the business. From 1921 to 1928 he was vice-president and a director of the Montague City Rod Co., makers of high-grade fishing rods. He retired from business in 1928.

He was married in 1917 to Elizabeth H. Bradford, of Springfield, and in 1926 to Ruth N. Miller, of New York. He had one daughter by his first marriage.

John Simons was one of the most warm-hearted, sympathetic, and lovable of men, with a keen sense of humor and an irresistible "twinkle." He was devoted in his loyalty to the School, and it is safe to say that one of the happiest days of his life came last year, at the 50th Anniversary, when he was able once more to play in his old position, shortstop, in an informal baseball game.

To this understanding account we can add little. One of the beloved small group of the early Merryweathers -- the twenty boys together -- John Simons still seems a living part of Camp, so interwoven was he as boy, Prefect, and Dormitory Master, with all that makes Camp itself.

He came back for visits whenever his fragile health allowed him, and it almost seemed as if he had merely strolled in from one of the Dormitories; had never really left Camp. It is a comfort to have had his young brother, Philip, also, as a boy and Master, and his nephew, Bill, Phil's son, to carry on one of the very close relationships with Merryweather.

An unspeakably heavy blow fell on Merryweather on June 19th, in the death at sea of Richard Glover Ames.

As Prefect and as Master, for several summers each, Dick Ames's judgment and understanding, mature beyond his years, his great skill of hand, at any work with his tools, a gift of command (so light that it seemed purely comradeship), made him seem one of the foundations of Camp; but it is futile to attempt to put into words a character such as we shall not see again.

At Harvard he was President of the Student Council, Captain of the Wrestling Team, Second Marshal of his class.

Dick and his younger brother, Harry, sailed with their father, Mr. Robert Russell Ames, and three friends as crew, on Mr. Ames's ketch, the Hamrah, in the Transatlantic Race of the Cruising Club of America, from Newport to Bergen, Norway. When three hundred miles off the coast of Newfoundland, a heavy gale came on, a winter storm in its severity. Mr. Ames was washed overboard in the mountainous seas. Dick instantly dove to his father's rescue, and was able to hold him up till Harry launched the yacht's small tender, reached his father and brother, and got one of them aboard, before the terrible seas overwhelmed all three.

Such a loss, while it is irreparable, yet lifts a torch that lightens every life connected with it.

We give further tribute from the Harvard Alumni Bulletin, and the Boston Transcript:

From the Harvard Alumni Bulletin

'34--Richard Glover Ames. Died at sea, June 19, 1935. He and his brother, Henry R. Ames, '38, were drowned in a vain attempt to rescue their father, Robert R. Ames, '07, who had been swept from the deck of his ketch "Hamrah" while participating in a race of six yachts from Newport, R. I., to Bergen, Norway. R. G. Ames was a prominent member of his College class. He was captain of the wrestling team, president of the Student Council, and in the senior election was chosen second marshal of his class. In his junior year he received the Francis H. Burr Scholarship, which is awarded annually to a student who is conspicuous for character, leadership, scholarship and athletic ability. While an undergraduate, Ames was greatly interested in the work of Phillips Brooks House, and he had been recently appointed graduate secretary of the House. Since his graduation he had been with the Kendall Co., cotton textiles, East Walpole. He was born, April 1, 1912, and prepared at Milton Academy. His mother Mrs. Margaret F. (Glover) Ames, survives.

Scholarships have been established at Harvard in memory of Dick and of his brother Harry.

A FATHER AND TWO SONS.
(Boston Transcript)

Richard and Henry Ames gave their lives, striving to save the life of their father. Was there ever, in grief, more cause for pride? The courage of these young men, their instant power of action against all odds and in utter heedlessness of self, rises above eulogy. It awakens an admiration, a respect, that makes the tongue silent while the mind ponders, and the heart reveres human nature thus shown in its highest quality, in the heroic ultimate to which men may, on occasion, attain.

All who know the North Atlantic in a storm know what slight chance of rescue there was, once the elder Ames had been swept overboard. The peril of the wind and waves is such that even the lifeboat of a liner, with eight men rowing and an officer commanding, faces great danger, and often a ship's captain, knowing the extremity of the risk, will not allow such a boat over the side in a gale. For Richard Ames, who dove alone into the ocean, and for Henry who followed in a small dinghy, the chance was infinitesimal.

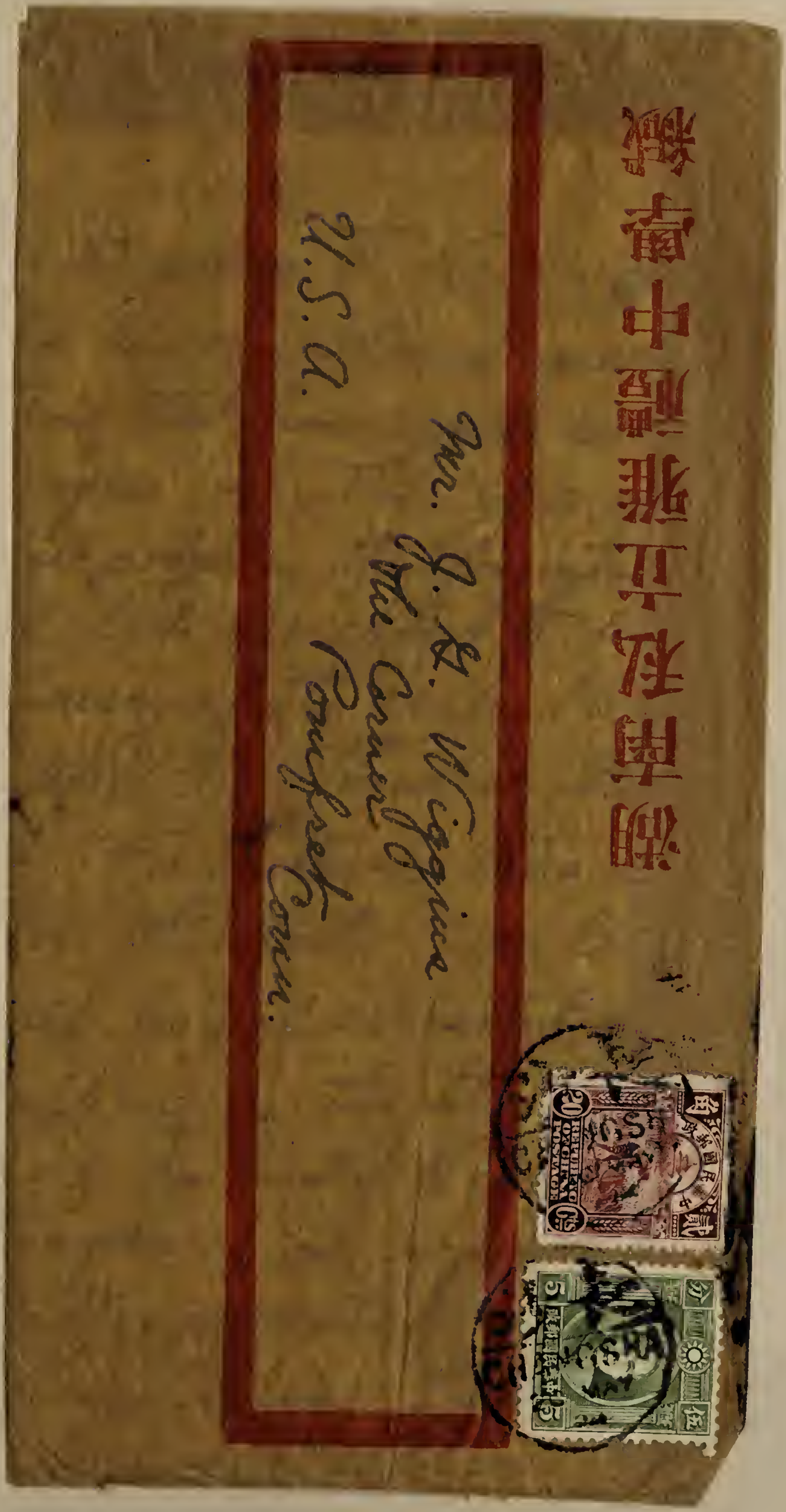
But it was the sole chance, the single way, by which they might help their father. They took it, and in the taking gave their lives.

In the knowledge of this episode, Bostonians stand with heads bared. They feel poignant regret at the human loss suffered. A citizen of marked worth is gone, and with him two sons whose young careers had already given proof and promise of eminent public service to come. But it must be said - for we believe it so - that in the heroism of these boys the city feels a sentiment of pride even more than grief. The highest traditions of private character bred up here in Boston by families of great tradition have been exemplified and sustained by these grandsons of James Barr Ames. May they be remembered in honor, and the record of their sacrifice remain for all a challenge.

Looking back at the season of 1935, one quality stands out particularly - the never-failing enthusiasm and cheerfulness of all hands. It was the one thing which could have made up for the lack of old timers, both among faculty and boys, and this it did to the full. J. G. W.'s hands were upheld whenever he was in need. Camp could not have finished with more of a climax than it did, with J. A. L. and R. B. O. on hand for the last fortnight, the new Skipper had nothing to do but twiddle his thumbs, and when a week before the end, H. R., L. E. R., R. R., and J. R. appeared on the scene, nothing could stop us.

Already the season of 1936 promises fair, with most of the ship's officers returning, and a goodly portion of the crew. Some old timers will be on hand, and new campers are coming "o'er the Hill", all with the same time-honored ambition - to make this summer really "the best season Merryweather ever had". And please remember that the latch-string is always out to you old Campers, and we hope it will be pulled as often as possible.

Some time before Camp began this summer, these letters, from two Camp graduates were recieved. They are both delightful and interesting, and will give a little idea of the huge variety of things old Campers are carrying on, all over the world.



湖南私立雅禮中學緘

Mr. J. G. Wiggins
The Corner
Pomfret
Conn.
U.S.A.

This letter is from Fritz Schoyer, who is now at 'Yale in China', teaching English.

May 18, 1935

P.S. If you have time and think I ought to see any special people in Europe, you might drop me a line c/o Thos. Cook and Son, Bagdad. It should be mailed in time to reach me by Aug. 2 allow 3 weeks.

Dear Greg,

Having discovered gray hairs in my locks I thought I had grown up enough to stop calling you "Mr. Wiggins." So please blame ~~m~~ my hair if I seem too presumptious.

My very best congratulations on your new job. I really think it's swell. I wish I were home to help you out in getting started, but about all I could really do would be to tell you how the Secretariat shouldn't be run. But not being home to try and get my finger in the stew, the best I can do is to wish you the best of luck. I'm sorry I can't at the moment give that a little body with a glass of something-or-other, but this is a Mission School and drinks are forbidden on the campus. When I next get over to the Changsha club, I'll see what can be done.

China continues to be as delightful as ever. The Reds are acting up again in Hunan but they'll never get this far. I should like to see a little excitement, but doubt if I ever shall. These two years have been about as quiet as Waterville, Me. I suppose I could go out west and stick my head into the Reds' lair, but that wouldn't be playing the game. You've got to let them come to you. Foreigners who have fallen into their hands have done pretty badly so it wouldn't be very thrilling, that is it wouldn't be thrilling for long. The difficulty with the Reds is that they are apt to spring up almost anywhere. The main body is out on our western borders here in Hunan, but only last week we heard 2000 of them were at a town on the Hankow railway about eighty miles north of here. Whenever conditions get a little tight, the poor farmers are apt to become bandits over night. Having learned the Red tradition, they usually use that to cover their bandit motives

The Chinese papers are full of talk about Red defeats and captures, but refugees coming in from the northwest of the province have very different stories to tell. The Communists, they say, are swinging East and are stronger than ever, and the government troops, always loath to fight, are yielding to them. Chiang, however, is still pretty much master of the situation. His strong card is the airplane, but airplanes don't do much good when the Reds take to the Hills. His plan, as I understand it, is to try and drive the Reds into Kweichow, Kwangsi, and Kwangtung - the three provinces hostile to the Nanking government. In that way he'll be pitting his two enemies against each other and killing two birds with no stone at all. My own opinion of Chiang Kai Shek is that he is a very good man in comparison with other Chinese leaders and is really out to help the country, but because he is old-style Chinese he comes in for a lot of western criticism, born of lack of understanding and appreciation of the Chinese and what he's up against.

The government seems to be having a rapprochement with Japan, but just what form it is all to take, hasn't come out yet. Lots of rumors, but no real news. At the moment the Japanese Press is all up on its ears about our naval manouvers, and I think they have some justification. They are threatening in Japan to stage some manouvers of their own and go whipping around Guam, Hawaii, and the Midway Islands. I don't know all our reasons for the Pacific games, but as far as Japan is concerned I don't see how they can be anything but harmful. Japan can't be bullied. Her nationalism is too inspired for that.

This summer past when I was in Japan, I tried again to see your friend Asano, but he had just got back from Europe, where he had been on ~~the day~~ government business, the day I left, so I didn't try to see him. He seems a very important fella and I'm sorry I didn't see him. I wonder if you ever met his father. I've been reading about him and apparently he was one of Japan's great men. As a matter of fact, he may still be alive; I don't know. Japan last summer was even better than the summer before. I had gotten over any tourist feeling, and felt very much at home. I climbed Fugii and nearly died of cold on the top in the mist and wind. In a little hut on the top with three braziers and a stove it was 40°F. In Subashiri down below it was about 90. It was a great trip though. I "skiied" down through the cinders in half an hour what it had taken me 4 hours to go up. Most of my time was spent in and about Kyoto and Tokyo. I had a Japanese newspaper friend in Tokyo, who I had met in Manchuria, who showed me all the sights. I wonder if you would like Japan as much now as you did in 1917. It's getting very "modern." China is way back country in comparison, so I find it more interesting from the exploring point of view. The place I want to go is Szechuan out on the western border. Out there the world opens up into all sorts unknowns. South lies Lolo country, Miao country, and the unknown haunts of the Hwahors, whom both Chinese and British in Upper Burma are anxious to leave alone. West lies Tibet and north-west are more tribes and a vast region of valleys and enormous mountains that have been glimpsed but not penetrated by the west. In Szechuan you are always getting queer types drifting in from the hinterlands and going out again. Also strange stories of lost tribes and white kings who rule un-molested behind unknown passes — all that sort of thing. And the country itself is very interesting - wonderfully fertile valleys and beautiful mountains!. But I can't make it this trip. In June before I come home, I hope to get up to Kansu ~~go~~ to our northwest. Everything up there is very old and medieval and untouched by the modernization that has made such a hodge-podge of Central China proper in the Yangtse basin.

Speaking of the "hodge-podge" in the Yangtse basin, I don't mean to deride China, but her effort to become western and get out of the stagnancy of the last 150 years is really very funny. It couldn't be otherwise. It's like a Hottentot in his first tuxedo. For instance, there is the New Life Movement. No smoking on the streets; no leaving unbuttoned at a double-breasted suit (single-breasted, all right); (in Canton) no mixed-sex walking on the streets; and so it goes. Here at school now we have to be bugled to class by a soldier to impress on us a little military discipline; our boys have recently been severely reprimanded for eating peanuts during the week, much too unspartan for the New China. But the great bulk of the people remain unchanged. Outside our gates a woman has been wailing night and day at a well wherein a relative drowned herself, pleading with the spirit to come home, lest it get away and return to plague the household at some future time. Just the other night I met some coolies rushing anxiously along with a sedan chair; in it was a little temple god. They were taking it to someone who was very sick, and who could become well only under its healing gaze. Both sides are very amusing to me, and one wonders if the Chinese aren't without a sense of humor to be amused at their own doings. But they are really among the most sensitive to humor of any people I have ever met. And to illustrate it, I will close with an old story. There was once a humorist in the Tang Dynasty who, when walking with a friend, came ~~the~~ upon a farmhouse in the door of which stood a girl. The humorist bet his friend a bowl of rice that he could make the girl laugh with one word, and very angry with the next. His friend took him up on it. So the Humorist approached the farm and getting down on his knees before a dog sleeping in the sun, he cried loudly, "Father!" The girl laughed. Then turning to the girl the Humorist addressed her with the single word, "Mother!" Thereupon, she suddenly got very angry and ran back into the farmhouse.

Again best wishes for the coming season, tsai fwei—

Fritz

This is from John Hines, known at Camp as 'Froggy', who was here nearly twenty years ago.

U. S. S. PENSACOLA

8 June, 1935
enroute San Diego

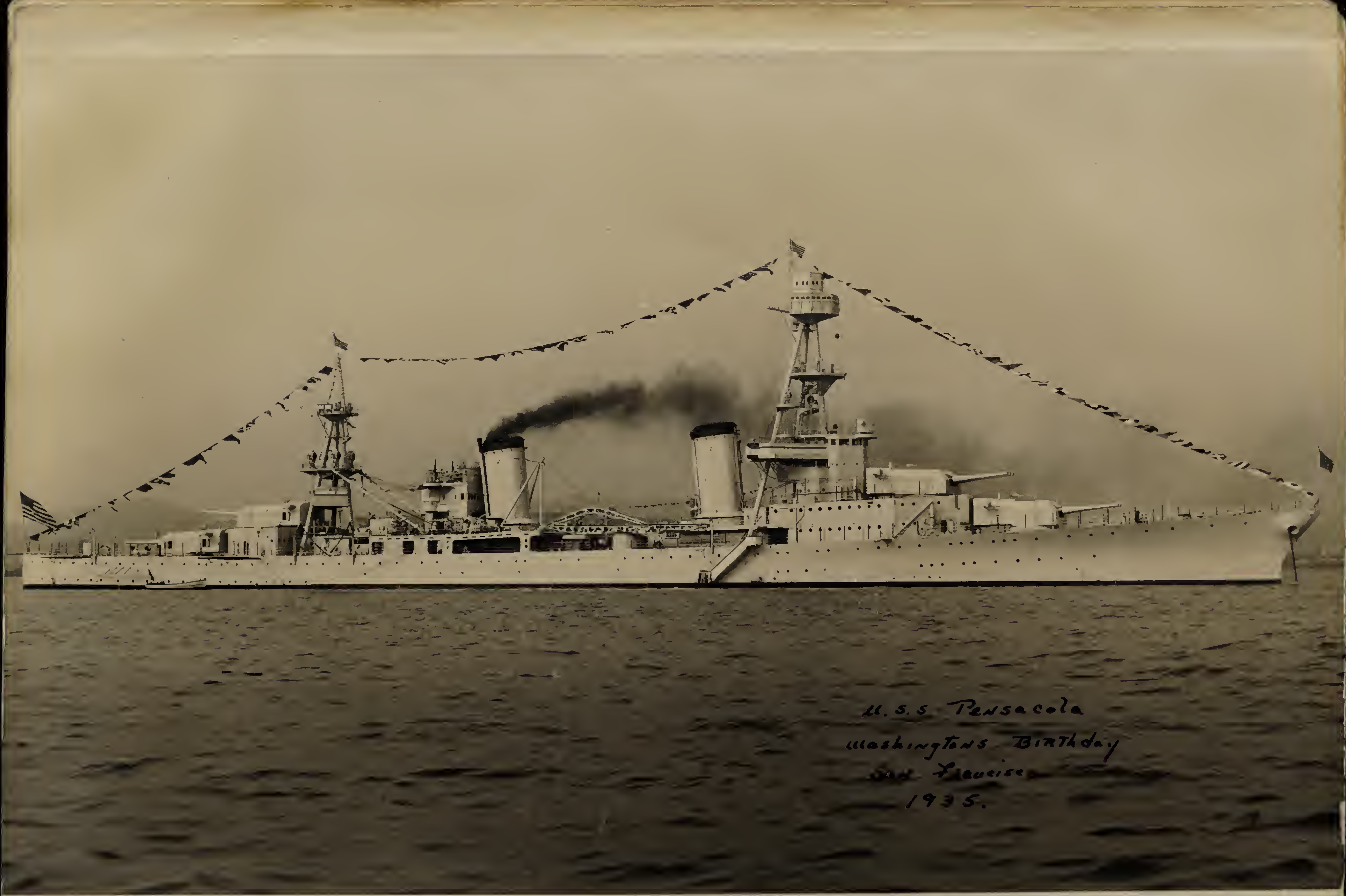
Dear Greg:

Thought you might be interested in the type of little rowboat I'm now doing my cruising. 'Tis really a beautiful ship - the first of our treaty cruisers - and mighty pleasant all around duty.

The war game is over and hooray for that. Next week I leave for the Naval academy, slated as an instructor - but what subject I am to teach I yet don't know.

Big doings - and a great summer to all

John Frog Hines



U.S.S. Pensacola
Washingtons Birthday
San Francisco
1935.

Saturday
June 22
warm &
clear

At three P.M. or thereabouts J. G. Wiggins and Eliot T. Putnam arrived in the latter's long grey car, having spent Friday night in Gardiner. Because it was thunder-showery a quick run to the landslide and cooking their own supper were the only items of interest,(at least nothing else was mentioned).

Sunday
June 23

A beautiful day. Six-thirty saw the same two brave adventurers off for Old Spec(Speckled) ninety miles to the West, whence they returned around three-thirty, having had a beautiful and arduous climb. Old Spec is the second highest mountain in Maine, situated almost at the New Hampshire border in a stretch of very wild country. For Camp the day was uneventful---no other arrivals two thunderstorms late in the afternoon---.

Monday
June 24

E.T.P. checked out today at the screech of dawn, bound for Boston, New York, and eventually Europe. In the morning the Skipper, John Richards and Raymond Richards all arrived in J.R's car, R.R. returning to Gardiner before lunch and the others staying till mid-afternoon. After lunch H. Holton Wood arrived, and later on came Janet Chambers Powell, David Carter Powell and Laura C. Wiggins 2nd. Also Lowell Goud came in the morning to help open camp and break in the new cookees, as well as an accomodator to cook till the advent of the "Black Diamond".

Tuesday
June 25

Another lovely day. Thunderstorms in the offing, but only a couple of sun-showers for us. Many and varied chores filledthe day, and the evening was spent on the water. Arrivals were:

Louis De Friez and Philip Cutler before supper and Charles Wiggins 2d, Roland Wiggins and Charles Wiggins 3rd afterwards, all of them having driven up from Boston. The Skipper and R.R. came out again to lend us all a much-needed helping hand, and last, but not least Hattie, the Black Diamond is here.

Wednesday
June 26

A very pleasant and uneventful day. Chores carried on briskly all morning, but the menace of the stock-book is gradually being overcome and the end of our labors is nearly in sight. A long and delicious swim ended the morning, and in the afternoon a trip to Gardiner, fishing(four fish), and letter-writing were the chief occupations. A terrible checker war was fought, C.W.2nd effectually routing C.W.3rd in bloody combat. At our first evening reading "The Pawns Count" was started to the accompaniment of gently audible slumbering.

Thursday
June 27

It is difficult to write a thrilling narrative of such a very calm life as ours is at the present moment. Again the morning was filled with chores; the afternoon was varied by fishing(nine caught that were large enough to keep),and sleeping. H.H.W. and P.C. departed early in their car, on which a magnificent scaffolding has been erected, to get J.R's single, in Concord N.H., which he has presented to Camp for the summer. In the afternoon Robert A. Little and Joseph Bradley arrived, and after supper and more very violent checkers "The Pawns Count" was read to a very sleepy crowd. H.H.W. and P.C. didn't get back till quarter of eleven; theirs was an eventful trip, about which we would like to hear more.

Friday June 28
Bar: 29.9
Temp: 90 F, noon
Wind: S.W.

The Skipper and L. E. Wiggins arrived this morning before we had finished our labors, both completely bogged down. Forty minutes of chasing Spectabile Ladyslippers had converted them into first class mud-pies. They said it was worth the effort though, and after sundry swimmings and bakings in the sun, seemed none the worse for wear. In the afternoon the Ouananiche took her trial run of the summer, with a full and mighty crew and two passengers. H.H.R. who arrived shortly after lunch with Nancy Richards set a speedy stroke, and the Skipper was at the helm.

On returning to drydock John Crocker and John Crocker were sighted, much to our delight, the first coming for the night, the second for the summer. All hands went in for a swim, and shortly afterwards H.R. and L.E.W., piloted by C.W.3rd and L.E.W.2nd, took off for Gardiner once more. H.H.R. left after supper; we sort of hoped he was going to stay a day or two, but he said he had to get back.

Where is our wandering doctor? He is the only member of the faculty except R.B.C. who has yet to arrive. We expected him to appear almost any time during the day, but when we finally went to sleep, after an extra long reading, he had not appeared.

Saturday June 29
Barometer: 29.8
Temp: 86, noon
Fair

Imagine our pleased surprise on staggering in to breakfast, to find Bill Blodgett. the long-lost medical man, cool as a cucumber, and twice as calm, in spite of an unforseen rendevous with Minnie Cook at the midnight hour, and an entrance into Camp heralded only by a smoky lantern and a bevy of mosquitoes. Shortly after breakfast arrived John H. Hall Jr, the second of the campers; he had not been here five minutes before he was disporting himself in the pond, for which we do not blame him---this is by far the muggiest day we have had. Directly after lunch there were more arrivals, some coming by car, and some, chaperoned by Robert B. Cutler on the train. There was a general dash for the water, and after a lengthy period of ferocious splashing these gentlemen emerged victorious in the swimming-test:

Chisholm
Garland K.
Williams
Peabody C.
Danforth
Arnold
Chadwick
Zahner H.
Hall
Moller
Henderson
Lynes
Peabody J.
Swan
Ross

While these doings were going on outside a thrilling, though somewhat painful competition was staged between J.C.P. and L.E.W. for supremacy in tickling the keys. A.H.R. acted as Judge and the race was fifteen lengths in favor of Omaha.

A delicious supper was followed by Boats, including kayaks, rangeleys, canoes, and the Ouani, whose crew exhibited a most original type of paddling, somewhat reminiscent of stirring soup. "Timberline" was produced for the half-past-niners (a large number this year). We hoped for an A rating for it, but were forced to admit that it deserved only a B- at best.

P.S. Special interview with R.B.C., on the subject of the journey up. He states that, counted puff by puff, there were at least seventeen dust storms on the way, but that otherwise the passage was uneventful.

We herewith present the signatures of a large portion of the great-men-to-be who are gracing Camp with their presences this year:

Joseph R. Hamlen
Peter Garland
David B. Arnold, Jr.
John Kress Williams

H. R. Zahner
Kenneth Moller
John Peabody

Fred Royce Hamlen
Murray S. Danforth Jr
Tom. Drake. Meyer
William Hamlen
Richard Zahner
Charles Peabody
Philip J. Dorman.
JOHN H. Ross
Thos P Brooks Jr.
John L. Motley Jr.
John H Swan
Gregory Henderson
Gregory Lyne
Theodore Chadwick Jr.
William H. Chisholm
Christopher Garland.

Sunday, June 30
Bar. 29.81
Temp. 78 at 900 A.M.
Wind: calm

In spite of our pessimistic weather reporter, who predicted rain by three P.M., today remained perfect from one end to the other. Camp is fairly under way. As always on Sundays, Service, letter-writing, and swim consumed the morning. In the afternoon, after the opening chapters of "King Solomon's Mines" and a general scramble over fishing licenses, there were two big attractions for the fans: i.e. Skowhegan in the woods just North of Camp, and the first Big-League ball-game of the season. The lineup of the Skowhegan battle will be found on the next page. The following is an account by an eye-witness:

The more delicate flowers of Camp indulged in a furious floral flurry in the S.W. quater of the scouting field, and thus were initiated into the new game. Captains Pansy Hall and Peony Chisholm led their respective 'daisy chains' valiantly; the former captain making a sensational slide almost through the middle of the boneyard. In spite of the onesidedness of the score the games were closely contested, and much feeling was aroused.

there were many arguments about lying in cover or walking straight through, Pansy Crocker proving his point of walking all the way in the last game, shooting four and making a run. Peony J.Peabody used his shirt to hide his lovely head, but was disqualified and shorn of his glorious run in the second game. Peony Motley proved a sensation and a boon to his team by craftily wearing down a little path all for himself, starting from the S. end. This highway enabled him to net two runs in the last game, thus giving the Peonies a clean sweep for the afternoon. Pansy "M"Meyer was prevented from murdering a team-mate by the timely intervention of J.G.W's "ALL IN"

One of the outstanding highlights was the number of dead Pansies in the second game. Seven started the game, from the S. end, and when the scorer checked up there were eight dead on the field--theoretically.

The afternoon as a whole was most successful, with dead flowers strewn right and left; but a few managed to score, and revive the color of their companions. If Skowhegan is an indication of the brand of Scouting that is going to be played, Scouting afternoons certainly will be interesting.

The ball-game was equally thrilling, if not even more so, being played with just the same amount of skill and technique. The lineup was as follows:

Mugwumps	v.s.	No-Nothings
J.B.	P.	C.W.3rd.
P.C.	C.	H.H.W.
Hamlen J.	1.	I. De F.
R.A.L.	2.	Peabody C.
Williams	3.	Arnold
W.H.B.	s.s.	D.P.
Zahner H.	l.f.	Hamlen W.
Garland	r.f.	Moller
Hamlen F.	c.f.	Chadwick

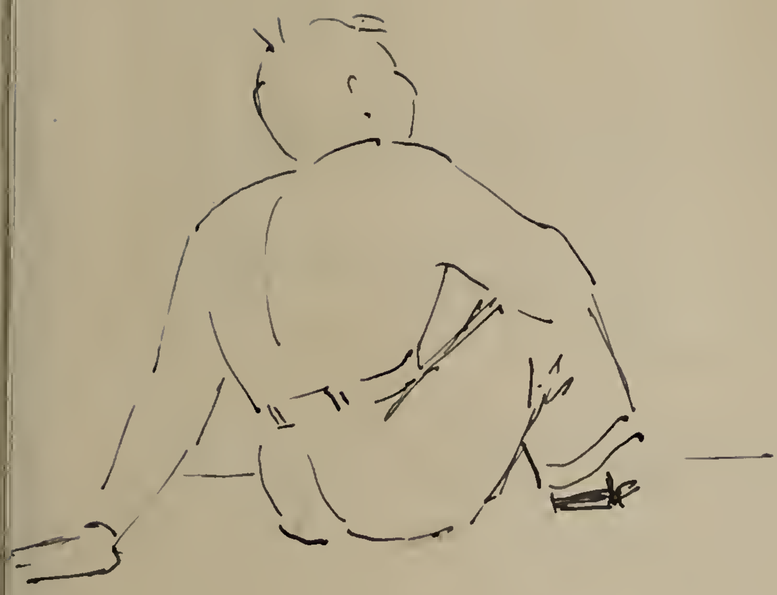
There will be no official writeup of this game, for various reasons, but on the following page are a few drawings by a distinguished artist(who has since left town) who was there at the time. Suffice it to say that the Mugwumps triumphed 13 to 3, and then walked off the field before the end of the fifth inning.

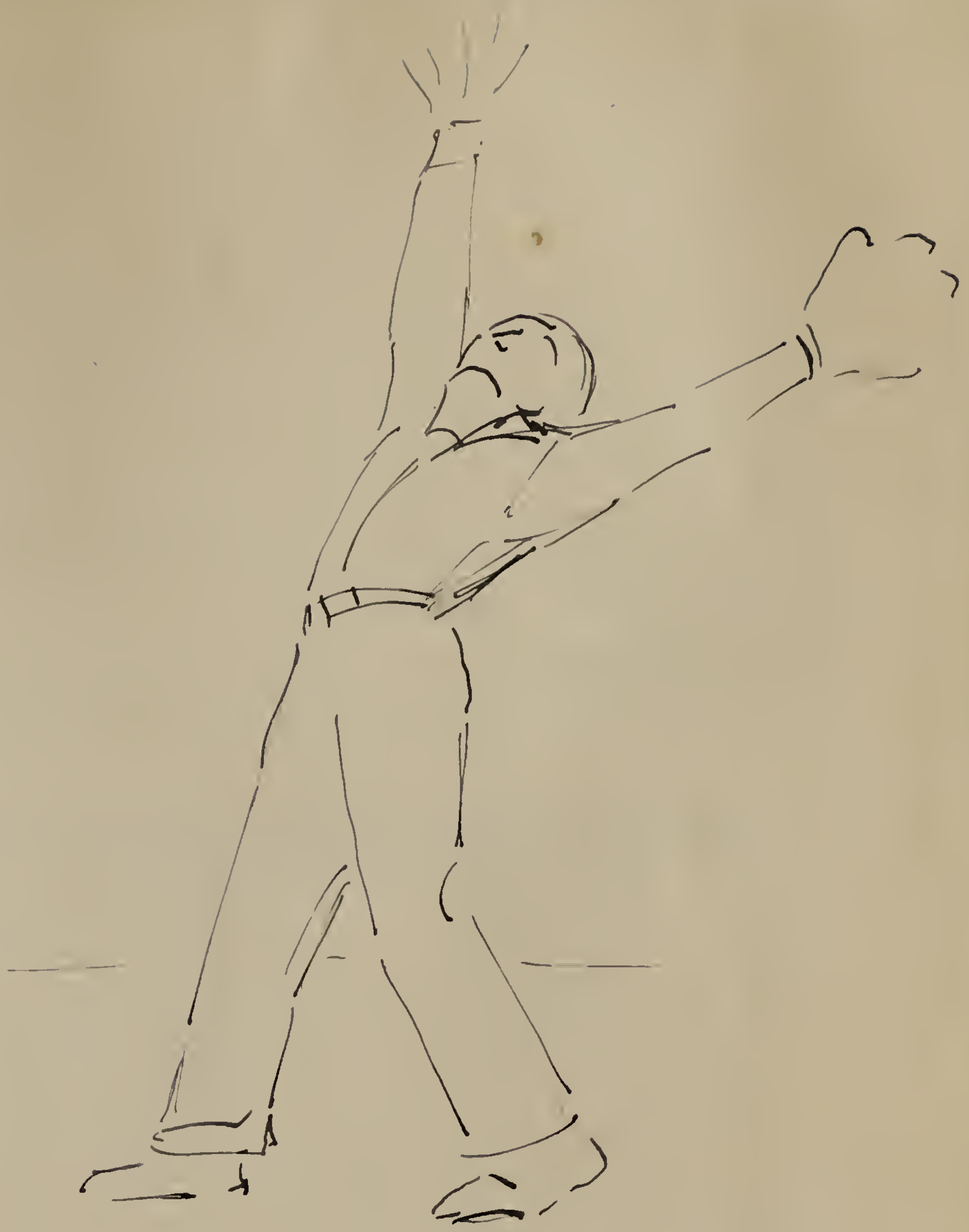
PANSIES

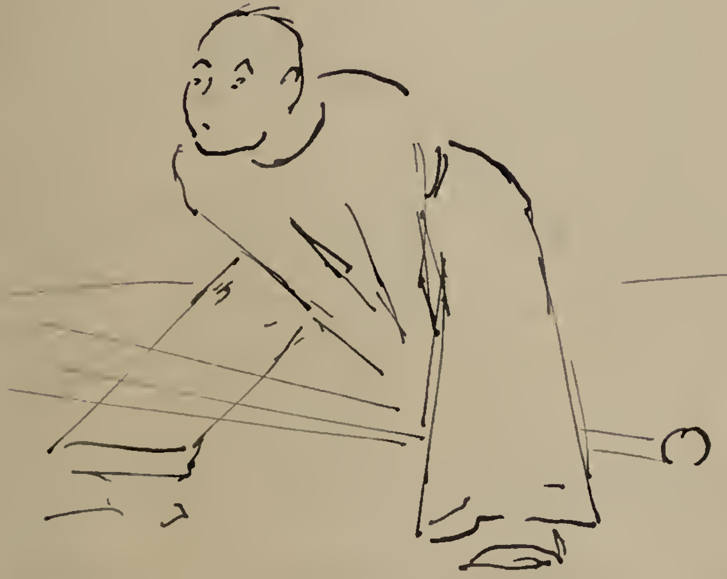
	1.			2.			3.			4.			5.			6.			7.			8.			9.		
	K.	S.	R.	K.	S.	R.	K.	S.	R.	K.	S.	R.	K.	S.	R.	K.	S.	R.	K.	S.	R.	K.	S.	R.	K.	S.	R.
Hall	✓			X			✓																				
Lynes	X			X	•	|		•																			
Brooks	✓			X			X																				
Ross	✓			X			✓																				
Crocker	X	•		X				⁞	|																		
Meyer		..		X	•		✓																				
Dorman	X			X			✓																				
	3	3	0	7	2	1	1	5	1																		

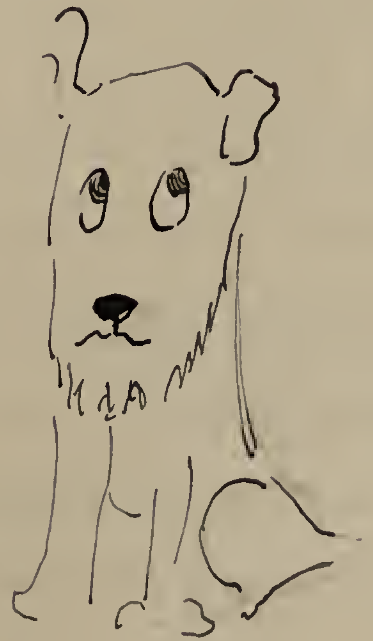
PEONIES

	1.			2.			3.			4.			5.			6.			7.			8.			9.		
	K	S	R	K	S	R	K	S	R	K	S	R	K	S	R	K	S	R	K	S	R	K	S	R	K	S	R
Chisholm	X			X	•		X																				
Zahner, R	X	•			:	|	X																			
Henderson		•	|		:	|	X																			
Peabody, J.	✓				⋮		X	•																			
Motley		•	|	X					2																		
Danforth	X				✓		X	•																			
	3	3	2	2	8 ≡	2	5	2	2																		









[illegible] vs. ______ of ______ at ______ 19__

Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
	/	1 A. J. B.	1	1-3				K								4		2		
	//	2 R. C.	2	FC	H											3		1		
	/	3 [illegible]	3		13											3		2		
	///	4 R. A. L.	4			FC8	K									3		1		
	/	5 [illegible]	5													3		3		
	/	6 W. H. B.	6			H										3		1		
		7 [illegible] H.	7	FC6		1-3	13									3		0		
	/	8 [illegible] F.	8		13	14										3		0		
		9 [illegible]	9		13	43	4									3		1		
		10																		
		11																		
		TIME OF GAME. Hours...... Mins.....	Runs total.	4/4	2/6	2/8	5/13	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	/					

Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..		1	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
					1-base hits.	11					
				2	1-b. on errors.						
Missed gr'd'rs.	**Muffed thrn.b.**	**Muffed fly b.**	**Wild thr'ws.**	**Passed ball.**	F'l'd'g errors.		**Left on bases.**	**Games played**	**Games won.**	**Games lost.**	**Per cent.**
					Batt'y errors.						

[illegible] vs. ______ of ______ at ______

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
		//	1 C. W. 3	P3		3	15										3		[illegible]
			2 H. H. V.	C					13								3		0
			3 [illegible] F.	31	1-4				13								3		1
		/	4 [illegible] C.	4		K											3		[illegible]
		//	5 [illegible]	5			K										3		[illegible]
			6 [illegible]	68	FC4				13								3		[illegible]
			7 [illegible] W.	7.9			1-3										[illegible]		[illegible]
			8 Frederick	86				K									[illegible]		1
		/	9 [illegible]	9.7		4-3		K									3		[illegible]
			10																
			11																
			TIME OF GAME. Hours...... Mins.....	Runs total.	2/2	0/5	0/5	0/5	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	/			

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..		1	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs
						1-base hits.	7				
					4	1-b. on errors.					
Muffed fl fly.	**Missed gr'd'rs.**	**Muffed thrn.b.**	**Muffed fly b.**	**Wild thr'ws.**	**Passed ball.**	F'l'd'g errors.		**Left on bases.**	**Games played**	**Games won.**	**Games lost**
						Batt'y errors.					

Into the drink once more and then out to the Point for (sunday cont.) a picnic. After a substantial meal we were entertained in a terrifying manner by a series of weird acrobatics performed by various overstuffed small-fry. Then we had some Rounds, R.B.C. leading, ably assisted by the jam-spoon, and J.B. the Old Maestro himself conducting his "pie" with marvellous grace and skill.

Hymn-singing in the evening, and then 'Sam in the Suburbs', with many chuckles, till half-past-nine.

Monday, July 1st.
Bar: 29.93
Temp. 72 at 8.20
Wind: light, N.W.

Today there appeared on the back of the door a list of Addyump-ers, as follows:

Group A

Arnold
Garland
Hall
Hamlen J.
Peabody C.
Peabody J.
Williams
Zahner H.

Group B.

Brooks
Chadwick
Chisholm
Crocker
Danforth
Dorman
Hamlen F.
Hamlen W.
Henderson
Lynes
Meyer
Moller
Motley
Ross
Swan
Zahner R.

While several gentlemen attended to B Group up on the ball field, D.P. led the A's through a series of back-breakers---we could hear their grunts and groans resounding through the big room.

This day seems to be one of many lists. In the afternoon were both Fishing and Soccer. The lineups for both of these will be found on the next page, owing to the smallness of this one.

* FISHING *

Yammerschooner	Identical	Williwaw	Pantasote
I.DeF.	Hall	Chisholm	P.C.
Swan	Moller	Danforth	Crocker
Meyer	Motley	Lynes	Ross

Im Shoppe - Dorman

* SOCCER *

Les Etoiles de Belgrade du Nord	NordBelgradischerfussbaluerein
J.B.	C.W.III
H.H.W.	J.G.W.
D.P.	R.A.L.
Williams	R.B.C.
Brooks	Arnold
Chadwick	Peabody,C.
Garland	Hamlen,J.
Hamlen,F.	Hamlen,W.
Henderson	Zahner,R.
Peabody,J.	Zahner,H.

Zeitberichter: A.H.R.

Fishing was not a raving success, but nine feesh were captured to grace the breakfast table tomorrow morning, and a very enjoyable afternoon was had by all, which was more to the point.

Meanwhile the Soccer was going hot and heavy, with an ever-mounting score of battered shins and lacerated toes. After a furious onslaught the Frankish banner was wrenched from its standard and trampled under the hoofs of the German cavalry, to the tune of 2-0.

In the evening everyone gathered around the piano for a general "sing" of Camp songs and old favorites. We had one admirable if impromptu solo from R.B.C. and altogether the evening, in spite of a general ignorance on the part of both chorus and pianist of the subject in hand, went "with a bang"

Tuesday July 2nd
Bar: 30.2
Temp. 70, 9.00
Wind: light N.

Today the number of our Campers was enlarged most pleasantly by the arrival, just in time for fishing, of Robert Gardner and John L. Gardner. Five boats went out, taking their suppers with them, and great was the damage they wrought upon the unwary inhabitants of the lake. Here is a record of the boats, the crews, and the damage they did:

Williwaw	Pantasote	Yammerschooner	Identical	Erebus
R.B.C.	J.G.W.	W.H.B.	P.C.	I. DeF.
Chadwick	Hamlen F.	Moller	Danforth	Gardner R.
Meyer	Crocker	Ross	Garland	Chisholm
(4 fish)	(23 fish)	(12 fish)	(15 fish)	(9 fish)

Meantime, for the less piscatorially inclined, there was a trek to

PHILLIP MOUNTAIN
including

Terror	Ouananiche	Abagadasset
H.H.W.	C.W.3rd	R.A.L.
Hamlen J.	Hall	Williams
Motley	Brooks	Zahner H.
	Dorman	Arnold
	Gardner J	
	Hamlen W	
	Henderson	
	Lynes	
	Peabody C.	
	Peabody J.	
	Zahner R.	
	J.B.	

This, from all reports, was a highly enjoyable trip, though a trifle hard on a few of the City Slickers. One could hear them panting as they charged home over the last mile to get in just under the wire for supper. They were not too exhausted, however, to have a ferocious game of Prisoners' Base on the Hill, while awaiting the return of the fishermen, and then to indulge in a hardly less wild bout of Boston, followed by "Earth, Air and Water" and some more

"Sam" for the half-past-niners.

We forgot to mention the truly Homeric deluge of soup at lunch, caused when the bottom of one of the largest yellow bowls decided all of a sudden to part company with the rim. However more soup was lurking in the kitchen, and all our woes were forgotten completely at the sight of the most magnificent strawberry shortcake we ever hope to munch.

Wednesday July 3
Bar: 30.3
Temp. 70
Wind: calm

This was our first Scouting day, and also our first day for charades. The morning was uneventful, but after lunch and reading there was great racing and chasing as everyone hurried to find khaki caps and shirts and trousers. At three P.M. two angry tribes departed for their respective goal lines and at three fifteen the war was on --- (we forgot to mention that this is only a sham battle between two minor tribes, the Pottowattomies and the Kaskaskias; the real wars have not started, as the braves are still uncertain as to which tribe they will join.) However it was exciting enough for a real struggle, with several new departures in scouting technique being displayed. The Kaskaskias, in the first round, displayed an extroadinary weariness with Life, as several of their less hardy warriors were discovered to have commited suicide, their corpses lying thick upon the field. In the second go-off, though this state of affairs was remedied to such an extent that more than one brave, though sorely wounded, refused to die, all of which helped the scorer a lot. Among the new ideas propounded along the lines of pure technique, was skipping, the underlying thought being no doubt, that no one, seeing such an innocent display of happy playfulness could possibly

Pottowattomies

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
G.W.3	✓			X			X	●	
I.DeF.	X	●●●●●	|	X	●●●		X	●	
J.B.	✓			X			X		
Arnold	✓	●			●	|	X	●	
Chadwick	✓	●			●		✓		
Brooks	X			✓	●			●	
Crocker	✓	●		✓			X	●	
Gardner, J.	X			✓			X		
Garland	X	●●		X			X		
Hall	X				●			●	
Hamlen, F.	✓			X	●		X		
Lynes	✓					|	X	●	
Meyer	X			X	●		X	●●●	
Peabody, J.	X			X	●		X		
Ross	✓			✓			✓		
Zahner, H.	✓				●		X	●	|
	7	10	1	7	11	2	12	11	1

Kaskaskias

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
R.A.L.	X	●●		X	●●●		X	●	
P.C.	✓				●		X	●	
H.H.W.	X				●			●	
Chisholm	X			X	●			●●	
Danforth	X	●		X			X		
Dorman	✓			✓			X		
Gardner, R.	X			X			X	●●	
Hamlen, J.	✓			✓				●	
Hamlen, W.	X	●		X			X	●	
Henderson	X			✓				●	
Moller	X	●●		X			X		
Motley	X			X			X		
Peabody, C.	X			X			X	●	
Swan	X			✓			X		
Williams	✓			X	●		X		
Zahner, R.	X	●		X				●	
	12	6		10	7		11	12	

suspect any ulterior motive. Alack! the noble experiment was doomed to failure, and before the ghosts upon the boneyard had lost sight of our happy hero, he was cruelly mowed down by the enemy's snipers. Another camouflage technique, used we hear to great effect,was that employed by a small but crafty Pottowattomie, who simply assumed a bored and indifferent expression and passed unscathed among the enemies. A tragedy attendant upon this stroke of genius, however was that of warrior Wiggins, who seeing his trusty comrade so rashly ignoring the lurking danger, rushed forward to warn him of his peril, only to be thanklessly massacred while the object of his solicitude continued, oblivious to the noble act.

When finally the smoke of battle had drifted away from the field, the Kaskaskian horde was discovered in full flight, while the victorious Pottowattomies gloated over the numbers of captured scalps.

With the end of supper came the terrible moment---What shall we use for a word?----. We suspect not a little dirty work at the crossroads in respect to snitching already used words from former logs. For the first time in the summer, though, for everyone, and the first time ever for a good many the results were really remarkably good, at least the actors thought so. The three teams were and are:

Eins	Zweis	Dreis
R.A.L.	C.W.3rd	R.B.C.
W.H.B.	P.C.	J.B.
L.E.W.	D.P.	I. De F.
Arnold	J.C.P.	A.H.R.
Brooks	Dorman	Chadwick
Gardner J.	Garland P	Chisholm
Hamlen F.	Hall	Crocker
Hamlen W.	Hamlen J.	Danforth
Motley	Lynes	Gardner R.
Peabody J.	Moller	Garland K.
Swan	Peabody C.	Henderson
Webb	Ross	Meyer
Williams	Trimmingham	Tappan
H.H.W.	Zahner R.	Zahner H.

First, performed by R.A.L. & Co. came a charade so subtle that eventually the actors were forced to enlighten their audience as to the word, which proved to be 'elegant', the three syllables acted first in French--- scene in a Modiste's shop where a lady forgets her gloves; then the whole word in English--- same lady in the Modiste's creations back home in New York. Owing to an extra layer of superfluous paint and the fact that three tramps accidentally floated in to the Parisian dressmaker's salon, the continuity of this otherwise admirable and well-organized performance was somewhat obscured.

The second performance proved less difficult for the audience to comprehend. Dynamite: first diner, then mite, then the whole. The first scene was a work of art, wherein P.C. and Charlie Peabody served hamburgers to a hungry horde in a most realistic and touching manner. Second scene disclosed Prof. Dorman and various other profs., capturing an insect of questionable species. Last, came a blasting scene, where a five-inch salute, or something equally noisy, was the chief actor.

'Portmanteaux' came next. The scene opened in a ship's cabin where Captain R.B.C. and various officers were seated at table. Bill Chisholm served them with Port Wine, and then a difficulty with the wind arose which caused the officers some worry as to whether they would be able to make port or not. The second scene was the masterpiece of this charade, disclosing A.H.R. in a mortarboard hat lecturing on the evolution of man to a not too attentive class, with the help of a blackboard full of very wonderful diagrams. Next came 'tow', where bus-driver, Mr. Cutler, gets bogged down with a load of passengers and is hauled out by an obliging farmer. Lastly came a scene, featuring large numbers of bags and suitcases---the acting was somewhat sketchyvvvand this closed the first evening of charades, not neat, but gaudy, yet promising great things before very long.

We did not mention earlier the arrival, during Scouting, of deForest Trimingham, being all snarled up with lists and things. We were very glad to see him; now there are only three more gentlemen to come before our numbers for the month are complete.

Thursday July 4
Bar: 29.81
Temp. 76, 9.00 A.M.
Wind: S.W.

Hurrah for the Glorious Fourth! Squads were extra large and extra short so that everyone could get up on the hill early to fire off volleys of torpedoes, bombs, and salutes until time for swim. Very early in the morning arrived , breakfastless and sleepless from the midnight train, one who after a reviving cup of coffee turned out to be none other than Gerard J Cassedy , come to brighten our existences for the next few days. He was shortly put into a 'double' with J.G.W, and in spite of the harassing nature of the last few hours, succeeded in wearing out both that gentleman and a new pair of socks.

After lunch, instead of our usual reading J.C.P. read "Zadoc Pyne" and Drake's poem, "The American Flag". Then all hands adjourned to the field again for the great Fourth-of-July ceremonial ball-games. The lineup of the Junior game was:

* Globe Bombs *		* Cherry Salutes *
Gardner R	p.	Motley
Brooks	c.	Peabody J.
Moller	1.	Chisholm
Chadwick	2.	Lynes
Hamlen F.	3.	Hamlen W.
Zahner R.	s.s.	Henderson
Swan	l.f.	Danforth
Crocker	c.f.	Meyer
Dorman	r.f.	Ross

Umpire: W.H.B.

The lineup did not long remain the same and many sparkling lights had chances to prove their versatility at three and even four positions. The battle was close and thrilling, their being no less than four home runs in a six-inning game. Eventually, under the terrific strain, the unfortunate Cherry Salutes blew up, letting the Globes in for the winning runs, to make the score 7-5.

Meantime on the Senior field, the Galway Tigers were fighting off tooth and nail the onsloughts of the Furious Flahertys.

* Tigers *		* Flahertys *
R.B.C.	p.	C.W.3rd
P.C.	c.	G.J.C.
Hamlen J.	1.	H.H.W.
D.P.	2.	Garland K.
Williams	3.	I. De F.
R.A.L.	s.s.	J.B.
Peabody C.	l.f.	Gardner J.
Zahner H.	c.f.	Garland P.
Hall	r.f.	Arnold

At first the day was in favor of the Tigers, and the Flaherty fury turned to fear as hit after hit and run after run mounted against them. Twirler Wiggins was in despair and his brave lads had almost given up, when the visiting fireman G.J.C., stepped forth, and with his mighty arm yanked the fat from the fire. The Tigers were bewildered beyond hope of recovery, but such had been their earlier success, that when the last gong sounded and both camps departed to drown their enmity beneath the waves the score stood at 13-12, after six whirlwind innings.

After supper there were more firecrackers, and then when it grew dark enough, the fireworks. It was a beautiful night, the mosquitoes growing a bit ferocious toward the end, but otherwise perfect. There were pinwheels and fountains and mines and Roman candles and rockets, in short everything to make a swell show, from which no one departed until the clock said nearly ten. Nobody got burned during the whole day (except, by the irony of Fate, the unfortunate Doc., and he not badly) and altogether it was an excessively enjoyable Fourth.

Special despatch to the Merryweather Press:

Weather report
Temp. 84, Bar: 29.61
Very calm.

* RUBBER WATER SPORTS *

Today, under a hot sun, with a threat of thunder in the offing, a gala spectacle was presented as people from near and far gathered to join in a thrilling series of contests. The waterfront presented a brilliant sight crowded with many, in fact all, of Merryweather's foremost social and political lights. Among the officials we glimpsed Mr Robert Cutler, master of ceremonies, whose white hat was a distinct fashion-note, weilding a most efficacious megaphone, Mr. Charles Wiggins 3rd, attired in a chic natural straw hat, and navy swim-suit, with a ducky 'necktie' belt, doing the up-running, Mr. J.G.Wiggins marshalling the forces on the float, and, looking very efficient, Mr G.J.Cassedy, acting as clerk of the Course. Ably assisting the chief officials were Mr.Philip Cutler, Mr,Holton Wood, M. Joseph Bradley, and Mr. Ivins DeFriez. Also present were Mrs. Powell and her son, Mr. David Powell, Miss Nancy Richards, whose plaid parasol was much admired, and Dr. W. H. Blodget. Both of them came in the S.S. Flo. Nightingale, and were on hand to rescue drowning contestants.

WILLIWAW WINS

First among the many features was a hand-paddled rangely race over a long and difficult course. Early in the race the Identical (Capt. Arnold) had a serious collision with the Terror, which was skippered by Joe. Hamlen, from which the latter ship was able to extricate it-

TUG OF WAR

Second in the list of events, this proved to be one of the most thrilling. Two teams of five men each struggled amid a whirl of spray. The first battle was easily won by Peter Garland and a strong team, owing to the fact that several of the opposition walked, or swam, out on their Captain, J.Hamlen, who was left holding the bag.

The second pair of teams, captained by J.Hall and J. Williams, fought a more even battle, finally winning in spite of Murton Millen Meyer's submerging and having to be salvaged by diver Wood.

(hand paddling cont.)

self in time to finish second, with the Yammerschooner 3rd and the Identical a poor fourth.

Williwaw 1st	Yammerschooner 3rd
Williams (capt)	Hamlen J. (capt)
Brooks	Chisholm
Danforth	Gardner J.
Hamlen F.	Hamlen W.
Meyer	Peabody C.
Swan	Zahner H.

Terror 2nd	Identical 4th
Garland P. (capt)	Arnold (capt)
Chadwick	Hall
Gardner R.	Crocker
Henderson	Garland K.
Peabody J.	Lynes
Zahner R.	Ross

continued on next page.

MOAB * RACES

Perhaps the most thrilling event of all was the dangerous and skill-exacting moab race, from which, after many fierce heats, Greg Lynes emerged the victor. In the primary heats 'Dynamite' Motley beat Dorman six lengths, Hamlen F. won when Meyer capsized before he was really started, Gardner R. beat Ross for the same reason, Swan was triumphed over by Henderson in a closely fought battle, and Lynes, with his famous smooth stroke beat Gardner J.

The semi-finals were not close, and lots had to be drawn to see which of the three remaining contestants would get automatically into the finals. Lynes won the draw, and so J. Gardner and Danforth had to fight it out, the latter winning, but Danny capsized soon after the start, in the grand finale, and Lynes came home the victor without ever having to even raise his stroke from a smooth 74

TILTING BEST SEEN FOR MANY MONTHS

Four tilting battles were next run off, displaying a variety of punches that amazed and delighted the fans. Amid the screaming of the press-boat siren, and the shouts of the spectators, the veteran ships, Pink and Squannacook, bore out four crews apiece to the tilting ground. First came, in the Squanny, P. Garland, and W. Hamlen, tilter, against the crafty team of Peabody C. and Williams. A great battle-- it looked like Peabody's battle but Hamlen smacked him down finally, after a gruelling contest. Next the Squanny carried the Zahner Bros. to victory over Chisholm and Peabody J., in spite of the latters terrible biffs, which had Dick on his knees more than once. The Pink brought luck to Hall and Arnold, though, in a 1-second whirlwind victory over J.Hamlen and Lynes. Once more the Squanny led to victory with Chadwick at the wheel and Gardner J. weilding the baton, over Garland K. and Danforth, in an extremely ticklish fight, where even the winning crew was half submerged.

FINAL EVENT OF THE AFTERNOON

Call to Matins. A thrilling and somewhat dangerous race. The contestants started at the porch of the 'Main Lodge' and, clothes in hand, rushed into the boathouse, put the clothes on chairs, ran down the slip,

BOW PADDLING

While the preliminaries of the moab race were being run off, a swift and tortuous race was completed, Hall, Zahner H, Garland, and Hamlen J. competing for honors in four separate canoes. Many curious gyrations and revolutions were gone through before J.Hall emerged the victor, by an eyelash over Hamlen, with Zahner H. and Garland P. coming in third and fourth respectively.

ENEMY * IN * CAMP !

After the above races were finished a not-too fierce Enemy-in-Camp battle was staged. Two crews, in the Worry, and the Abagadasset, tried to make the finish line before the enemy, armed with a dipper, could swamp it. Both enemies, however, were strongly suspected of being paid off beforehand, as neither succeeded in halfway filling the boat before the finish was reached. The race degenerated into one of plain paddling, in which the Abagadasset was an easy winner.

Abagadasset		Worromontogus
Williams	stern	Zahner H.
Crocker	3	Hamlen W.
Lynes	enemy	Brooks
Arnold	bow	Peabody C.

EMERGENCY CALL FOR S.S. FLO NIGHTINGALE

The hospital ship was called into action, and consternation reigned in the crowd, as 'Danny' Danforth was carried from the scene, with a wound on his leg, which turned out, however not to be very serious, and will not impair his future career as a Rubber Water Sportsman.

(call to matins cont.)

dove in, returned, dressed and appeared at the porch. The times of the first men were: Arnold; 2.22, Williams; 2.43 Garland P; 3.01, Hamlen F. 3.27, Zahner H. 3.35, Lynes; 4.02, Chadwick 4.09 and Peabody C. 4.18. It was a magnificent finish to a magnificent afternoon, with great base-sliding ability shown as man after man slithere off the wet float, on back, side, or stomach, and great speed in the sprinte. Excellent entertainment for everyone.

Here follows a list of the chinners and non-chinners of B Group Addyhumps:

Big Chins		Small Chins		No Chins at all!
Gardner R.	12	Gardner J.	4	Brooks
Motley	9	Meyer	3	Danforth
Lynes	8	Chisholm	2	Henderson
Chadwick	6	Hamlen F.	2	Zahner R.
Crocker	6			

Saturday July 6
Bar: 29. 58
Temp: 80

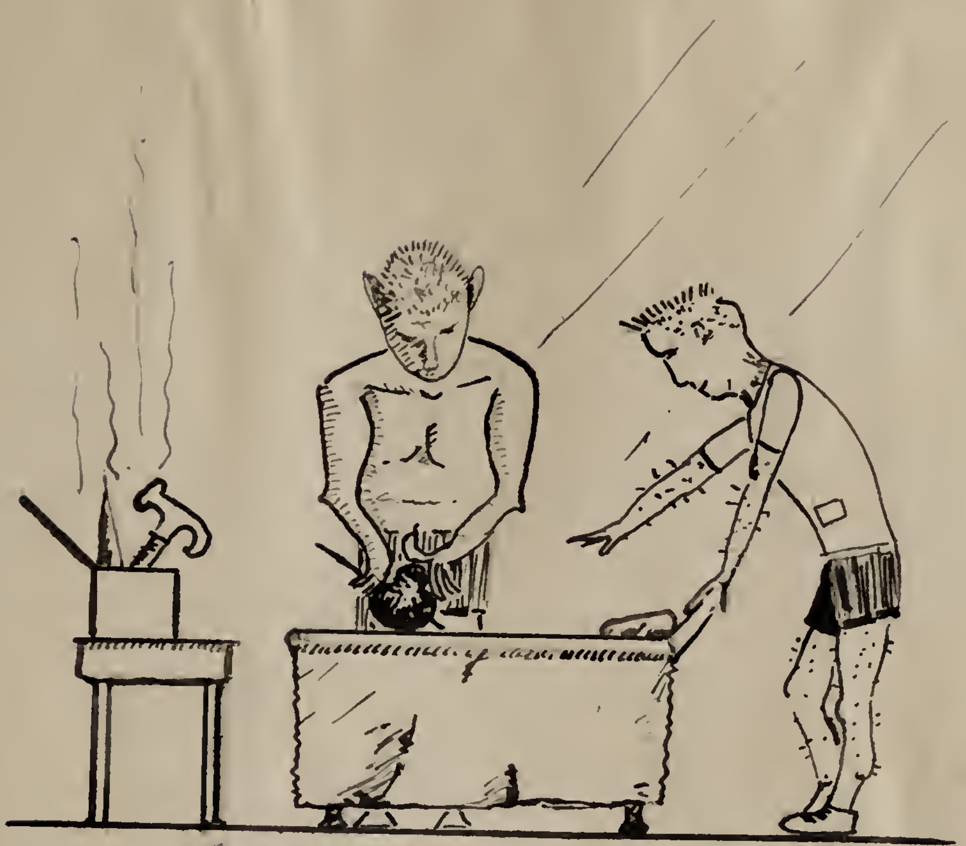
This elegant day was devoted to a number of minor activities, such as bird chasing, boating, both on the water and in the shop, but chiefly to rehearsals etc. in preparation for Sing-Song. Various musical numbers were scheduled to take place, and by the time the evening came round we all were well acquainted with what was to come and looking forward to hearing the favourites of the last few days once more, with a friendly(?) sense of familiarity.

The performance opened with an interesting rendition of Chopsticks, by L.E.W. and R.B.C. Next Greg Henderson played for us; it was nice to hear some serious piano playing for once, instead of the usual variety of delicate caterwauls which are produced. Next came a spirited,if a touch unpolished, drama, "Ben Allah Achmet; or the fatal Tum." The cast was: J.C.P. as the lovely heroine, (her name was Emily MacPherson) and Danforth and D.P. as Dr. Brown and Ben Allah Achmet himself, respectively, both as rival suitors for the fair Emily's hand. Alas, Ben Allah falls ill of a pain in his tummy, and when the doctor arrives, and he discovers his name is Brown, he cruelly stabs that worthy, only to find too late that it is another man of the same name(J.B.) The innocent victim of the terrible Turk, is of a forgiving nature,though, and sweetly and pathetically they lay them down to die together, while the Dr. Brown goes off with Emily.

Next Greg Lynes, our other real musician, gave us a selection of Handel. After this came a drama, the last of the evening, "No Checkee, no Washee" performed by the distinguished trio of J.G.W, G.J.C. and C.W.3rd, in which the dangers of getting your clothes washed in a hurry at a Chinese Laundry were so pathetically and truly put forth that when the curtains finally were drawn the audience was dissolved in tears. C.w.3 was a business man in a hurry, and J.G.W. and G.J.C. were the unhelpful laundry men who produced such a variety of wrong clothes and incomprehensible arguments, that finally, in a tantrum the poor American picked up a laundry basket and brained the Chink nearest him with it. A short but telling tragedy.

Sunday July 7th
Bar: 29.60
Temp: 62

Rain today---lots and lots of rain, all day long. The morning was calmly passed in letter-writing etc. Dr. and Mrs. Risley came out for lunch from Waterville, arriving on the dot in spite of the horrid driving. Not so the Wigginses, Mr, Mrs, and Miss R., who were likewise expected for lunch but did not arrive till three. We were glad to see them just the same. L.E.W. and R.W. are here for the next couple of days, C.W.2 departing tonight with G.J.C. for Boston. In the afternoon there was boatbuilding for some, and a ping-pong tournament for others, in which a large amount of talent was displayed. Still others, the mare hardy flowers, attempted to play a game of Socceebal, but were foiled in the attempt. The balls, both of them lay down and died, the first by murder with a nail, the other one by suicide. So instead they toddled drearily up to the landslide, and came back to the big room for some protracted checker battles. Sunday picnic was had very cosily by our own fire, and then L.E.W. played the hymns for us, much to the delight of L.E.W.2nd and J.C.P. Sam got even further into the Suburbs during half-past-nine reading, and altogether it was a wet but enjoyable day.



P.C. & C.W.2nd do an operation. J.B.

"OH! You Pierced its Gizzard!"

The work of a great artist, this powerful drawing depicts the tragic ending of the soccer ball better than any words.

Monday, July 8th
Weather; same as Yesterday, only worse.

Yesterday we welcomed the deluge, and were perfectly calm and serene, but today all the animals in the 'Ark' are getting a bit restive. People sloshed round all day in rubber boots and raincoats beneath a steady downpour. Luckily Mrs. W. managed to collect a successor to the deceased soccer-balls and in the afternoon, just about in time to prevent the roof coming off, a thrilling battle was begun, to wit:

FUSSBALSPIEL...

St.Cyriles	St. Methodii
R.A.L.	D.P.
C.W.	J.G.W.
H.H.W.	R.B.C.
P.C.	I. De F.
J.B.	W.H.B.
Garland K.	Chadwick
Hamlen F.	Hall
Chisholm	Hamlen J.
Zahner H.	Gardner J.
Peabody J.	Williams
	Zahner R.

Also, for a large number of gentlemen, a tournament of 'Tischtennispeil' otherwise known as Ping Pong, was staged. The tournament was never finished but when time was called Lynes, Crocker, Hamlen W., Gardner R. and Garland P. were all still in the ring.

We, the editors, in our excitement over the Ping-Pong, entirely forgot to put in the score of the ball-game, which was 3 all; we do not know who made the goals for certain, but we have it from a very reliable source, that the playing, on the part of all the contestants was, to say the least, magnificent.

In the evening there was a most gentlemanly and coservative game of Boston,(high spot of the game: A.H.R. got cought, but was subsequently let off, being mistaken for one of the cookees! Query: was this an insult?) and afterward L.E.W. played for us while everyone indulged in a frantic game of Going to Jerusalem. Instead of 'Sam' the half-past-niners had

'The Devil And the Deep Sea' from 'The Day's Work', a wonderful yarn.

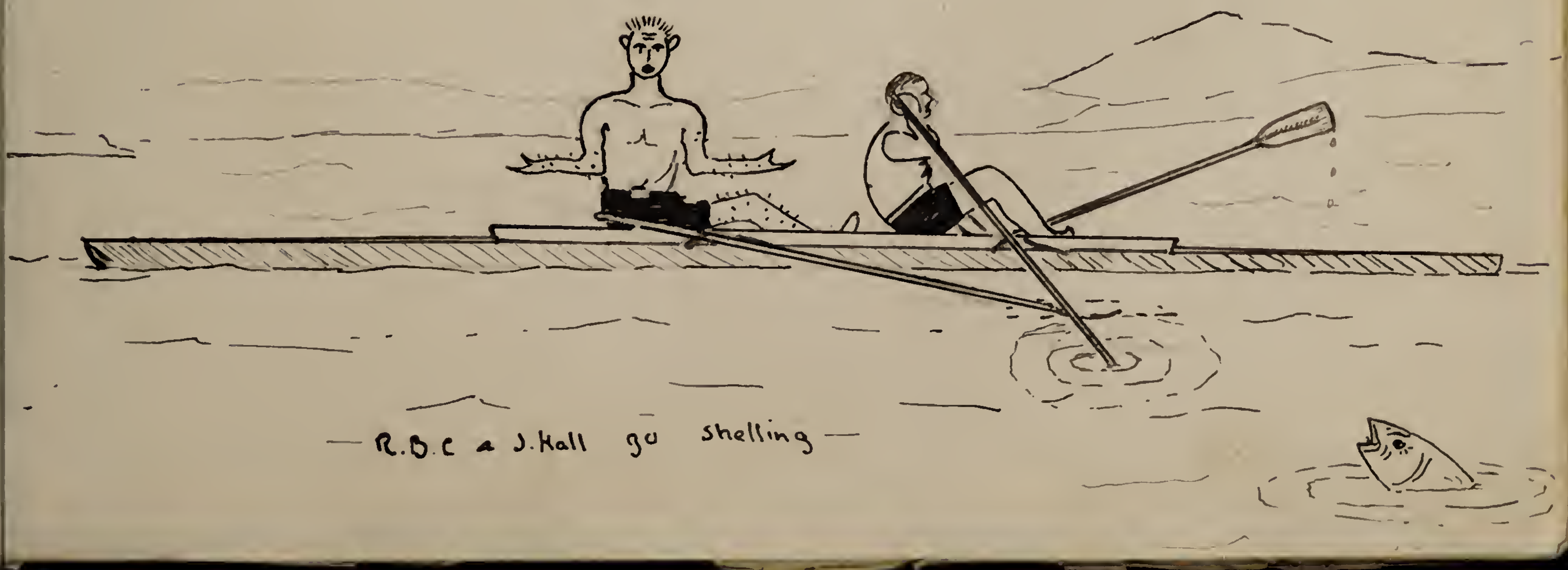
Tuesday, July 9th
Bar: 29·63
Temp: 64

The forecast today was not encouraging: "Clearing by end of week; freezing unlikely" We are gradually becoming mildewed and pulplike from constant damp. The morning progressed in a drippy fashion, and then, resting from our toil we suddenly perceived that it was clearing off! What a relief! After lunch and the last chapter of 'King Solomon's Mines', which has gone like a house afire, and after some waiting around for the frantically-scurrying ladies to finish the picnics, Camp took to the water in one great swarm-- some to fish, some bound for Meadow Brook. The fishermen were:

Yammerschooner	Terror	Erebus	Identical	Williwaw	Chub
S.P.	J.G.W.	W.H.B.	P.C.	C.W.3rd	Hall
Moller	Gardner R.	Ross	Crocker	Arnold	Chisholm
Meyer	Chadwick	Gardner J.	Lynes	Motley	Brooks

The Ouani, the Carrabasset, and the Pantasote all set out with Meadow Brook in view, but changed their minds and ended up on ~~Strawberry~~ Blueberry Hill, by way of ~~South~~ North Beach, whence they returned just before half-past-eight, having had themselves an elegant time.

Here follows a realistic drawing by the same artist who did the previous one. This might be called second in a series of 'What we do best at Merryweather.'



— R.B.C & J.Hall go shelling —

July 10th, Wednesday
Bar: 29.67
Temp. 78
Wind: N.W.

Today was one of bright hopes and bitter disappointments. We started out to have a very fine Boat and Canoe; in fact we went so far as to get the lists all made, and the senior standing canoe race was in progress, when out of the North West swooped a Williwaw. Perhaps it was just as well that the storm came when if did, to detract our attention from the furious and futile mangling of the water which was passing under the name of paddling. The Squanny, shoved through the lake by Williams and Chisholm, managed to stagger home a couple of lenghts ahead of Hall and Garland P., leaving the Grayling(Zahner H. and Garland K.) grousing along a good twenty lengths behind, while far on the horizon the University crew, in the Pink, formed an almost immovable rear guard. In a terrific rush the paddles and oars were put away, and (shocking to relate) the remaining blankets salvaged from the hill, before the first onsloughts of the storm, and then everyone retired to the shelter of the porch or the big room to watch and revile the rain and fight checker duels until the deluge let up enough for a swift game of Soccer.

Charades hung like the sword of Damocles over our heads as we left the supper table, but luckily all three sides were well prepared, and the evening proved to be one of skill and artistry, highly appreciated by all.

First there came a word in five syllables, acted by Mr. Cutler's club; The curtains opened on a school-room scene(they are very popular this year) where A.H.R. was disclosed explaining the mysteries of adding. Next, the same lady and J. Crocker appeared, wandering through a meadow where several baa-ing sheep were grazing.This scene represented the last four syllables, and next came the whole word, a campaign scene, where J.B., R.B.C., and various others were figuring out a approach for an invasion of Ethiopa.
ADDIS ABABA!!

'Caucus' came second--first the two syllables acted in one scene, then the word itself. A magnificent scarecrow, and several angry farmers pursuing invisible crows made up the first, and in the second we were present at a political rally in Idaho, where C.W.3rd introduced the rival candidates for mayor of the city(Joe Hamlen and Charlie Peabody). The first candidate was welcomed wholeheartedly after his statement that he would pay anyone $5.00 who would vote for him; not so the second, who was booed loudly, and, on endeavouring to continue his speech, was made the unwilling center of a most ferocious fight.

The third was 'charade' itself, done by Mr. Little and his well-trained troupe. 'Shah' was done in a beautiful scene, representing the court of Persia, with W.H.B. ensconced upon a throne. Enter Senor Cappablanca himself(E.H.W.) to play chess with his majesty, the curtain being drawn as they commence the game. 'Raid' depicted the mail-carriers on the wide-open plains being attacked and horribly slaughtered by a gruesome group of Indians(gruesomest Indian: J. Motley). The third scene was somewhat hectic, but distinctly true-to-life, being no more or less than the side preparing a word for the evening's entertainment, amid a variety of vicissitudes. Here ends the evening's entertainment except for a few adventures with the dog "Amy"-- most satisfactory, and smoothly run off--neat but not gaudy.

Thursday, July 11
Bar: 29.63
Temp: 75
Wind: N.W.

The editor of the press, in no uncertain terms, protests the rude awakening this morning. At six-thirty, when there should have been another half-hour of beauty-sleep, a congregation of light-hearted and unfeeling persons congregated on the float and proceeded to stage a political rally(or something) much to the indignation of the more staid and sober-minded. Much of this untoward levity was due to the return of C.W.3rd and D.P. from an expedition round the Horn. When they first appeared, gliding among the Rangeley eggs, they swore they were fresh as daisies, but life was hard on them from that time forth.

At about eleven o'clock R.A.L. and J.B., with a doughty crew, composed of Chadwick, Gardner J., Garland P, and Danforth, set out on a camping-trip, bound first for the mills and from there to points unknown. We hope to acquire a first-hand narrative of the expedition shortly.

In the afternoon we continued and brought to a close that which we began yesterday i.e:

BOAT AND CANOE

Officials:

J.G.W: floatman and starter
R.P.C: herald and starter
P.C.& I. D.F: carriers-out
W.H.B: police
C.W.3rd& L.E.W: press-boat
H.H.W: official photographer
D.P: trouble shooter

First event:

Senior Standing doubles

Squannacook	Pink	Grayling	Hecuba
Williams Chisholm	Hamlen J. Peabody C.	Zahner H. Trimmingham	Hill Webb
1.	4.	3.	2.

A not too close race. the first boats were about 5 lengths apart.

Intermission, while the weather made up its mind about what it was going to do next. The decision was favorable, and next on the program came:

Junior Standing Singles

1st heat:

Pink	Squanny	Grayling	Hecuba
Garland C.	Arnold	Lynes	Peabody J.
1.	2.	4.	3.

Garland paddled a beautiful race, winning by such a large margin that the race was unanimously voted his in spite of a misunderstanding at the buoy.

2nd heat:

Pink	Squanny	Grayling	Hecuba
Zahner R. (did not finish)	Hamlen W.	-------	Moller
	1.		2.

In this race there were only three competitors Mr. Hamlen, bagging the solo victory of the afternoon for the U. of B., and Zahner, encountering a stiff wind on the way back from Pickerel Rock, having to be towed in.

Junior Sitting Doubles

Hecuba	Squanny	Pink
Ross	Gardner R.	Motley
Crocker	Dorman	Meyer
1.	3.	2.

This was a very exciting race, with the Hecuba and the Pink running neck and neck most of the way. On the way out the Pink had the edge, the Squanny already having dropped to third, but at the turn the Hecuba made up the distance and managed to slink home a good length in advance.

Senior Standing Singles

First heat:

Squanny	Grayling	Hecuba	Pink
Williams	Peabody C.	Chisholm	Webb
1.	2.	3.	4.

Williams won this race by a long shot, although he upset at the turn. Peabody's stroke made up in energy what it lacked in cosistency, but failed to get him even near to the Squanny, while the Pink and the Hecuba were left wallowing far behind.

Second heat:

Squanny	Grayling	Pink	Hecuba
Hamlen J.	Hall	Trimmingham	Zahner H.

This was one of the best races of the afternoon, Trimmy and Zahner racing to a tie, with Hall third and the U.of B's representative making a very leisurely rear guard.

Junior Standing Singles

Grayling	Squanny	Hecuba	Pink
Hamlen W.	Arnold	Moller	Garland C.
4	3	2	1

This was an easy victory for Chris Garland. Arnold and Moller produced a most exciting moment when they collided at the finish line, Moller getting the edge and managing to scramble across the line with Dave less than half a length behind.

Finals, Senior Standing Singles

Squanny	Grayling	Hecuba	Pink
Williams	Peabody C.	Zahner H.	Trimmingham
1.	4.	3.	2.

Williams carried off this race by seven lengths, with the Pink and the Hecuba coming in close together, seven lengths behind the Squanny. C. Peabody had some difficulty at the turn and was unable to close up the gap between himself and the Hecuba

Junior Sitting Doubles,
First heat.

Hecuba	Squanny	Pink
Garland C. Hamlen W.	Arnold Brooks	Moller Henderson
1.	2.	2.

Garland again exhibited great prowess as he and Hamlen W., the Hope of the University walked away from the Squanny and the lumbering Pink, for a three length victory

Second heat.

Squanny	Hecuba	Pink
Lynes Gardner R.	Zahner R. Crocker	Peabody J. Hamlen F.
1.	2.	(did not finish)

This was a close race, with the Squanny and the Hecuba changing places several times before Lynes and Gardner managed to subdue their rivals. Both boats had good even strokes, but not so the Pink, which after much intricate and difficult waltzing, managed to submerge about twenty yards from the finish.

Rangeley race

Erebus	Terror	Yammerschooner	Identical
Ross	Motley	Meyer	Dorman
1.	2.	3.	4.

Ross was the dark horse in this race, who, using a new and mysterious stroke, managed to overcome Motley and his Fisherman's stroke, to win the race quite easily. Meyer and Dorman, both weaving over the course in graceful zig-zags, fought long and hard for the cellar, and Dorman finally won that distinction by steering a cuorse for Fourway Lodge. It was a beautiful race to watch, the lifted oars giving the appearance of the wings of ducks trying to take off on a calm day.

Finals Junior sitting doubles

Hecuba	Squanny	Pink	Grayling
Garland C.	Zahner R.	Lynes	Arnold
Hamlen W.	Crocker	Gardner R.	Brooks
1.	2.	3.	4.

Garland and Hamlen again romped to victory over a strong field. The Pink and Squanny were Both good, and the Grayling would have been, except that she was down by the bow and hard to steer.

Senior Four-paddlers

Carrabassett	Abagadassett
Williams	Chisholm
Zahner	Hamlen J.
Peabody C.	Webb
Hall	Trimmingham
1.	2.

The four-paddlers went out to Pickerel twice, making a long and very good race. The turns of the Carrabassett were beautiful, and chiefly responsible for her victory.

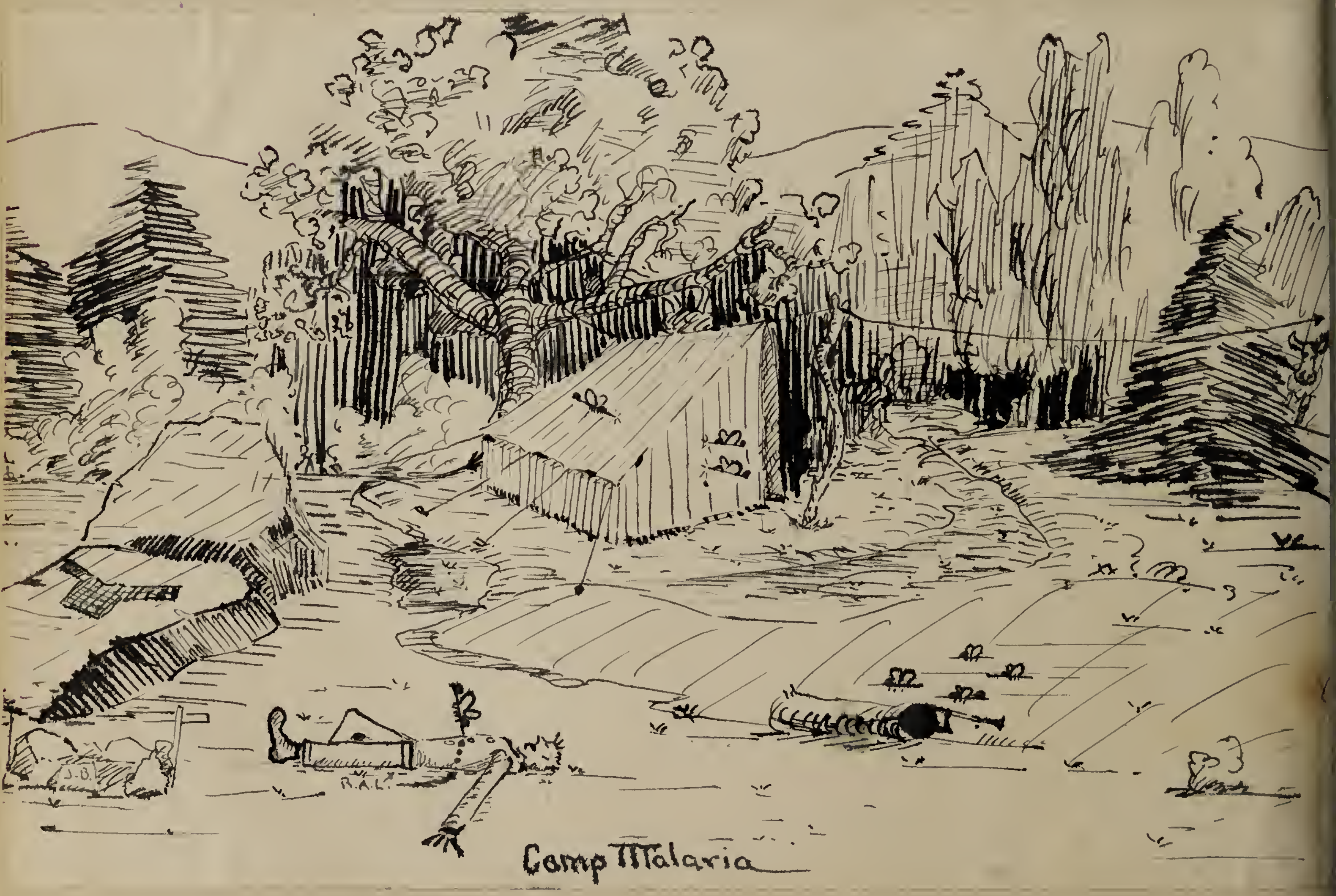
Junior Four-paddlers

Abbagadassett	Carrabassett	Worromontogus
Garland K.	Zahner R.	Arnold
Hamlen W.	Brooks	Henderson
Gardner R.	Crocker	Hamlen F.
Lynes	Moller	Peabody J.
1.	2.	3.

This was the last race of the afternoon, and a very good one, although it was not as close as the senior four-paddlers,and the turns were not so expertly managed. However it was close enough to give a great deal of excitement. The day ended with one great simoultaneous jump off the float which, with more than thirty people participating was an impressive, not to say remarkable sight.

There was no weather report today, the Friday, July 12th weather man being off in the wilds, but the thermometer was read by a passing prophet as 85 at ten A.M! Also the barometer, which read only 29. 59.

In the O.;., just after the clans had scattered, some to the pastures, some to disport themselves upon the waves with rod and line, the Williwaw and the Yammerschooner were sighted, pulling with great speed toward the home port, pursued by a herd of mosquitoes. On landing, fully six hours before we expected them, they gave us a vivid description of their woes upon the journey, likewise a magnificent portrayal of the same, whish follows:



Camp Malaria

What could be more expressive ?

OMAHAS

	I			II			III		
	Killed.	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
C.W.³	X	●●		X	●●●	✓	✓	●●	✓
R.B.C.	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	X	●	1
J.B.	X	●	✓	✓	✓	✓	X	●	1
P.C.	X	●	1	X	●	✓	✓	✓	✓
Arnold	✓	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	X	●●	✓
Chadwick	✓	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Crocker	X	✓	✓	X	●	✓	X	●	✓
Danforth	✓	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓
Dorman	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓
Hamlen, F.	X	●●●	✓	X	✓	✓	X	●	✓
Hamlen, J.	✓	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Hamlen, W.	X	✓	✓	X	●●	✓	X	✓	✓
Hall	✓	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓
Lynes	✓	✓	✓	X	●	✓	✓	✓	✓
Motley	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓
Meyer	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	X	●●	1
Ross	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	X	●	✓
Trimingham	X	●	1	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓
Webb	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	X	✓	1
	12	8	2	17	8	✓	14	11	4

WINNEBAGOS.

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
R.A.L.	✓	●	✓	✓	✓	✓	X	✓	✓
D.P.	✓	✓	✓	✓	●●●●	1	X	●	
W.H.B.	✓	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	X	●	✓
I. De F.	X	●	✓	✓	●●	✓	X	●	✓
H.H.W.	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Brooks	✓	●●	✓	✓	●	✓	X	●	✓
Chisholm	✓	●	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Gardner, J.	X	✓	✓	✓	☠ ●	2	X	✓	✓
Gardner, R.	X	●●		X	●	✓	X	✓	✓
Garland, K.	X	●	✓	X	●●	✓	X	●●	✓
Garland, P.	✓	●	✓	X	●●	1	X	✓	✓
Henderson	✓	●	✓	✓	●	✓	✓	●	✓
Moller	✓	●●	✓	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓
Peabody, C.	X	✓	✓	X		1	X	✓	✓
Peabody, J.	X	✓	✓	✓	●	2	✓	●●●	✓
Williams	X	✓	✓	X	●	✓	X	✓	✓
Zahner, H.	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	✓	●	
Zahner, R.	X	✓	✓	✓	●	✓	✓	●●	✓
	10	12	✓	9	17	7	12	13	✓

As for the rest of Camp, it was very peaceful. The ball-game was as follows, not too successful, as one side,(we forbear to mention which) so effectually crowned the other that at the end of the second inning the score was 11-0, and all the players had to be shifted and the lineups completely done over, which did not add to the gaiety of nations.

	Waldorf		Ritz	
Umpires	Williams	p.	Hamlen J.	Go-as-you-please-ers
	Peabody C.	c.	Hamlen W.	Motley
P.C.	Arnold	1.	Garland C.	Dorman
I. De F.	Hamlen F.	2.	Zahner R.	Hall
H.H.W.	Gardner R.	3.	Crocker	Peabody J.
D.P.	Trimmingham	s.s.	Moller	Ross
C.W.3rd	Chisholm	l.f.	Lynes	Webb
R.B.C.	Brooks	c.f.	Zahner H.	
	Henderson	r.f.	Meyer	

Rather early in the afternoon the players returned from the field, and the fishers and boatbuilders from lake and shop, and when they had bathed them in the water they betook their lovely selves to many and various rehearsals for tomorrow-night's Sing-Song, which occupied their time till supper. In fact not a few were still rehearsing afterwards, with no sign of stopping till eight-thirty, so Digestion Club was called on the Point, and we had 'The Fall of the House of Usher'(it didn't seem to agree with their digestions too well: a slight surfiet of long words).

Saturday, July 13th
Weather reporter on strike.

In spite of the absence of Barometer and thermometer readings it was easy to tell that today was built for Scouting. Accordingly in the afternoon lists were posted to the effect that the Omahas and the Winnebagos would shortly meet in the second sham battle of the year. It was more promising than the last game, but there still were decided discrepancies between the number of people reporting shots and the number slain. this time there was also a murder to help out the record of eccentricities. As a matter of fact, it will really be very hard to get any good Scouting this summer if the players do not take a brace and get over the idea that it is funny to have more lead than shot and vice-versa. Next week we hope to have the first real Scouting game and all the veterans are slightly peeved and slightly discouraged at the slowness of the newcomers to get the hang of the game.

While the tribes were still on the field of battle Mr. and Mrs. Orrin Wood arrived, to spend the night, and see their hardworked son. It was very clever of them to arrive on Sing-Song night, as they had ample chance to see and profit by the brilliant Merryweather talent, seen tonight in all its glory.

First on the program was a delicate little thing, compiled and sung by two of the inmates: a medley entitled 'Big and Little Bobby, or Up from the Ape'

Theme Song

I'll be down to meet you in a taxi honey
You want to be ready about half past eight.
Now dearie don't be late
I want to be there —
When the sun goes down and the tide goes out,
The Darkies gather 'round and they all begin to shout —

East Side, West Side
All around the town
Tots sang 'ring-a-rosie'
London bridge is falling —
Away down South in the land of cotton
Old Times dar am not forgotten
Look away, look away —
Heave away my bonnie- bonnie boys
Heave away, heave away
Heave away my bonnie bonnie boys
We're off for Australia
Brrroomp, boomp, boomp, boomp, broomp, boomp
boomp, boomp.
Yiddi, yiddi, yiddi, yiddi, oomp boomp, oomp boomp-
oomp, boomp - ad infinitum.
Oh the Bulldog on the Bank
And the Bullfrog in the Pool
the Bulldog on the Bank
And the Bullfrog —

in your old' grey bonnet
With the blue ribbons on it
And we'll hitch old Dobbin to the shay
And thru the fields of clover
We will —
Wander to-day to the hill, Maggie
To watch the scene below
the creek and the old rusty mill Maggie
Where we sat in the long —

Long ago there were two pigs
Little dirty piggy-wigs
For being neat and smelling sweet
they didn't give two figs.
Number one was fond of dust
About his bed he never fussed
Number two cared even less
His abide a filthy mess
Who's afraid of the inspectors, the inspectors, the inspectors,
Who's afraid of the inspectors
Chris & little Murt.
So
Meyer got a pig and so did Garland K, so did Garland K, so did Garland, K.
Meyer got a pig and so did Garland. K,
Dirty little pigs.
One little piggy ran to Four-Way
Th'other was deprived of ice-cream
A third great big piggy will be paddled
T'will be fun to hear him scream —
For his name is Johnny Hall, Johnny Hall, Johnny Hall
For his name is Johnny Hall
He's the biggest of us all
We have never heard him bawl —
Don't swat your Mother boys
Just 'cause she's old
Don't mop the floor with her face
think how her love is a treasure of gold
Shining thru shame & disgrace
Don't put the rocking chair close to her eye
Don't bounce the lamp off her bean
Angels are watching you up in the sky
Don't swat your Mother it's mean.
Theme Song

In order to present the work of art in proper style, the Artists, Mssrs. Cutler R. and Little appeared, the first as an organ grinder, the second as the Organ grinder's monkey, with a magnificent hurdy-gurdy made (who could have guessed it?) out of a bushel basket and an old oar, or something. Before the end of the act the audience was hurling itself onto the floor in paroxysms of laughter, which put them in a most amiable mood for the next performance, which was entitled 'The Tragedy of Rushmore.' We the editors, have a sinking feeling that we may have forgotten to mention the arrival, several days ago, of a letter, having to do with a certain young man named Rushmore who, it stated, would come to Camp in the near future. The letter, purporting to be from his parent, requested among other things that he must be wakened in the morning with a song, that he must have coffee with thick cream for his breakfast, that he must be allowed to swim only once a week and so on ad infinitum. In the heartrending drama, his life and subsequent death at Camp were depicted by a distinguished cast including

A.H.R. - - - - - - - - - - - - - -	as Rushmore himself
R.B.C.	as R.B.C.
R.A.L.	as R.A.L.
I. De F.	as I. De F.
L.E.W.	as Miss Rock(governess)
L.E.W.	as L.E.W.
David Armold	as a nasty little boy

In the first scene Rushmore arrives, with governess, a wardrobe trunk, and a lollipop, all of which augur ill for the future, but the kind-hearted faculty hope for the best and in the second scene they still make feeble efforts to be nice, ending abruptly when Rushy pulls a lollipop out of his pocket in the middle of an Arithmatic session in the Tutorium. From there things grow worse and worse. At table, in the third scene Rushy faints at discovering that he is meant to buttle. In the last scene of the tragedy he requests to have his teeth brushed for him and gets away with it; he then asks to be sung to sleep, but here the faculty, their nerves jangled beyond repair by the effort to render 'Rock- a-bye-Baby' put an end to all his childish prattle forever more, Rushy expiring with a horrid scream beneath their bludgeonings.

Next came some songs, and then a one-act play 'Monsieur le Maire, or Ze two Busches'

CAST:

J. Hall as Adolph Busch,of Berlin, Idaho
P.C. as Adolph Busch, of Berlin, Germany
C.W. as the French inkeeper, Ragou
J. Williams as M. DeBouille
J. Hamlen as Mm. De Bouille
G. Lynes as Mlle. Desiree DeBouille
J.B. as the crazy-man, Gaspard
J.G.W. as Master of Ceremonies, M. Poirot

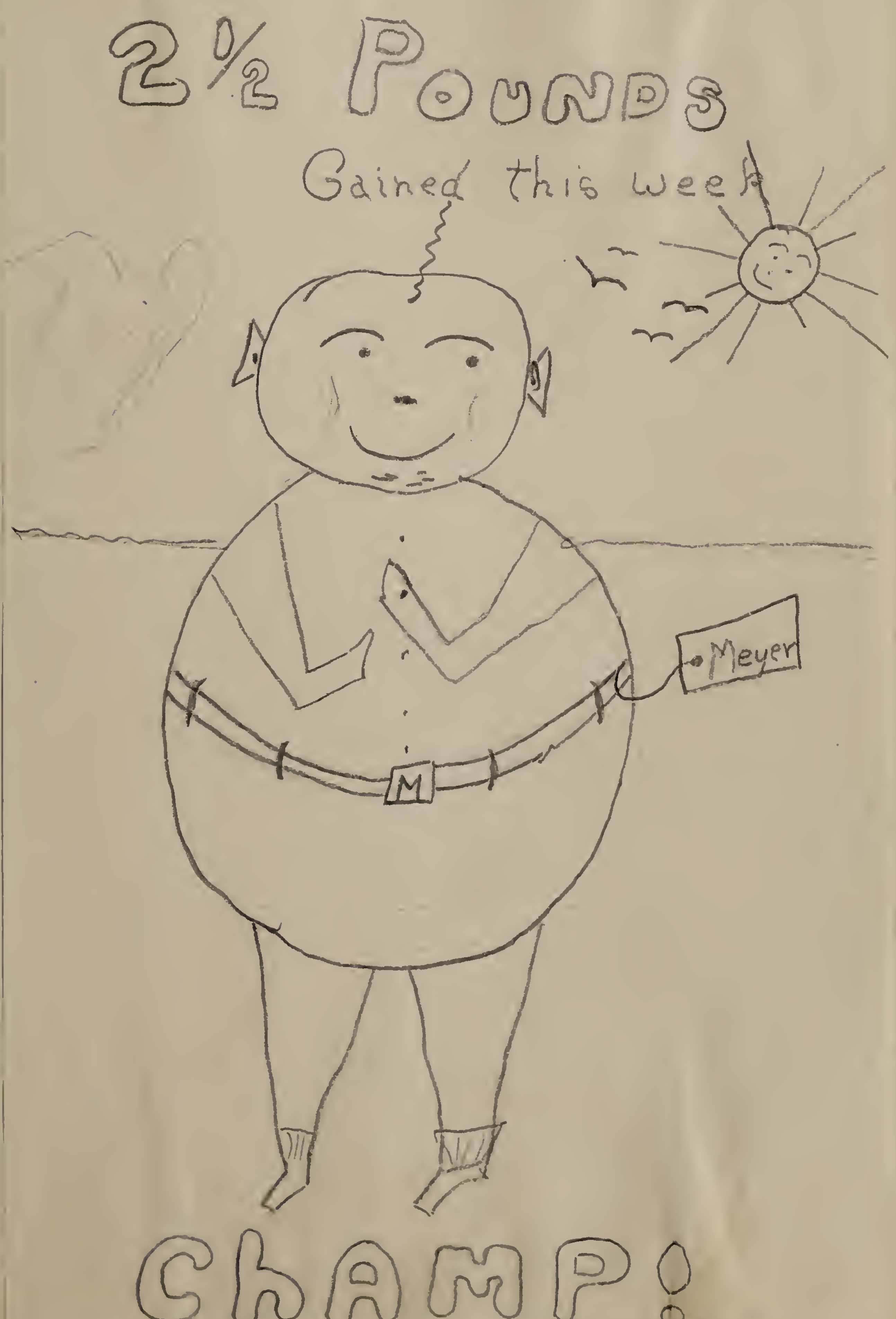
Just after the last song M. Poirot entered the big room, came up to the front of the audience, and after a few words of introduction, explained that he and his company of artists were going to produce a short'drame' in French with the express purpose of broadening the minds of young America and introducing them to the higher levels of acting. the curtain then opened to disclose Ragou, in his tavern. Presently Mr. Busch of Idaho enters, and makes it plain, after some confusion,during which pigs are mentioned more than once, that he desires a room. Just then M., Mme., and Mlle. De Bouille enter, having come to meet Desiree's Fiance, whom they have never seen, but who's father was an old friend of the family. Unluckily his name is also Busch, and naturally, Mr. busch of Idaho not speaking any French, and none of the others speaking any English, there arises a terrible confusion, during which Mr. Busch and Desiree are married. Then, oh, terrible moment, the real Adolph Busch comes in, and a moment of utter despair ensues when the unfortunate parents discover that their daughter has married the wrong man. All is saved however when Ragou, entering with a tray of bottles, discovers that M. Le Maire, who was called in to perform the ceremony, is not the Maire at all, but only the Vieux Gaspard, who is a little nuts. What joy! what bliss! There is much embracing all round except for Gaspard, who now thinks he is Napoleon, and Adolph, the American, who hasn't been able to make out what has been going on, and is still waiting patiently for a room.

STATEMENT OF THE PRESS

We, the editors of this sheet, understand that there have been several inaccuracies, not to say mis-statements, in the editions of the last few days, for which we are properly grieved and apologetic. BUT, we herewith add that "Our name is James. Nobody tells us anything" The complainants state that we have misnamed, with gross inaccuracy, their destination on a certain day not long past. This we agree, is true, but what could we do, when it was posted as Meadow Brook, and then, when the editors painstakingly ferreted out the truth(that they had basely sneaked off elsewhere) the posters and their allies SAID in so many words that it was Strawberry Hill, by way of South Beach??? We ask you. As to the other errors, we stand reproved, and they stand corrected; but let us add, in parting, that if you, the populace desire that your escapes and adventures be published abroad, that you will please to inform the editorial staff, either by word, by writing, or in any other way you see fit, of said adventures, as, marvellously efficient as the editing staff is it CANNOT be everywhere at once! Q. E. D.

Sunday, July 14th
Bar: 29.65
Temp: 76

Sunday is a day of reckoning for this Camp. The first reckoning was successful, being that of weights and how much was gained per gent. M.M.Meyer came off first, with this beautiful etching as prize for his noble and successful efforts.


2½ Pounds
Gained this week
Meyer
M
Champ!

The second was not so happy, being reckoned without the force of Mrs. Wallace (wall-eyes to some) our laundry lady, who threw a monkey-wrench into the works of our little plans to circumvent the inevitable mingling of the many washes into one hopeless pie. The third reckoning was with J.Hall, who culled yet another pig. A list of those at the other end of the scale is herewith rendered, having been duly posted on the front door during the week:

THE BIG SIX

~ CUBICLES ~

AVERAGES COMPOUNDED ON JULY EIGHTH.

Zahner, R.	99.3
Arnold	98.1
Zahner, H.	96.2
Danforth	95.6
Ross	95.0
Crocker	94.4

We now come to the activities of the day, which were not remarkable, but definitely pleasant. The morning was per usual, with a warm swim at the end. In the afternoon, the following set out for Lord's Hill, leaving a select few to hold the fort.

Pantasote
- P.C.
- Hamlen J.
- Meyer

Terror
- Hall
- Garland P.
- Ross

Ouani
- R.A.L.
- Chadwick
- Brooks
- Peabody C.
- Dorman
- Gardner R.

Crocker
- Danforth
- Gardner J.
- Peabody C.
- J.B.
- Hamlen W.
- L.E.W.

Identical
- I. De F.
- Webb
- Hamlen F.

Erebus
- D.P.
- Chisholm
- Henderson

Abbagadassett	Yammerschooner	Carrabassett
C.W.3rd	W.H.B.	H.H.W.
Moller	Williams	Arnold W.
Zahner R.	Motley	Lynes
Trimmingham		Zahner H.

There were a few changes in the lineup, and a greivous delay, when Peabo. J. crashed through the slats of the Ouani slip, and had to be repaired before he could start. However the start and crossing were otherwise successful, and we arrived at Lord's Hill in time for some good games of Wolf, with swims and all the other fixings attatched. The veteran campers were distrought with grief at finding their old Wolf dens remodeled into a meadow wherein grazed placid cows; but another field was quickly found, with an ample rock for the silly sheep and plenty of cover for ravenous beasts to lurk in. We ate our supper by the shore and then returned, in a beautiful formation, to have some singing before bed-time. The hymns were really a lot better this week than last, and everybody enjoyed them.

We forgot to say that Mr. and Mrs. Wood departed this afternoon, shortly after the picnic-ers left the dock. We all wish they could have stayed longer as they fitted in so perfectly, and Camp is always at its best when there are visitors.

Monday, July 15th
Bar: 29.8
Temp: 73
Cloudy, S.W. wind

Today was notable chiefly, not to say wholly for being the date of the First Scouting Game, which proved to be one of the most wide-open battles ever waged on the now blood-stained field. There were many flagrant errors and much scoring and wild shooting. The strong South West wind proved to be the greatest irritant, for it virtually took names and flung them anywhere but in the intended ears.

A.H.R. and L.E.W. were the first ladies to play since Miss Julia Richards in ?. Two of the faculty on opposing sides were amazed that the latter lady had not promised to take up the tomahawk under both standards.

The first game proved an overwhelming victory for the Iroquois, most of whom were new to the game, and played a dashing brand of scouting, with the result that they amassed seven runs to the Gonks' lone tally. A tremendous attack on the shore was responsible for most of the scoring. Motley and Moller, on being told by others that they had been killed and thus couldn't shoot anyone, promptly adjourned to the boneyard in spite of the fact that they had neither of them heard their names called. Not content with two suicides in one afternoon, Henderson murdered Garland P., who was returning to the South boundary, having scored once. His brother Chris proved that there is much in beginner's luck by calmly and(occasionally)skillfully walking practically every minute of the time, sometimes in the Middle Woods, and then again through the underground. His efforts netted him two runs. The Iroquois killed more men and ran further and faster and administered a sound drubbing to their opponents.

The second game started off more favourably for the Algonquins, but soon their dead were seen in great numbers in the Boneyard. But four runs were turned in after the "All In" and it seemed that the Iroquois were beaten But then came the landslide. The massed attack and flashy style of covering ground had carried on into the second game and Garland P. and Moller turned in two runs apiece. Run after run was reported until they numbered an even half-score. Again the Gonks were run into the ground.

But, now they were angry. They rose in their wrath and in the first thirteen minutes of the last game accounted for as many Iroquois while only five of their number fell by the wayside. J.G.M. proved a thorn in the flesh of the Iroquois by back-tracking and completely annihilating the entire shore party. It did not stop there, and in the last twelve minutes A.H.R. and I. De P. were the only Iroquois on the field. As a result the Algonquins rushed up, down and around the entire field. P.C. led Webb and Meyer to three runs apiece, and had the guard, arnold, score a limping two. The old guard

Algonquins

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
C.W.^{2}	X			X	••		X	••••	/
J.G.W.	X	•		X	•		X	•••	/
J.B.	✓			X	•		X		
P.C.	X	•			•	/	X	•	3
L.E.W.	✓			X	•		X	••	/
Arnold	X			X	•				2
Chadwick	✓			X				•	
Gocker	✓				••	/	X	•	
Danforth	X			X			✓		
Lerman	X			X			X		
Hall		•		X			✓		
Hamlen, F.	X					/	X		
Hamlen, J.	X			X			X		
Hamlen, W.	✓			X			✓		
Lynes	✓					/	X		
Mayer	X			X				•••	3
Motley	☠			X			X		
Trimingham	X	••	/	X			X		
Webb	✓			✓				••	3
Ross		•		X			✓		
	10	6	1	15	9	4	12	17	14
	✓	✓		✓	✓		✓	✓	

Iroquois

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
R.A.L.		••				/	X	•	
W.H.B.	X			X			X		
D.P.P.		•	/			/	X	•	
H.H.W.		••	/		•	/	X	•	
I. DeF.	X			X				•••	
A.H.R.	X					/		••	
Brooks	X	•			••	/	X		
Chisholm	X			X	•		X		
Gardner, J.			/	X	•		X		
Gardner, R.			/	X			X		
Garland, K.			2	X	•		X		
Garland, P.	☠	•	/		•••	2	X		
Henderson		••			•		X		
Moller	☠	•			••	2	X	•	
Peabody, C.	X				•••	/	X		
Peabody, J.	✓			X			X		
Ross									
Williams		•		X			X	•••	
Zahner, H.	✓			X			X	•	
Zahner, R.	✓			✓			X		
	6	10	7	9	15	10	17	12	
	✓	✓			✓		✓	✓	

had risen in its wrath and shown the newcomers how it was to really swipe-- fourteen runs to nothing. A tremendous climax, a Garrison finish, and an almost inconceivable walloping!

After this there is nothing more to say. The rest of the day was spent in washing, re-hashing, and recuperating. Digestion club and some more of the well-wearing 'Sam' took up the evening, and then every one rushed with one loud, simultaneous shriek, to bed.

Tuesday, July 16th
Bar: 29.7
Temp: 72
Wind: West

Hodierno in arvo verido in summo colle subquelo, ludus pedisphericus erat inter Novissimum Agmen et Dexter Cornu ferocissimus:

Novissimum Agmen	Dexter Cornu
I. De F.	H.H.W.
R.A.L.	J.B.
J.G.W.	P.C.
R.B.C.	C.W.3rd
Chadwick	Garland K.
Garland P.	Hamlen W.
Hamlen J.	Zahner H.
Williams	Webb
Zahner R.	Trimmingham
Lynes	Gardner J.
Moller	Peabody C.

(translated by L.E.W.)

In the first clash between the rear guard and the right wing neither side drew legitimate blood, but there was much wind knocked out of its proper place, and black and blue spots gave only too positive proof of play in which the ball alone was not the only thing kicked. I. De F. proved an enemy in camp, when he bounced an opposing shell off his leg into the ammunition dump. Field-Marshall J. Hamlen maintained that he should be farmed out to Syracuse or Chattenooga.

The second encounter found the right-wingers adding another bombshell from the well-aimed toe of J.B. to their already phony score. The game developed into a verbal razzing of opponent's errors as the closing time came round.

The third period produced a better brand of game. F.C. almost made a goal when Chadwick stepped back nearly through the goal with the ball in his hand. But the 'Rights' were magnanimous, and gave the goalie the benifit of the doubt.

The fourth day of battle saw an enraged Agmenite, R.B.C, score a solo which proved to be the only tally, in a desperate attempt to tie the score. The Agmeni fought desperately, and gave their all, but they could not overcome the fullback play of C.W. and the forward wall of the Cornus. Coupled with that was the minor league play of the first period by the enemy-in-camp. The Dexter Cornu won by one goal, thus proving that the ancient Latins can do as well as any one when it comes to tight games.

While this historic battle was being waged, another bellum ferox was going on at the Point, between the Scipios and the Caesars:

#Scipios#	#Caesars#
Brooks	Chisholm
Crocker	Danforth
Dorman	Gardner R.
Hall	Hamlen F.
Henderson	Meyer
Motley	Peabody J.
Ross	

In the six short encounters there were three victories for each side, in spite of the smaller number of Caesars. The first game was to last fifteen minutes, but due to hasty action on both sides the time was shortened to ten, during which the Scipios won a distinct victory by anihilating the entire force of their enemies and making four runs. Two of these were made by Crocker who was subsequently murdered for his pains. The second game was also a decisive victory for the Scipios. In an incredibly short time all the Caesars were exterminated and the Scipios were left with two standing. These two, Ross, and Crocker dashed madly back and forth, amassing run after run, Crocker's former gory death in no way incapacitating his second life, as was proved by his final count of sixteen runs. The third and fourth games were a different story, as the enraged Caesars wiped up the battlefield with their adversaries In the fifth game the Caesars were still going strong, and by dint of much super-crafty playing and accurate sniping yanked out a two-to-one lead. Howev the sixth game saw the Scipios once more in the saddle and the afternoon rushed to a close with a draw, Three all.

In the evening we had an early Digestion Club, both a Bab Ballad and Morris's "It"; and then feeling pleasantly sleepy, the half-past-niners polished off "Sam in the Suburbs"-- truly a remarkable history. It took us till almost ten, but we couldn't leave Sam and Kay still making up their minds, or that remarkable and evasive packet of bonds still coyly hiding under the floor-boards of San Rafael's back bedroom.

Wednesday, July 17th
Where is our wandering weather man?

This is really too sad! No report on the weather. this is the second time it has happened, and we are distraught with grief. Think, oh, think of historians in centuries to come, who, searching vainly for the weather reports of North Belgrade in 1935, will be forced to leave their histories incomplete, or else make up fictitious readings-- something which has already been done more than once.

EXTRA! EXTRA! SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE PRESS!

Terrible tragedy in North Belgrade. Floods sweep over crowded area, 500 lives lost!

This sad tragedy occurred last night. We forgot to state, that shortly before we retired to our downies a brisk and cooling thunder-shower swept the lake. Lulled by the refreshing cool that followed, we never stopped to consider the woe the rain might bring to some, and little did we know the scene of grim disaster which was being enacted behind the boathouse. Alas! Submerged in the deluge, no less than five hundred worms, newly arrived residents in the palatial quarters behind the boathouse, perished miserably. Consider our grief when we heard the news, and consider the grief of the immigration officials who have to see to the resettling of this decimated area. Distinguished medical men pronounced the chief cause of the tragedy to be that the worms got their feet wet, and so boardwalks and a new roof are being installed, at great expense, by the hosts of sorrowing fishermen.

* * * * *

Nevertheless, in the afternoon four boats set out for the banks to catch what they could. We do not know whether they were accompanied by the surplus of the storm, or whether a new supply had to be tapped. Anyway the doughty fishermen returned with a bag of thirty-nine to their credit.

Meanwhile there was

TIPPECANOEING
for the others

Carrabassett
H.H.W.
Garland K.
Gardner J.
I. De F.

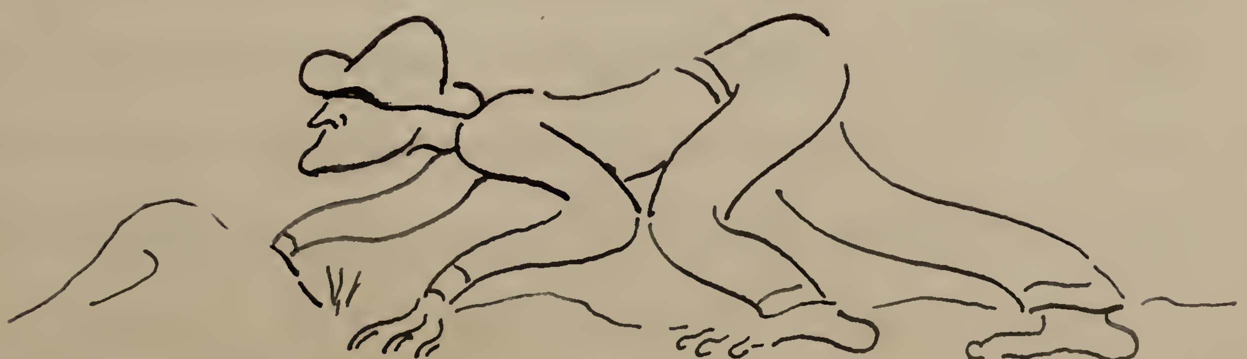
Ouani
R.B.C.
L.E.W.
Zahner H.
Dorman
Hamlen J.
Meyer
A.H.R.
Garland P.
Hamlen F.
Henderson
Peabody J.
Brooks
Danforth

Worromontogus
R.A.L.
Primmingham
Hamlen W.
Williams

Abagadassett
P.C.
Peabody C.
Zahner R.
J.B.

This was not what it sounds, but quite the opposite. All four boats progressed in an orderly (?) fashion to South Beach, where, amidst a bevy of no-trespassing signs a beautiful Skowhegan game was played. The no-trespassing signs came in very handy as boundary marks, and we really are very grateful to the thoughtful owners for putting them there. Afterwards we returned in an orderly(!) fashion and had a cooling swim before supper.

Today is the Skipper's birthday, and J.G.W. C.W. went down to Indian Point in honor of the occasion. It is his eighty-seventh, and we all wish we could be there with him to celebrate. They (J.G.W.& C.W.) returned before supper. We hoped very much they would bring J.R. with them, but he could not be lured away.



'On the Trail.' One of our bigger + better scouts.

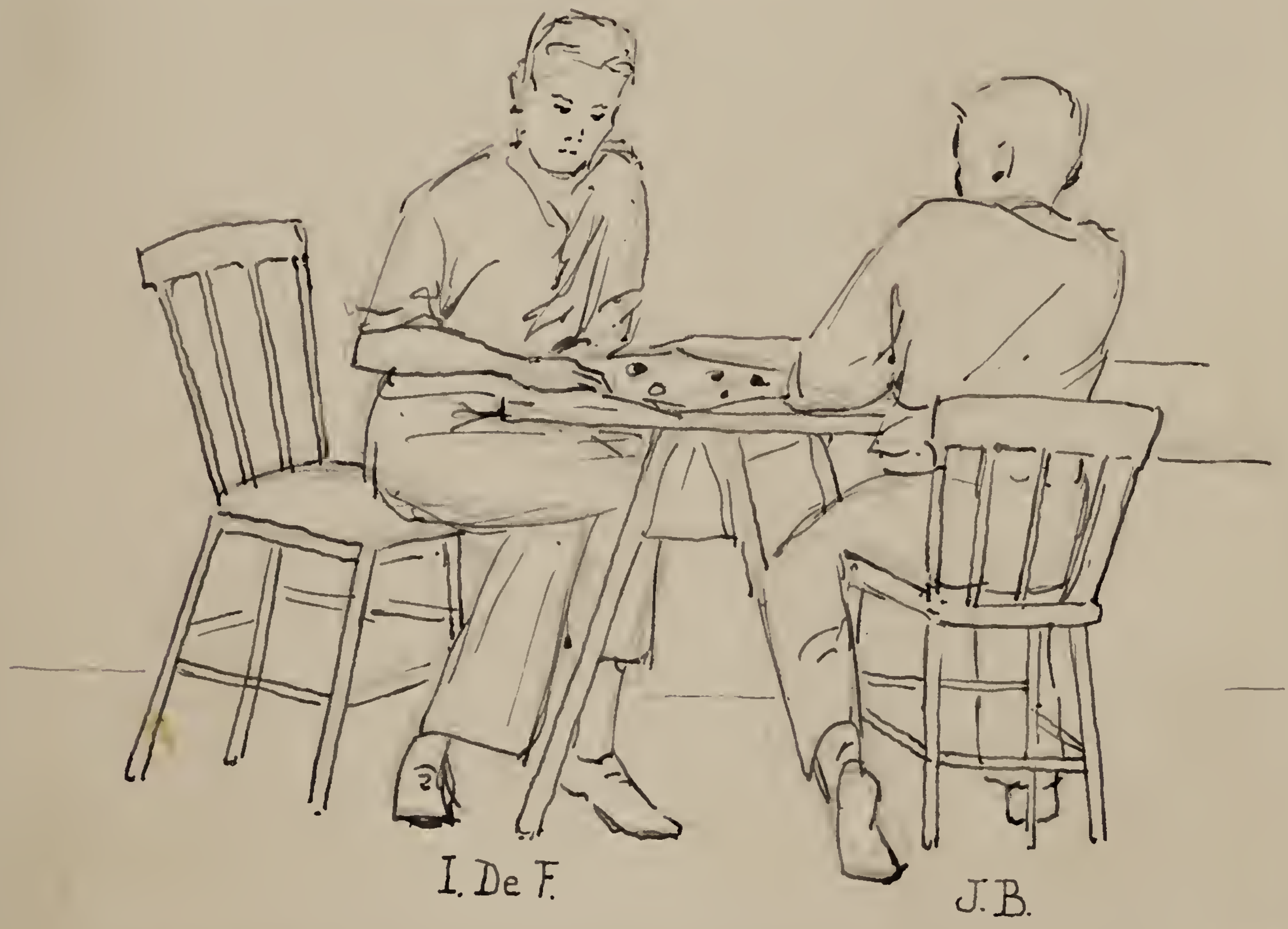
Charades were good this time, though some of the scenes were a trifle obscure. First R.A.L. and his troupe put on 'Caterpillar'-- cat - ugh!- pillar; short and sweet and quite simple. The big scenes were the pillar one, where various less weighty gentlemen made themselves rigid and were set up in position and then had a table top laid on them as a roof by their larger fellow-actors; also the last one, the whole word, quite easily put across with the help of four crawling people, covered with a grey blanket, helped out with a stuffed burlap face -- not, we admit, a charade destined for the Hall of Fame, but neat, quick, and to the point.

Next came R.B.C's team, with a delicate little number. The first scene was a most animated lecture at the breakfast table, a la funny-paper advertisement, concerning the relative virtues of breakfast foods, in which 'Pep' was easily the victor. We were carried next to the dear old farm, where a little controversy on crops was in progress, dealing with the way to sow them. The next, and last had both the last syllable and the whole word to offer in one fell swoop. It was a very realistic representation of the offbce of a French dentist. To him comes an American in great pain, and more than one tooth is extracted, and , with the help of a hefty mallet and nurse A.H.R. le docteur, R.B.C. puts in several inlays, fillings etc. Finally he lectures the unfortunate patient on the subject of Zis great American Toothpaste which turns out to be Pepsodent, and incidentally the word.

What did our wondering eyes now percieve but another dentist scene, more realistic, if possible than,the last. This time the dentist is an ornery Amurrican though, and charges his patient five dollars for an inlay. Next came a touching balcony scene, abruptly terminated by Father P.C. rushing out with a shotgun and driving suitor Zahner away.

We forgot to explain that the first and third and second and fourth syllables were acted together, but even though that was carefully explained to us beforehand we had some difficulty getting the word. The final scene had to do with lightning rods and their failure to protect farmer D. P.'s barn, a sad ending. In fact this was a gloomy charade, what with dentists, cruel fathers, and fires, but we admired the ingenious, though difficult arrangement of the scenes. Inlay - suitor = INSULATOR!

There was go-as-you-please for half-past-niners, which was employed partly in looking at old photograph albums, but chiefly in more checker wars.

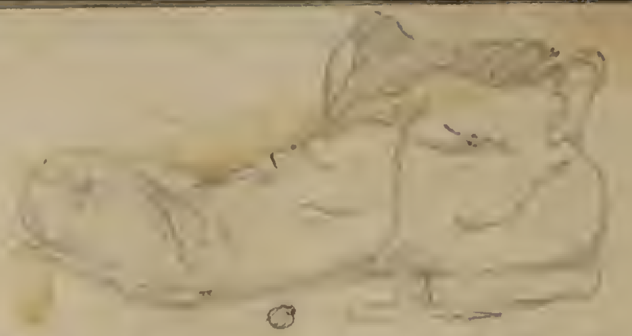


"THE DUELLERS"
by a well-known local artist

Thursday, July 18th
Bar: 30.1
Temp: 71
Wind: South

A foggy day, but with signs of clearing in the near future. When the lists were posted eight boys and four facticles were discovered to be slated for camping trips. Accordingly there was great racing and chasing to get camping kits, food, blankets, tents, and mosquito nettings, and

July 9, 1922



HOPOWESTTEELGRADISCHEFUSSBALLSPIE

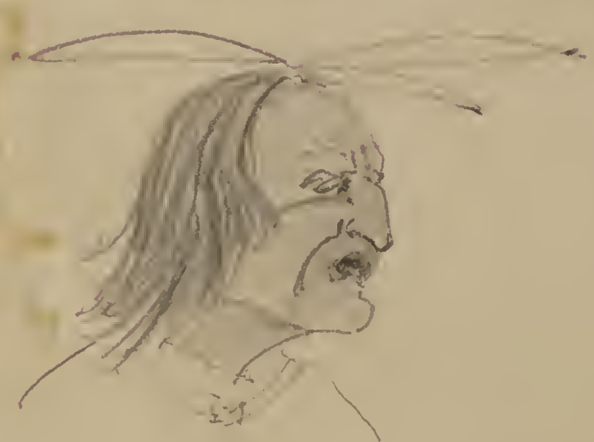
"Die körperliche Bewegung ist unermäßlich nötig zur völliger Entwicklung des menschlichen Wesens."

Walter von der Vogelweide.

[illegible]seenbergkletterergesellschaft.	Sportverein von Blasevitz bei Dre
J. G. W.	C. W. Jr
J. B.	W. H. B.
P. M. L.	P. C.
Lyons	I. De. F.
Garland, K.	Garland, P.
Zahner, R.	Zahner, H.
Chisholm	Chadwick.
Hamlen, W.	Webb
Peabody, J	Peabody, C.
Gardner. R.	Gardner. J.
Hall.	McKay

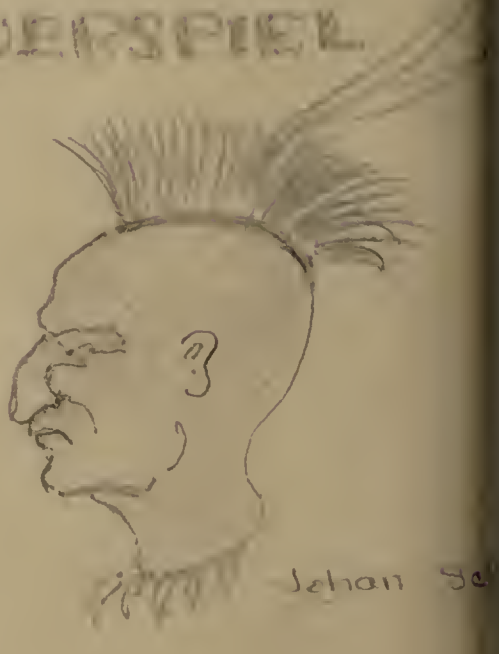
Das Spiel fängt um halb vier punkt. an.

NORDAMERICANISCHEINDIANERSPIEL



Gottfried Schmidt.

O. P. P.
Moller
Brooks
Hamlen, F.
Arnold
Danforth
Dorman.
Henderson.
Meyer
Ross
Tappan
Timmingham
Muskowitz, J.
Hamlen, J.



Johan Sc

POWTSH-WOWTSH AT 3:30

Camping Trip
July 18

P.C.
I. DeF.
Hamlen, F.
Moller
Motley
Brooks

Pantasote
Williwaw

Camping Trip
July 18

R. B. C.
H. H. W.
Williams
Hamlen, J.
Trimingham
Crocker

Carrabassett
Abagadassett

shortly before swim they all embarked. The first bunch to leave the float was with R.B.C, bound for a trip round the World, a two-day expedition. The other, which left about fifteen minutes later, was an overnight fishing trip, probably staying on Great Pond. The rest of Camp, immediatley after their departure, plunged into the water, where every one stayed as long as possible, it being hot and calm - perfect for shelling and swimming and much too sticky for anything else.

In the P.M. there was a highly informal soft-ball game, whose score and general character, owing to its very softness, are lost to history. While most of us were on the field Mrs. Dorman arrived to see Phil, and incidentally brought with her a most welcome and delicious gift of marshmallows. Also in the afternoon arrived Bee MacDermot, come for the night. She is spending a week or two visiting friends in Maine, having driven down from Montreal a few days ago. She immediately plunged into an orgy of sandwich making, and general helping to a slightly harassed Sunshine Alley, which was a blessing. Also arrived Mrs. Robert Ames, with her sister and William V. A. Hansen. They were planning to go right on to Indian Point for the night, but were dissuaded on discovering that it was at least three times the distance they supposed, and so spent the night here.

Picnic on the Point, and then games on the Hill, with a dip in the Pond thrown in(very special), with a lazy Go-as-you-please for half-past-niners.

Friday, July 19th
Bar: 29.90
Temp: 78

Another hot logy day. this morning our guests departed in a body, and Camp seemed very small indeed until the arrival, shortly after twelve, of the fishing-camping trip. We were pleased but surprised to see them, having expected that they would not arrive till mid-afternoon anyway. On approaching the float their first question was "What time is it". When we told them they were shocked and, horrified. They too had expected to stay out till afternoon, but so early had been their hour of rising, and so cloudy the day that they had completly lost track of time in the absence of watches or sun, and really thought it was at least three in the P.M. Htey refused lunch, having dined royally at eleven, but while we were at table, retired to the point, where they regaled themselves on the watermelon which Hattie kindly supplied.

We were slow in getting under way this afternoon, but the weather makes hurrying, or even promptness, not only unpleasant, but almost impossible. However Three - thirty saw the clans dispersed, some to the field, some to the Point, where ensued an assortment of battles.

The NORDWESTBELGRADISCHEFUSSBALLSPIEL (the lineup of which is on the preceding page) turned out to be a draw, both sides scoring twice. The Press, owing to the fact that this was its afternoon off, did not manage to collect much first-hand information, but we understand that at least one of the goals was endowed with that inimitable personal touch, when W.H.B. of the Sportverein von Blasevitz bei Dresden put Goalie Peabo J. of the opposing forces, with the ball clasped lovingly in his arms, through the goal. We aren't quite sure that getting the goalie as well as the ball over the line shouldn't count an extra point, but anyway it wasn't recognized this afternoon, so the score at the end of three periods stood 2 all, when the teams adjourned.

Meanwhile The Schmidts and the Schultzes were going at it hammer and tongs among the blueberry bushes, with the result that the fine old name of

Schmidt was upheld staunchly in four battles out of six, with a total score of twelve runs, to th Schultzes' paltry seven. G. Henderson Schmidt walked away with the largest score of the day, with four runs to his credit, while Murton Millen Meyer Schultz distinguished himself by getting killed more times than anyone else, to wit, six times out of six tries.

The evening was distinctly a lazy one, with go-as-you-please interspersed with rehearsals till half-past-eight, when the survivors listened or gently slumbered to the accompaniment of G.K.Chesterton's "The Hand of God".

July 20th, Saturday
Bar: 29.93
Temp: 75
Wind: N.W.

A perfect day, just the sort of day we have been looking for for simply ages; light wind, cool, and clear as a bell, a wonderful contrast to the dog-days we have been having.

When Squads were read off no less than fifteen people found themselves listed as mountaineers, bound far Mount Blue, aussi vite que possible. Sandwiches were scrabbled together, sweaters and automobiles collected, and at nine-thirty they were off in a cloud of dust:

R.A.L.
D.P.
A.H.R.
L.E.W.
P.C.
Garland P
Garland K
Chisholm
Hall
Webb
Zahner H.
Zahner R.
Hamlen W.
Arnold
Gardner J.

No one was very sure of the road, and it was a bit uncertain whether we would finally end up on Blue or Tumbledown or Hurricane or just what, but one thing was sure , we were off on a spree. Sixty fat miles were covered in something less than twice as many minutes, at the end of which we found ourselves, believe it or not, at the foot of the mountain. Here there was a

But he's often known to sob
When he speaks of old Ty Cobb
Or tells anecdotes of Ruth's maternal aunts.

Let me tell a tragic tale
Which would turn a maiden pale
Of a little chap we knew as J. Rushmore.
Oh, he was our darling boy,
Our delight was he, and joy,
But we'll never see J. Rushmore any more.
Oh, he was a jewel of price,
But he had a single vice;
He would never do as he was told to do.
So our prefects they took him,
And they tore him limb from limb,
And they tossed the gory remnants in the stew!

There's a moral to this song,
And a warning very strong,
If you do not wish to drink the fatal cup.
If you leave rods lying round,
On the slip or on the ground,
You will have to eat your supper standing up.
And you'll never have dessert
On a Sunday, Master Murt,
And on some extremities you'll burn like fire.
Though it may seem rather dull
You must clean your cubicul
Or some dreadful fate will come to Peter Meyer.

Next on the program were some astounding sleight-of-hand tricks, performed by that great magician, Philip Dorman. Among his tricks, he made cards vanish in a most extraordinary way, joined apparently well-chopped string with the greatest of ease, and did wonderful things with paper rings and loops.

After the great magician we were entertained by none others than Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, (R.B.C. and J.B.) We found ourselves looking in upon them as they sat at the piano, composing yet another Operetta. Sometimes they sang and sometimes they told various reminiscences, among which were those of Mr. Gilbert (or Mr. Sullivan, we can't remember which) when he stopped at a certain camp in Maine. He had even made up a song about them, which he thought might possibly go in the new Opera: we herewith present some of the verses:

As some day it may happen that a victim must be found
I've got a little list, I've got a little list
Of society offenders who well might run around
A four-forty I wist, a four-forty I wist
There's the pestilential nuisance who always nets a pig,

And the blase little bounder, who doesn' care a fig;
All children who at table slop and make an awful mess
Or cram down many hay-bales in a horrible excess,
And all the ruthless Murts and Mots who sometimes shoot a voice -
They're always my first choice - they're always my first choice.
We've got a little list - we've got a little list,
And they'll none of them be missed - they'll none of them be missed.

There's the Rover who climbs up a tree and the ever-sleeping guard,
And the Scouting fatalist - I've got him on the list
And the fellow on the yard squad who says it's awful hard -
He never would be missed - he never would be missed.
Then the person who with awful skill cuts buttons off your shirt,
And removes the socks entire while removing all the dirt,
All people who with raucous voice scream loudly in your ear,
Or those who gently tell you things you never want to hear,
And all the restless brats who howl and make a noise at dawn,
I wish they'd not been born, we wish they'd not been born
And I've got them on the list, we've got them on the list,
And they'd none of them be missed, theyJd none of them be missed.

After this ditty Mr. Sullivan(or was it Mr. Gilbert? anyway R.B.C.) broke into a heartfelt rendition of "When your'e lying awake with a dismal headache", while his fellow-composer sang "Tit-Willow". Then they went into their dance, a little number from "The Mikado" with songs and costumes to harmonize, and on this the curtain was closed, amidst thunderous applause from a packed house. Afterwards we had our usual "Swan Song" and then it was go-as-you-please till half-past-nine, which, what with Blue, Philip, a camping trip, and an outsize Sing-Song all in one small day, was a most welcome hour.

Sunday, July 21st
Bar: 29.92
Temp: 71
Wind: S.W.

A cool, cloudy day, with a strong wind. In the morning it looked quite like rain, so nothing definite was planned, but after a rather late reading came the call to Scouting, and everyone rushed for the field of battle, to the second scouting game of the year. In this day's warfare the underdog Gonks succeeded in tying the score, with great satisfaction. The first game was started at three-thirty, with the Iroquois at the North end, and when "All In " was called the Gonks had collected all but six of their scalps, while twelve of their own number were still alive and kicking - so much so, in fact that both C.W.3rd and Trimmingham scored a run. Trimmy made his in near-record time, arriving scalpless in the boneyard only about twenty minutes after the start, having almost succeeded in crossing the field twice.

The second game was terribly close, the Gonks gathering four runs and twelve scalps to the Iroquois' three and eleven. For a while there was consternation among the whitening skeletons on the hill-top as the score shifted first this way and then that. The victory was in no way decided until the last man had reported.

The third game saw the Iroquois back in their old stride, netting two to their enemies' one run. there was grim slaughter on both sides, and the Algonquins were further saddened by the loss of warrior Lynes, a suicide. His was the only out-of-the-way death of the afternoon, everybody playing a very tight and careful game with many fewer freaks than last time. The last game was somewhat delayed, owing to a false start on the part of some over-eager Iroquois, so no one got down from the field till very late. Every one, especially his fellow Gonks, was much depressed to find that Davy Arnold had had a rock bounced off his bean, and had had to be carried off the field of honor, but by the time that the rest of us set out for picnic supper in Pine Parlor, he was well on the road to recovery. We were so late starting that we did not have time for hymns, so stayed out there and sang some elegant rounds till it was almost half-past-eight. For the benifit of the half-past-niners J. Lawrason Riggs (M.A., Harvard) who arrived this afternoon with Carroll Cavanagh while we were all scrubbling in the sweet-fern, did a most amazing memory trick, which sent more than one gentleman into a brown study for the rest of the evening.

ALGONQUINS

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
C.W.	X	●●●●	|	X	✓	✓	✓	●●	|
R.B.C.	✓	✓	✓	✓	●	✓	✓	●●	✓
J.B.	✓	✓	✓	✓	●	✓	X	✓	✓
P.C.	X	✓	✓	X	●●●●	|	✓	✓	✓
L.E.W.	X	●●	✓	✓	●	|	X	✓	✓
Arnold	X	✓	✓	✓	●	✓	X	●	✓
Chadwick	✓	●●	✓	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓
Crocker	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	X	●●●●	✓
Danforth	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓
Dorman	✓	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	✓	●	✓
Hall	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	X	✓	✓
Hamlen, F.	✓	●●●	✓	X	✓	|	X	●	✓
Hamlen, J.	X	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	X	✓	✓
Hamlen, W	✓	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓
Lynes	✓	✓	✓	✓	●●	|	X	✓	✓
Mayer	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	X	●	✓
Motley	✓	●	✓	X	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Ross	·	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Trimingham	X	●	|	X	●	✓	X	✓	✓
Webb	✓	●	✓	X	●	✓	X	●	✓
	8	14	2	11	12	4	14	13	1

IROQUOIS

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
R.A.L.	✓	●	✓	✓	✓	✓	X	●●	✓
W.H.B.	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	X	●	|
D.P.P.	✓	●	✓	X	●	✓	X	●	✓
H.H.W.	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	X	●	✓
I. DeF.	✓	✓	✓	✓	●●	✓	X	●●	✓
A.H.R.	X	✓	✓	✓	✓	|	✓	✓	✓
Brooks	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	X	●	✓
Chisholm	X	✓	✓	X	●	✓	✓	✓	✓
Gardner, J.	X	✓	✓	X	●●●	✓	X	✓	✓
Gardner, R.	X	●	✓	✓	●	✓	X	✓	✓
Garland, K.	✓	●●	✓	X	●	✓	X	✓	✓
Garland, P.	X	✓	✓	X	●●	✓	✓	✓	✓
Henderson	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Moller	X	●	✓	✓	✓	|	X	✓	✓
Peabody, C.	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓
Peabody, J.	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	X	●	|
Williams	X	●	✓	X	✓	|	✓	●	✓
Zahner, H.	✓	●	✓	X	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Zahner, R.	X	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	X	●●●	✓
Swan	X	✓	✓						
	14	8	0	12	11	3	13		2

Here follows a tasty writeup of the overnight fishing-camping trip, by one who definitely was 'in there':

On Thursday A.M. at a few minutes after R.B.C's departure, we left in the Identical and the Williwaw, thoroughly prepared for our expedition, except that we had forgotten to bring along a watch, clock, or any other timekeeper.

The first stop was made on the North side of Otter Island, to consider the possibility of a camping site there. There definitely was a possibility, in fact two of them, both near old campfires. Satisfied with our discoveries, we decided to take a swim, and finding a rock from which you could dive into about eight feet of water, we proceeded to take advantage of it.

After the swim we departed to fish on the North side of the Island, where we had seen some boats likewise engaged. Here we had hardly any luck, and Mot-Mot, who had been trolling since we left Camp, and had tried every charm he knew to bring us luck, thought we should move. Every one else agreed, and accordingly we shoved over towards the East Bank a bit. There P.C. got our first fish, a fair sized perch, which made the zealous Mot-Mot very angry. The next catch, however, was a weird-looking sunfish, caught by Motley. We stayed here, and continued to fish, catching eight more, and eating our ready-made lunch in the interims.

Seeing that P.C. and I. De F. had had little or no experience at camping, we decided finally, to go back to the island, judging(from the sun) that it ought to be about three in the afternoon.

On landing, having first put all the duffle and other junk ashore, we lifted one of the Rangeleys onto the island, and anchored the other one a little way off-shore. We decided to camp on the North side of the island, and set about pitching the tent where the rocks seemed to sprout a little less abundantly than usual. The tent was finally pitched and Brooks, Motley, and I. De F. set about cleaning the fish, while P.C. started the fire.

Half an hour later, all the fish being cleaned except Mot's sunfish, which no one dared to eat, we sat down to supper off birch-bark plates, having forgotten to bring the real ones assigned to us at Camp.

Moller, Motley, and Brooks and Hamlen F. went to bed at an early hour, supposedly to sleep, while their mentors took a swim before following their example. We all agreed to rise with the sun and go fishing on the North side of Otter once more, where we had seen many people pulling them in while we were making camp and fixing the boats.

The night passed uneventfully, except that all hands except Moller and Motley turned out in the pitch darkness to put the duffle under Hamlen's rubber sheet, and start a fire in order to have hot ashes in the morning, because it appeared that rain was about to fall.

At some ungodly hour Mot and Brooks woke the rest of us, who were too sleepy to get up, especially Moller and the prefects. Finally though we all arose, thinking it must be about six, and made and ate our breakfast, again using birch-bark plates, collected by Tommy Brooks. The morning started when the small fry embarked to do some more fishing about twenty-five yards off-shore, while the prefects attended to cleaning up the camp. The four soon returned, saying that they couldn't stand fishing with dead worms any longer, so the majority started to cast plugs along the shore, while Motley captured some tiny fish in a net, to put in the aquarium.

After a large amount of time had elapsed, lunch was started, but the advent of a Williwaw stopped its progress before we were half-way finished. Thinking it must be early afternoon by this time, we rolled up the tent and departed in great haste for Camp. On arriving we found our time-reckoning to be off by a mere four hours or so, and that the home-stayers were only just sitting down to lunch; so while they were dining we had a supplementary dessert of watermelon, and thus ended a wonderful trip, which was enjoyed by all of us.

— Camp Coffee Frappe —

Author's note — Poetic licenses are very inexpensive in Maine — only $5.98.

Uno

With a piece of ice to keep us cool 'neath the scorching yellow sun
We left the float for 'Round the World — our journey had begun.
The whistles blew the children screamed as from them we departed,
But we were brave, and keen to go, but most of all strong-hearted.

Our stomachs shouted as we paddled out across the water —
Stroke Hamlen asked if down in Maine, were coffee frappes a quarter?
He fairly drooled into the store and shouted for a set-up,
While Hotty worked the slot-machine — The nickels never let-up.
Reluctantly we left the Mills, and headed down the Long Pond;
From five past noon to ten past one we paddled — c'est un grand monde.

A little isle our luncheon site, un beau site, very pleasant
Pushed on again at half-past two — our ardour hadn't lessened.
Belgrade Stream is just the same — so many curves and odors —
We reached the end at half-past five, and filled ourselves with sodas.

The southwest wind helped us along full half of Messalonskee,
There we made camp at half-past six — a grove of pines — 'twas easy.

To bed, to bed our weary heads were laid — it was a race, oh!
For the ~~p~~ wind had ceased, the plague was on — the curse of the mosquitoe.

A shower forced R. Cutler in from underneath his netting,
And though we were packed in too tight, it saved us from a wetting.

Duo

The morning dawned auspiciously, with sun and breeze prevailin
But night had left its mark on all, there was not a little wailing
As we tried to eat some corn meal 'soup!' We wished that we might tarry;
Our stomachs cried for more + more; can we ever make the carry?
The heat beat down; the store was closed; no coffee frappe! Don't Tell us!
The portage was both hot and fast — we made it, now here's Effie.
A williwaw came down the lake, but not to fast to stop us;
The rain ~~beat~~ hit hard, but it was cool, we paddled fast quelle gus.
Between the ponds we stopped to rest - partook of fun sadistic
By conjuring on luscious pies and meals — so realistic
'Twas all the Trimingham could do to keep from going crazy,
So on we went, the storm was spent, and we were pretty hazy.
Our lunch was good; we ate our fill. Our leader reconnoitering
Was bitten by a big black dog who thought that he was (R.B.C. not dog →) loitering.
Trimmy, 'Croke' and Jake + Joe had to cope with all the duffle
The hill is long, the downgrade worse - 'twas done without a snuffle.
Bugs, branches, dogs and treacherous logs we fought them for two hours,
By half-past five we'd conquered all and exhausted all our powers.

An isle uncharted on East Pond became our destination
'Twas there we laid us down at last, a much desired sensation
Which so completely drugged our minds with deep sound sleep that Heaven
Appeared to be within our grasp 'til we awake at seven.

Tre.

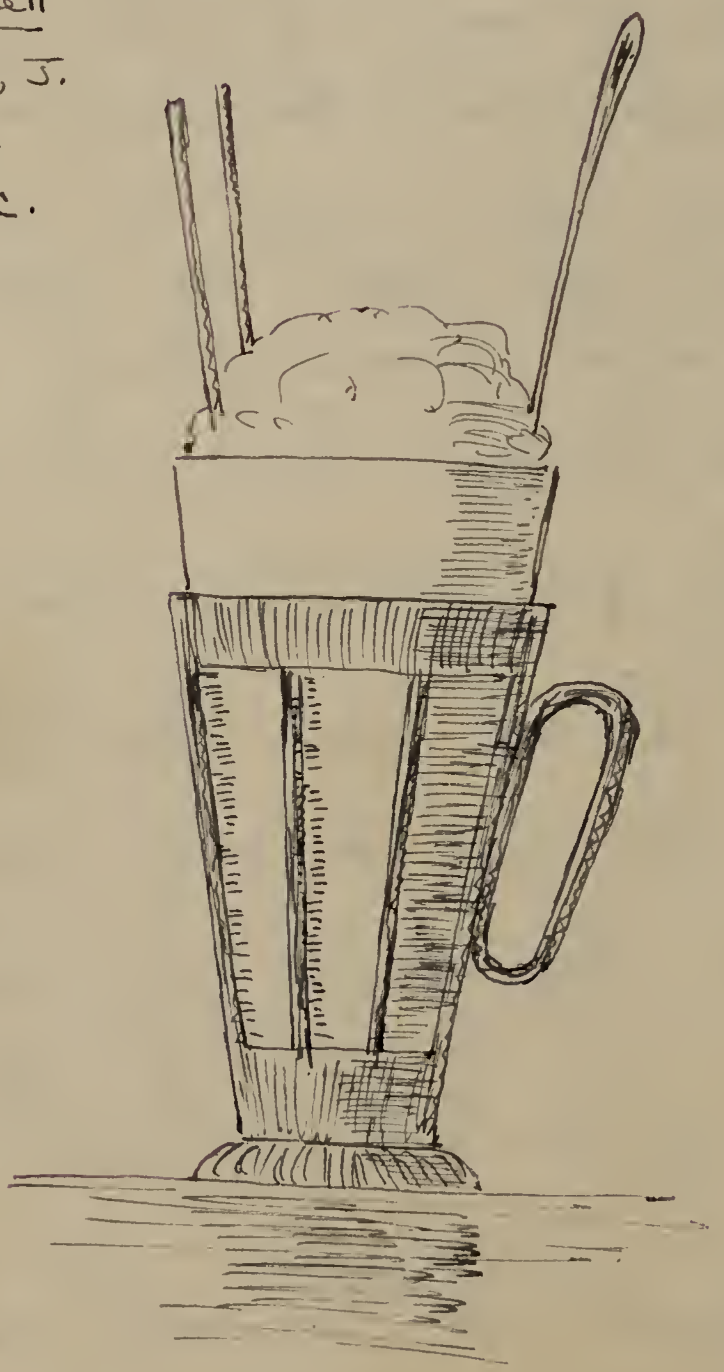
A filling meal and we were off for Smithfield bright and early;
We followed down the winding stream and not a one was surly.
For coffee frappe, ice cream and candy have a fascination
For the weary, paddling boy — a soda — what a ration.
the 'Dutch Treat' welcomed us with joy; we sat us at a table
And ordered up banana splits until we were just able
To stagger through the open door. We started on, we paddled
Across North Pond, down Meadow Brook until our brains were addled
With ever trying to discern where next to turn that we might not
Scrape all the paint from the canoes on hidden logs and logs that rot.
the tortuous task at one-fifteen was finished and we landed
To swim and eat — the meal was beans — the best that ever man did.
At last we rounded Stony Point and there stretched out before us
Was the last leg of our long Trip and 'Ouani' paddling for us.
We steered our course that we might meeting; it was a joyous greeting;

Then sprinted on, and once at home we straightway fell to eating.
The coffee frappe is ours no more, we know it never can be
Unless we take another trip, but such a one can ne'er be.
We traveled far, we learned much and some times we were pooped,
But those who always stay at home, they're lazy and they're stupid.

Finito

Carrabassett
Hamlen, J.
Crocker
R. B. C.

Abagadasett
Trimingham
Williams
H. H. W.



Monday, July 22nd.
Bar: 29.78
Temp: 72
Cloudy.

FIRST

x TRACK AND FIELD x

CLASS A
Chadwick
Chisholm
Garland K.
Garland P.
Hall
Hamlen J.
Peabody C.
Trimingham
Webb
Williams
Zahner H.

JUDGES

Finnish-American
J.G.W.

100
J.B.

Broad-jump
C.W, H.H.W.

High-jump
R.A.L, I. DeF.

Shot-put
R.B.C, P.C.

440
tous les juges

CLASS B
Brooks
Crocker
Danforth
Dorman
Gardner J.
Gardner R.
Hamlen F.
Hamlen W.
Henderson
Meyer
Motley
Moller
Peabody J.
Ross
Zahner R.

Class A 100 yd dash

1st heat: Hamlen J. - 1st
Garland C.- 2nd
Chadwick - 3rd
Hall
Webb
time: 12 3/5 sec.

2nd heat: Williams - 1st
Zahner H.- 2nd
Peabody C. 3rd
Chisholm
Garland P.
Trimmingham
time: 12 2/5 sec.

Finals: Williams - 1st
Hamlen J. - 2nd
Chadwick - 3rd
Peabody C.
Zahner
Garland C.
time: 11 4/5 sec

All three were good races in spite of several falls near the starting line.

Class B 100 yd dash

1st heat: Gardner R. - 2nd
Zahner R. - 1st
Henderson - 3rd
Meyer
Time: 13 3/5 sec.

This race was full of excitement, Henderson jumping the gun, so that it had to be started over again, and Meyer, who might otherwise have placed, stopping short of the finish

Class B 100 yd. cont.

2nd heat: Hamlen F. - 1st
Gardner J. - 2nd
Motley - 3rd
Brooks
Peabody J.
time: 12 4/5 sec.

3rd heat: Crocker - 1st
Moller - 2nd
Ross - 3rd
Dorman
Danforth
time: 13 3/5 sec.

Finals: Zahner R. - 1st
Crocker - 2nd
Hamlen F. - 3rd
Gardner J.
Gardner R.
Moller
time: 12 3/10 sec.

Class A Shot-put. 12 lb shot.

All members of class A competed, those making the finals being:

Williams - 1st - 24ft, 5 in.
Garland P. 2nd - 22ft, 2 in.
Hamlen J. 3rd - 21ft, r in.
Garland K.
Hall

Class B Broadjump. (run at the same time as A. Shot-put.)

Those making the finals:

Crocker - 1st - 13.ft, 6 in.
Moller - 2nd - 13 ft
Gardner J. 3rd - 12 ft, 2 3/4 in.
Hamlen F.
Zahner R.

There was some elegant leaping in this event, Crocker being a dark horse, and Moller and Hamlen F. both showing promise of greater things if they can manage to tuck their knees a bit further up under their chins. Gardner J. showed very fine form, and Zahner would have if he hadn't made quite so many fouls.

Class B Shot-put.(run off during A. Broadjump.) 12 lb rock.

Final showings: Gardner J. - 1st - 22 ft.
Peabody J. - 2nd - 19 ft, 7 in.
Motley - 3rd - 19 ft, 1 in.
Henderson
Moller

Notable in this event was Greg Henderson's form, which was outstandingly good, and failed by just an inch to get him into the placing class.

Class A Broad-jump.

Williams - 1st - 16 ft.
Zahner H.- 2nd - 14 ft, 1 in.
Garland P. 3rd - 13 ft 7 in.

Only three of the contestants made the finals, the next longest jump being not more than eleven - six. This was altogether a very erratic showing, with several people not even jumping well enough to make the B. Class finals.

Class A high-jump. Starting at three feet.

This event was won by Williams - 4 ft, 4 in.
Quintuple tie for second at 4 ft, 2 in.
Hamlen J.
Peabody C.
Zahner H.
Chadwick
Garland F.

Class B high-jump, also starting at three ft.

Moller - 1st - 4 ft 5 in.
Crocker & Hamlen-2nd - 3 ft 10 in.
Gardner J. - 4th - 3 ft, 3 in.

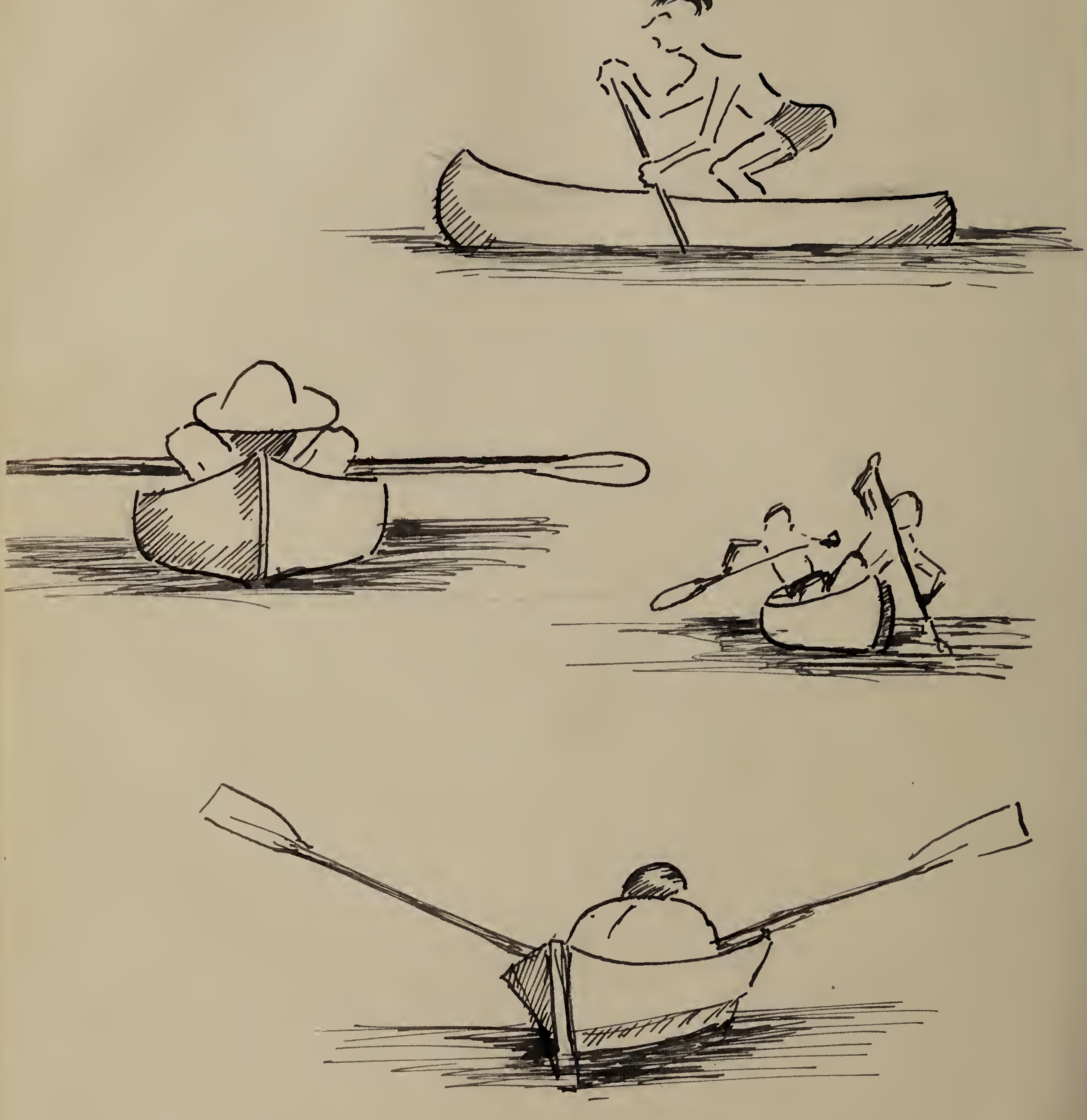
The high-jump turned out to be the most thrilling event of the afternoon, with the totally unforseen upset of Moller outjumping Williams. The B Group champ cleared 4'4" with comparative ease, as had Jake in the A Group. After the jumping was over, an unofficial duel was staged, and the result was that, after only one miss, Moller sailed to victory over both A and B groups at four feet, five inches, amid the shreiks of fans and competitors alike.

Final event of the afternoon: 440 yd. run.

A... time: 65 sec
Williams - 1 -
Hamlen J.- 2 -
Garland P. 3 -
Trimingham 4 -
Zahner H.- 5 -
Chadwick - 6 -

B... time: 71 sec
Lynes - 1 -
Crocker - 2 -
Zahner R. 3 -
Gardner J. 4 -
Gardner R. 5 -
Moller - 6 -

Both four-forties were snappy and, for the most part, closely fought. One or two falls happened in each race, which might have made some difference in the placing positions. The prefects refused point-blank to keep up the time honored custom of a race between them, and so here ended the afternoon, on the whole a most successful one, and, we hope, to be repeated before long.



What we do best at Camp:
Boat and canoe.

Tuesday, July 23rd
Bar: 29.08
Temp: 76

The last three days, what with Scouting, mountain trip, track and field etc. have been about the busiest all summer; and today we kept up the good work by having both our second Boat and Canoe afternoon, and Charades. The first was in honor of a particularly lovely day, with only a small Southwest breeze to ruffle the pond, and the second was in honor of Father Riggs, who can only stay until tomorrow morning, and whose abilities as actor and producer are definitely not to be sneezed at.

The lists for Boat and Canoe were duly posted on the boathouse door, with the following impressive list of officials:

STARTER & TURNBOAT	FLOAT	TIMER
R.A.L.	J.G.W.	C.W.3rd

CARRIERS-OUT	PHOTOGRAPHER	PRESS BOAT	PICKER-UP
P.C. J.B.	H.H.W.	I. DE F.	R.B.C.

Senior Standing Doubles

This was a poor race. right from the start there was no doubt of the winning boat, as they strung out in a long, uneven line. there was quite a bit of complication rounding the buoys and the first and second boats came in a good ten seconds apart.

Grayling - first - 3 min, 15 sec

Williams
Peabody C.

Squanny - second - 3 min, 25 sec

Trimingham
Webb

Pink:

Garland P.
Zahner H.

Hecuba:

Hall
Garland K.

Junior Standing Singles: two heats.

the first heat was finished in much speedier fashion than the second, Lynes coming through to win first his heat, and then the finals, both by a comfortable margin, a huge improvement over last time, when he was exterminated in the first heat.

First heat:

1.	2.		
Squanny	Pink	Hecuba	Grayling
Lymes	Moller	Zahner R.	Chadwick
4 min, 5 sec	4 min 25 sec		

Second heat:

1.	2.		
Pink	Grayling	Hecuba	Squanny
Peabody J.	Chisholm	Crocker	Hamlen F.
4 min, 34 sec	4 min, 37 sec		

Peanut Sitting Doubles.

This was a race of dark horses. No one dared put money on any of the ships, because of the complete mystery of the outcome, but Barney Ross and Danny Danforth, crashed through, and emerged, not mystery men, but a pair of elegant canoe-artists.

1.	2.	3.
Hecuba	Squanny	Grayling
Ross	Gardner R.	Henderson
Danforth	Meyer	Motley
3 min, 45 sec	4 min, 7 sec	

Senior Standing Singles: three heats.

The three heats were endowed with not a little local color. Webby supplied the comic relief in the first, with an extra short paddle to counteract his length of leg. In the second there was a great amount of scrambling at the turn, difficult to describe, but exciting to watch. 'Man Mountain' Hall came to grief in the third act, and found himself splashing around in the water a good thirty of forty yards from the finish. Nothing daunted, however, he finished the race towing the canoe behind him.

	Squanny	Pink	Hecuba
1st heat:	Webb	Peabody C.	Williams - first time: 3-45
2nd heat:	Trimingham	Zahner H.	Garland P. first time: 4-07

3rd heat:	Squanny	Pink	Hecuba
	Garland C. first time: 4-43	Hall	Hamlen J.

Junior Sitting Doubles: two heats.
Peanut rangeley race.

As the tim came round for these races, the wind also came round with a vengeance and blew the pond into a lather, so they were called off, and the finals of the junior and senior standing singles were run off in a hurry before the wind got too strong.

Junior Standing Singles, finals.

Squanny - first	Pink - second	Hecuba	Grayling
Lynes - time: 4-37	Moller - time: 4-55	Peabody J.	Chisholm

Senior Standing Singles, finals.

Squanny - first	Pink	Hecuba
Williams - time: not taken	Garland P.	Garland C.

Senior four-paddlers.

This was a complete flop as far as racing went. Both boats indulged in a weird conglomeration of stirring the water and bawling each other out, with the result that they ended in a dead heat, the time being so slow that the timer didn't even write it down. The boats were, in this curious exhibition:

Carrabassett	Abagadassett
Williams	Garland C.
Hamlen J.	Zahner H.
Peabody C.	Trimingham
Hall	Garland P.

Junior four-paddlers.

This was the last of all the races, with the four canoes charging through clouds of spray to a magnificent finish. The time was not particularly fast but very good for such heavy going.

Carrabassett	Abagadassett, first	Corker	Worromontogus
Chisholm	Zahner R.	Webb	Moller
Motley	Ross	Crocker	Gardner R.
Henderson	Danforth	Brooks	Meyer
Peabody J.	Lynes	Hamlen F.	Chadwick
	time: 3-18		

This ended Boat and Canoe, but not the day's activities by any means. the air was charged with suppressed emotion, as sides and leaders of sides rushed hither and yon on mysterious errands, or consulted together with bated breath. The reason for the extra tension was a subtle one, involving the best efforts of all concerned, and the results were gratifying to say the least, this charade evening being miles better than any there has been so far.

Just before supper C.W. 2nd, L.E.W. and R.W. arrived, the first two for a couple of nights only, but R.W. to stay for the month of August, as a hard-worked lady-faculty. She immediately joined the standard of C.W.3rd and helped him put on a truly magnificent spectacle - but that is way ahead of the game, and we will now return to the first charade of the evening, given by R.B.C's, and Father Rigg's side: COPPERFIELD.

This charade was done completely in pantomime, very clever, and the despair of all who saw it, as it makes things about seven times as difficult to do. The first scene, Cop, was performed by old-man-in-bed Zahner R., robber R.B.C. and heroic policeman Bobby Gardner. Next came a scene in which the cat, Mr Cavanagh, was wrongly accused of eating the parrot, J.B. The purring occurred when he was forgiven and apologised to, a charming sound, though not what we should call any too realistic. Field was one of the best scenes there has been in this or other years, being a very lively scene at a baseball game, with Danny Danforth at bat, I. De F. catching, Father Riggs as umpire, and a large grandstand full of fans. The whole word was a scene from David Copperfield, when David arrived at his Aunt's. A.H.R. and Greg Henderson took the leads, ably assisted by a small but expert group, who brought the house down, and left no doubt as to what the word was.

Next on the program was ILLEGAL, a tragedy in two acts depicting the blue buzzard, first in a state of very poor health, and then condemned to death and executed. Among those present at the bedside and at the chopping block were Chief Justice Hughes, Sec. Morganthau, Gen. Hugh Johnson, played by M.H.W, Jake Williams, Trippy, respectively, and R.A.L. making a most magnificent F.D.R. The eagle himself was David Arnold, half-smothered under a lovely paper head, with blue parlor pillow-cases for wings, who emitted such doleful moans that he nearly succeeded in reducing both the audience and himself to tears.

The last, but by no means the least of the shows was CLANDESTINE, by C.W.3rd and Co. The first syllable, clan, sent us all into stitches of laughter. It was a Highland scene, with all the clansmen gathered round, dressed in lovely kilts, to celebrate the Birrthday of Bobbie Burrns forsooth. C.W. played a Highland fling, or something, on his accordion, while various people, among them Bobbie Burns himself(J. Hall) got up and danced.

Next came a most convincing fortune-teller scene, with P.C. as the magician, and J. Hamlen outstanding among the people who came to have their fortunes told.

The whole word was the hatching of a dastardly plot to slaughter Dick Tracy, deep in the heart of the underworld. R.W. appeared as a gangster's moll, and the archvillains of the piece were C.W. and P.C. The charade ended as the conspirators rushed out to 'wipe him off the map' and thus we finished the best of all the charade nights we have had so far.

For Half-past-nine reading we had a second session with Maurice Walsh's "Black Cock's Feather". It has not been read here before, so we were a wee bit leary as to how it would go, but it seems to be a 'nifty'.

P.S. There has been another tragedy with the ink bottles. This time one tail coat and one lady's dress were both most satisfactorily deluged, so we hope the demons who leave the covers off are satisfied and will cease to lay snares for innocent and unwary sufferers.

P.P.S. This evening Bea MacDermott flew in for another night before her return to Montreal. [illegible], as before, [illegible]

[illegible]

Wednesday, July 24th
Bar: 29.75
Temp: 80

This was a day of rest, or rather, started to be one. By way of a little rest-cure the powers that be decided to have a little soccer, under the rays of a broiling sun. So, at about three-thirty, after a long reading of Captains Courageous, all hands, including assorted ladies, repaired to the hill, where some indulged in "Soccy Baw Baw", and other less foolhardy ones in "Soffy Baw Baw."

Soffy Baw Baw included:

Baws	Umpires and part-time players:	Constrictors
Chadwick		Hall
Hamlen F.		Brooks
Crocker		Chisholm
Danforth	R.W.	Gardner R.
Peabody C.	A.H.R.	Moller
Hamlen J.		Motley
Henderson		Ross
Dorman		Meyer

The twirlers, who as far as we could make out included Chadwick, Hamlen F. Crocker, Hamlen J. and Chisholm, Moller, Ross and Gardner R. as well as a few others, all pitched underhand balls, thus curbing the scoring range, so that six and a half pretty tight innings were played, the Constrictors(or was it the Baws?) only managing to squeeze out thirteen runs to their opponents' six. Then, however they rashly decided to finish with an overhand pitch, which was unluckily directed at the masterful wand of Manager Joe Hamlen, who immediately whaled it for a home run, and thus broke up the ball-game.

Meanwhile the less sane, who for the sake of kindness we will not name, made up two doughty, never-previously-beaten teams, to wit: the Nuxvomicas and the Castoroils. A very astute astrologist on the field made the remark that, owing to the fact that snow was not falling, and that the time of year happened to be the summer, it was quite warm. The almost unsurpassed heat, coupled with lack of any breeze whatsoever kept the game at a rather slow pace. The first period was scoreless, with the play being slowed up very much by too many offsides.

However, the power line for the Castoroils went into action, and right wing J.G.W. made the first score of the afternoon, from a hot scrimmage in front of the goal. This so enraged the Nuxvomicas and J.B. in particular, that that worthy made a long solo, the full lenghth of the field, outmanoeuvering the overconfident Casteroils, and the second period drew to a sweltering close with the teams in a hot tie.

The third period held little of interest to the historian, except that an infuriated R.B.C. rushed in on injured goalie C.W.3rd and broke the tie in favor of the cagy Castoroils. The heat told most in this period, and the play wavered up and down the baking field, with rather mediocre footwork on the part of both teams.

The fourth quarter saw many very weary contestants, but none the less the old guard of C.W.2nd and J.G.W. carried on through the heat to cinch the victory. The former executed an elegant corner kick to F.C., who smashed a quick one between the uprights. Then the Nuxes retaliated -- a lovely running pass from D.P. to J.B. enabling the latter to send the ball past the feverishly vibrating goalie. But once again J.G.W. rose in his wrath, and scored on a clearer kick, again from a scrum before the goal. The game drew to a blistering weary close, with the resulting score 4 - 2. What with six pounds off here, and four there etc. etc. the rumor goes round that at least a hundredweight was kicked, beaten, and battered off and left upon the field of battle.

The water this evening was ruffly and cool, and tempted many, who were not rehearsing some great drama or other in preparation for Saturday evening's festivities, to paddle round in white boats, kayaks, or rangeleys. Reading for the later birds was a very warm affair, and long after every one had supposedly retired smothered splashes were heard, as the overheated table-setters cooled themselves in the drink.

We forgot to say that Father Riggs and Mr. Cavenagh departed this morning soon after breakfast was over, bound for Squam Lake. We were sad to see them go for many reasons, but particularly as now we shall have no one to spur us on to bigger and better things of a Wednesday (or rather Tuesday) night. Also Bee MacDermott left, bound first for Portland, and then back to Montreal. We wish that she, an old and much-experienced hand, could stay a little longer to help us as we bump our inexperienced noses up against all sorts of difficulties.

Thursday, July 25th
Bar: 29.71
Temp: 80
Northwest Wind

A partly cloudy, warm day, with a threat of thunderstorms. The morning was devoted to a variety of projects. First of all there was a great commotion and a general hubbub as people rushed around and saw a one night camping trip off, the fourth trip of the season. Then the Golden Stairs project, begun either yesterday or the day before, which is no more nor less than the repairing of the steps to Mammoth Cave and the Crows' Nest, was continued, and almost if not quite brought to a close. The aquarium received its first real quota of scaly inhabitants, captured by a special squad of hard-worked gentlemen, including R.B.C. who, gravely injured in yesterday's affray, is taking a rest-cure from the yard-squad.

The afternoon looked somewhat treacherous, but nevertheless an expedition pushed off at about four o'clock, bound for Meadow Brook in the Ouananiche and the Carrabassett.

Carrabassett
H.H.W.
Lynes
Webb
A.H.R.

Ouani
R.A.L.
J.B.
Crocker
Garland K.
Hamlen J.
R.W.
Williams
Chisholm
Peabody J.
Henderson
J.C.P.
Meyer
Dorman

At the same time the following boatloads of fishermen set out for the Grand Banks:

Yammerschooner	Chub	Pantasote	Williwaw
J.G.W.	C.W.3rd	I. De F.	Zahner R.
Trimingham	Brooks	Motley	Garland P.
Hamlen F.	Chadwick	Ross	Gardner R.
38 fish		6 fish	

Identical

L.E.W.
Danforth
Moller
10 fish

The fishing started off slowly, and when a brisk shower came on all the crews except C.W's and I. De F's decided that the dryness of Camp was more to be desired than a few problematical fish, so three boatloads of dripping people scuttled into the nearest shelter, which happened to be Captain John's cabin, and ate a cozy meal. Before they returned they made sure of raincoats and sweaters, although it was a bit late to prevent a wetting. They found C.W's boat pulling them up by the bucket, and when at last they all converged at the float a goodly of poissons, all perch but six, was deposited in the ice house to await tomorrow's fish-cleaning squad.

The Ouani returned, much dryer than the fishermen, from a successful trip, nearly half way up to the dam in Meadow Brook. Going to the North end of the pond, they missed all but a few drops of the same storm which deluged the South end. Meadow Brook was pretty stagnant, and a certain amount of difficulty in shoving the Ouananiche round the more complicated turns forced them to turn back, but not before they had had a good look at the surrounding countryside. There was a minor tragedy concerning Jake Williams's pretzels, with which he most kindly presented Camp. The ladies who made the picnics thought how nice they would be for Ouani & Co's supper. Then taking pity on the poor starving fishermen, they put a few in each of their baskets. Off went the fishing boats, all complete with pretzels, and off went the Cuani, with Jake supplying a large portion of the power, but with no pretzels, which was very sad, as the fishermen had heaps, and the donor didn't get a single one. However the box is still here, and still quite full, so we hope the mistake will soon be remedied, if it hasn't already.

Camping Trip
July 24

D. P. P.
P. C.
Arnold
Hall
Peabody, C.
Zahner, H.

Identical
Erebus

The camping trip under the direction of P. C. and D. P. P. got under way at ten in the morning with flying colors. Belgrade Mills was reached at eleven in the morning and after carrying the two boats from Big Pond into Long Pond, the boys were given a drink of pop to cool them. We then proceeded onward and after passing the narrows we shortly came to our camping place which was promptly named Camp When You Get There. After putting camp in order we rowed out and started fishing. We were very lucky and in a short time, we caught enough fish to last us for the remainder of the trip. Some of the boys were cleaning fish and others were preparing the fire while John Hall, who was just fiddling, took his trusty machete and with careful aim, neatly cut one of the ropes which was holding the tent up. Both leaders were forced to count to ten before the could speak. The dinner was very good and shortly afterwards all retired to bed. Friday morning was spent in climbing Royal Mt. and picking blue berries, plus a long hike. Returning to camp, lunch was prepared and we again tried fishing with less luck. We stoped in a little while and with regret we proceeded to diassemble Camp When You Get There. It was a nice row home and everyone was sufficiently tired to appreciate the thought of bed.

Points of interest on the trip were:
John Hall's dexterity in handling a machete
Pip Cutler's good humor
Charles Peabody's dish washing
H. Zahner's scorning to sleep in a tent
Dave Arnold's and Pip Cutler's sleeping together in the same sleeping bag

The whole trip was a huge success and everone was satisfied.

SORRY THIS IS LATE AND SO
POORLY WRITTEN

D. P.

Friday, July 26th
Bar: 29.85
Temp: 69
Wind: N.W.

This was certainly one of the very most beautiful days we have had this summer. Every one unanimously decided that it was much too good a day for anything but a mountaintop, and accordingly an all-dayer and a trip to Tumbledown Mountain were launched with unequalled skill and rapidity. What if there was no bread short of Oakland? What if a whole day's meals were carefully arranged for? What if several visitors were expected to arrive at almost any moment? Who cared, with the prospect of Rocky or of Tumbledown before them. A hurry-call was sent to Oakland, where no less than ten loaves of bread were snatched from under the nose of the astonished sales-girl, the ever-growing lists were finally completed, the cooks were given a rest, and at nine-thirty and eleven respectively, the Tumbledown trip and the all-day ex to Rocky set out, the first departing in R.B.C's Diana, already famous for her speed records, and the others setting out in the Ouananiche, the Terror, the Identical, and the Yammerschooner, leaving at home a very minute, but magnificent party including J.C.P, R.B.C, L.E.W, and W. Hamlen, as well as W.H.B. and J.G.W. who returned from an early trip to Waterville in time for lunch.

YAMMERSCHOONER

I. De F.
Williams
Gardner R.

OUANI

C.W.3rd
Danforth R.W.
Meyer A.H.R.
Garland K. Chisholm
Zahner R. Moller
Hamlen J. Peabody J.
Ross
Henderson

IDENTICAL

J.B.
Webb
Hamlen F.
Dorman

TERROR

H.H.W.
Garland P.
Motley

DIANA

at the wheel: R.A.L.
Crocker
Trimingham
Lynes
Chadwick
Brooks

The Tumbledowners were scheduled to be back on time for the evening meal, and only just got in under the wire. They had evidently had some difficulty in finding the right mountain, which perversely eluded them until nearly three in the P.M., during which time they made a false start and got snarled up on the slopes of some other mysterious hill, where they munched a small and dismal lunch before continuing their impromptu game of 'hide the thimble'. They did not scale the highest peaks, but contented themselves with reaching the pond, and splashing around in the icy water before returning to the chariot. On arriving at the bottom they ate the last of three small and slightly scrambled meals, and then returned to Camp, where they assured us that in spite of vicissitudes it was certainly well worth it.

On the way past the Mills they met the Ouani, struggling over from Great Pond into Long Pond. She and her attendant ships set sail down the lake, and landed somewhere near the base of Rocky Mountain. Lunch was eaten here, and then a long and perilous trek was inaugurated straight through the underbrush. There seemed to be some difficulty about the path: in fact it appeared to be missing, but the undaunted mountaineers set out nevertheless, piloted by J.B. who, according to all ensuing reports, is qualified to receive his degree as a pedigreed sleuth-hound and trail-maker any day now. They walked through miles and miles of forest, and finally reached the top, where every one lay and panted and looked at what there was of the view, which was surprisingly little, owing to the speed with which the trees have grown up in the last few years. Then they came down and paddled over to Oak Island, where supper, very large and filling was eaten.

"Goat Hunt!" said C.W.3rd, and immediately there was one, everybody, surfeited as they were with peanut butter, cookies, and hard-boiled eggs, rushing madly hither and yon among the briery bushes, after some small and mangy goats, which were put there last year, and managed to survive the winter. Their strenuous efforts were not crowned with sparkling success until old Doctor Motley captured a struggling billy-goat with his bare hands, and, clasping it firmly round the middle, screeched loudly till the clans gathered. Eventually the harassed goat was allowed to depart in peace, and the seafarers, putting to sea once more in their beautiful pea-green boat, arrived at the home port in time for an evening swim.

Today arrived the first of our August boys, John Carey accompanied by his brother, Henry, and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hodson. They all spend the night here - Henry is an old and experienced camper, having been here two or three years ago. Johnny Swan departed this morning, via the Waterville Hospital, where he is under observation for a few days. He has had perfectly rotten luck all this month what with hay fever, poison ivy, and so on, and has been a wonderful sport about it all. We all hope that perhaps he will be able to return later in August, when he has been repaired.

Saturday, July 27th
Bar: 29.86
Temp: 68
Wind: N.W.

A day of many arrivals. Camp is one wild and woolly whirl of excitement, what with visitors boys about to leave, and Sing Song in the immediate future. This morning Mr and Mrs Hodson and Henry Carey left shortly after breakfast. Squads went on per usual, with an extra detail to put the Crow's Nest in order. In the morning came Mrs Hamlen, Mrs Royce, and Mr Brooks to see various campers, and to stay till after Sing Song, when they started for Portland, expecting to get there about midnight. Mr. Curtis Cate also came for lunch. Every one, especially his erstwhile pupils, C.W.3rd and J.B., hoped he would spend a night or two, but he had to rush right away in the afternoon.

The weather being calm, and a trifle warm for anything very energetic, the Nazis and the Silvershirts were rounded up, and a soft-ball game was played, while a select few, under the guidance of Messrs. J.G.W. and R.D.C. went shelling, while still smaller and more select, Mr. Brooks, Tommy Brooks and Chisholm went fishing in the Williwaw.

SILVERSHIRTS	UMP.	NAZIS
Garland P.		Chadwick
Hamlen W.		Danforth
Hamlen J.	H.H.W.	Moller
Garland K.	P.C.	Peabody J.
Motley		Lynes
Zahner R.		Gardner R.
Dorman		Hall
Carey		Henderson
Meyer		

SHELLING

Arnold
Crocker
Williams
Peabody C.
Ross
Trimingham
Webb
Zahner H.

The ball-game was not what you would call close. Mgr. Joe led his trusty Silvershirts to a trifling 30 - 15 victory with four home runs out of six times at bat. The game was only six innings, but no one thought it was necessary to continue after Ump. P.C. started a general riot at the close of the sixth. From various statements by representative members of both ball clubs, there were several crude, not to say raw, decisions, which led to an amount of hard feeling impossible for any self-respecting player to forget. In the first inning it looked as if the Nazis held the whip hand as they rushed through the batting order, collecting no less than six tallies before they were wiped out. But then the Silvers began to come to, and under the expert twirling and unexcelled apple-whacking of Prof Hamlen, who was easily the star of the afternoon, they never again were in danger of being tied, let alone passed by the staggering Nazi forces.

Meanwhile arrived Mr. and Mrs. Arnold, to spend the night and eventually deport their son, much to our sorrow; and also, arriving at almost the same time Edith T. Ross - Ronald S. Ros to stay for a couple of days. They brought Mr.Swan up with them, but he is staying in Waterville, where he can be near poor Johnny, who is still in the hospital.

Came the evening, and a momentary lull,before our

FOURTH - SING - SONG .

First on the program, Big and Little Bobbie,(up from the Ape) made their second appearance of the summer, which was, if anything, even better than the first, and in which they very neatly creamed a good part of both faculty and boys. Here follows the first little number, relating to a recent experience during half-past-nine reading, sung to the tune of "My Bonny lies over the Ocean":

To hold up his pants he used braces
His comrades considered it coarse.
To start with they only made faces,
But later resorted to force.

chorus:

Bring back, bring back, oh, bring back my brecae to me, to me!
Bring back, bring back, bring back my braces to me.

Through reading one night he lay sleeping,
When a nasty old man with a leer
Reduced our hero to weeping
By snapping them right past his ear.
His back was soon purple and bleeding
From the marks that the green braces made.
Bemoaning his fate he lay pleading;
Through his tears this is just what he said:

chorus:

Don't snap, don't snap, oh don't snap my breces that way, that way.

I'll take them, I'll take them, I'll take them and throw them away.

A moral there is to this story
Green braces are looked on askance.
Don't think that they add to your glory,
Dont use them to hold up your pants.
chorus:
Don't use, dan't use, don't use them to hold up your pants etc.

After this tragic song, this elegy on the green galuses, they turned to still more pathetic and touching topics, i.e. the departure of various of our most valued inmates, and what we are going to do without them.

Crocker, Arnold, Motley and Swan,
What're we goin' to do when July rolls on?
The University without dear Peabody,
And no more Williams aggravating faculty.
No more Arnold,out like a light,
What'll we do with Crocker out of our sight?
Motley, naked, his clothes can't be found,
What are we goin' to do when August rolls round?

One of the ladies is going too.
We'll be sorry when she's through.
There will never be any mystery
About who played that dirty, low-down trick on me.
There was some talk of Meyer leaving, but that's false;
Instead there will be two of them, with twice as many faults.
Through July we all have clowned.
What're we goin' to do when August rolls 'round?

Next on the schedule was a small play, directed by A.H.R. and called "Little Red Riding Hood" It was, in fact a new version of the same story, with additions which were very much to the liking of the audience. the cast consisted of:

Little Red Riding Hood	A.H.R.
Three Little Pigs	Crocker Motley Gardner R.
The Wolf	H.H.W.
The Grandmother	Williams
The Fuller Brush Man	I. De F.

We were filled with joy when this touching drama turned out not to be a tragedy after all, the Fuller Brush Man rushing in and saving the day and then going off with Grandma in a most romantic style. Much credit is due the three little pigs, who skipped and sang in a truly realistic and piglike manner.

Trimmy and his gang sang to us once more, the quartette being augmented this time by the presence of I. De F. They sang several old favorites, notably "I've been workin' on the Railroad" and "My Bonny lies over the Ocean", both of which were greeted with much applause.

Last and longest stunt of the evening was that written by J.G.W. in 1931, "The Last Labor of Hercules". The whole of this great drama is written out in the '31 Log, so we will not repeat it here. the Cast was:

Hercules	R.A.L.
Eurystheus	R.B.C.
Minerva	L.E.W.
Hermes	Peabody J.
Charon	Webb
Pluto	Hamlen J.
Medusa	A.H.R.
Al Capone	Motley
Sisyphus (Ebenezer)	Ross
Cerberus	A sofa cushion.

This play was suffering slightly from a dearth of rehearsals, and also from a dearth of dogs to take the part of Cerberus. The sofa cushion had to be called into action at the last minute, no real or manufactured canine being present. However the sofa cushion acted with rare eclat, and in spite of the shortness of preparation time it all went off quite well, with Charon's barge (a moab), Al Capone and his non-fireable gun, Sisyphus and his rock (again the moab) and Herc's tutti fruity gum all bringing down shreiks of laughter from and audience prepared to overlook slight discrepancies in the memory work etc.

Tonight there was no 'Black Cock's feather, all hands being occupied with picking up the cyclonic hurrah's nest in the tutorium till it was time to retire. This was a singularly long Sing Song, whether due to starting late or what, we aren't sure, and on top of it all the ink got spilt again!

Sunday, July 28th
New weather man

Weather For July 28

Barometer 29.9
Tempiture 72
Wind South West

Fair

Forcast: Inclinations pointing to possible but improbable snow. Rising anernometer, Slight shift of wind to west. Clock progressing in ratio of 12 to 1 from left to right. Improbable rapid condensation of atmospheric moisture due to clear stratospheric conditions. Cosmic dust Normal. Staticoff electricity Normal.

Hereby follows a blow by blow account of the Class 'B' or Jury canoe test, which took place the morning of the twenty-eighth of July, by one one who took pity on an editor harassed by table-lists, raincoats, and immovable trees, and thereby rescued a damsel in distress.

After service J.G.W. with the anamometer on the Point found a seventeen m.p.h. wind blowing in from the South West; trying it on the float, a fluke gust gave the answer 19.65312 m.p.h. Canoe Test it was called although the waves were not as high as those of the past. As the morning progressed it became more and more evident that today's performances could not rate with what is known as true canoe test. None the less, there was much good work done and the successful canoeists are to be congratulated.

R.A.L. started the ball rolling by going round the course quite easily - no trouble was encounterdd and the Hecuba was turned over to H.H.W. who put on an even better show and completed the test in very good form. His paddling was the most polished of the morning and he showed his superiority quite clearly in the way he handled the canoe and his own balance.

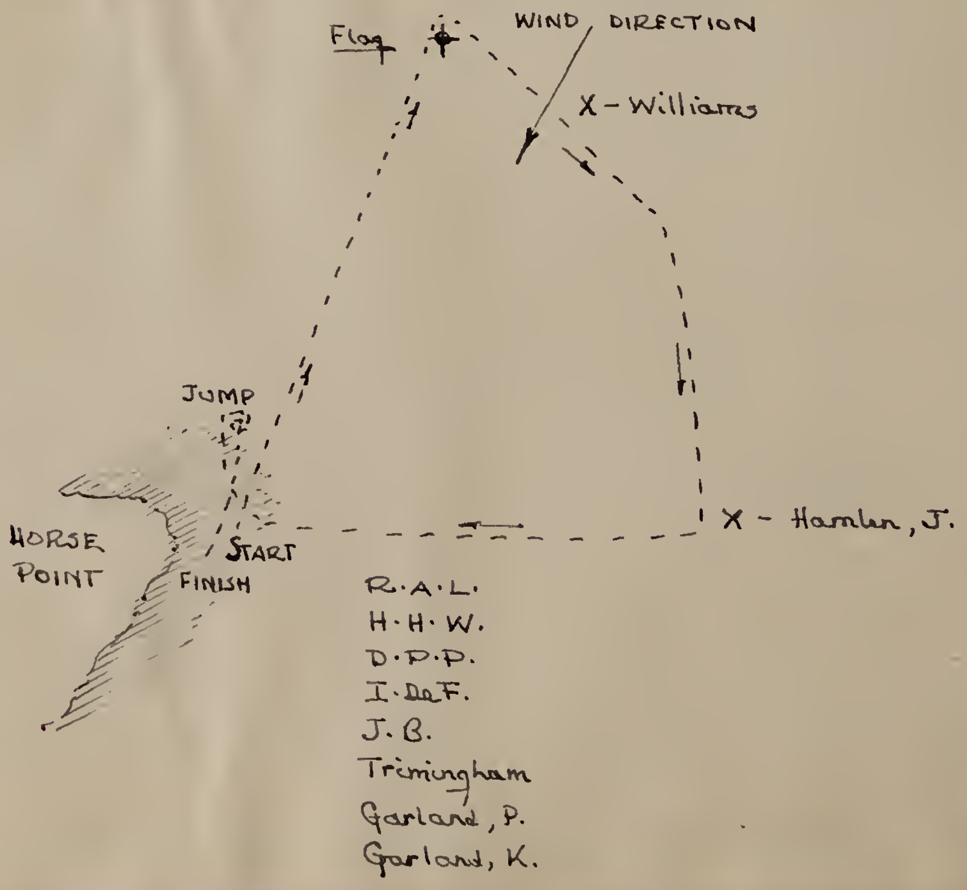
At the same time D.P.P. completed the course in the Squannacook in a somewhat more gingerly fashion, though never was there any hesitation. I. De F. in the Squanny, and J.B. in the Pink had the fastest conditions. A sudden gust of twenty minutes' duration made the going plenty difficult enough for any one. They both went around without mishap, the former shipping quite a lot of water on clambering into the canoe, and the latter giving the spectators many an anxious moment when his balance became precarious, due to his love of speed.

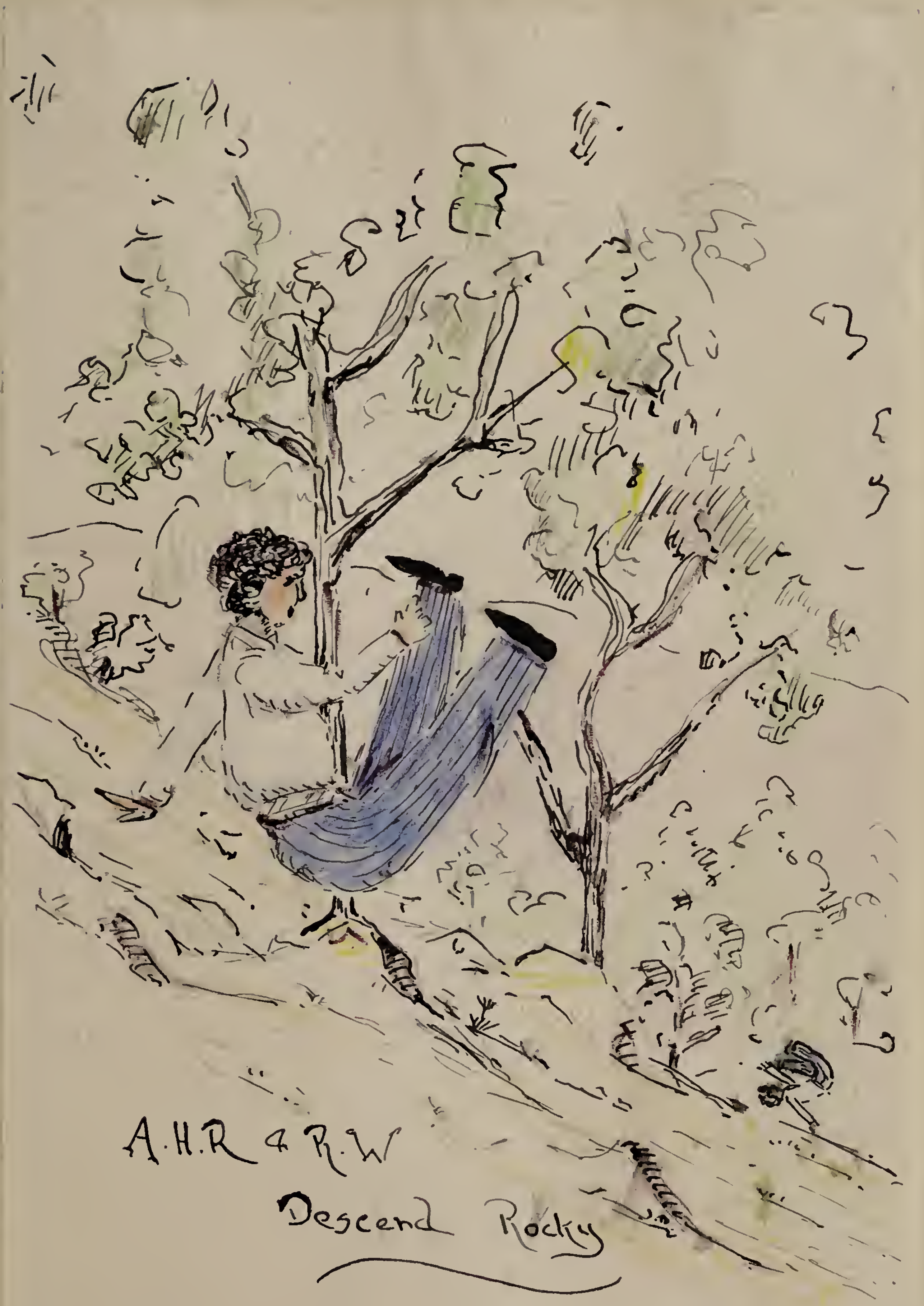
Williams and Garland P. took the Squanny and Pink respectively, and the former was spilled on the second leg by a real canoe-test wave that sneaked up alongside him and rolled him neatly over. Garland P. passed quietly over the treacherous spot and finished the test successfully. His clambering into the canoe, though, while effective would have proved disastrous in a higher wind and sea.

Trimmingham took the Pink and went round the course in his quick, ~~vicious~~ vicious style. Near the end he dropped his paddle, but was able to recover it by kneeling in the very bow, and using his hands - very clever, and showing a quick wit in case of emergency. Hamlen J. in the Squanny met his fate going before the wind, just as he was turning in to the Point.

Garland K, the last of the candidates, did a very good job all round having to cope with conditions as bad or worse than those of I. De F. and J.B., due to another gust which came up after the lull during the previous tests.

Although not a canoe-test in the real sense, none the less it gave Camp a scale on which to judge the various aspirants, P.C. who happened to be away visiting at the time, being the only dark horse. These were, as far as we know, the only canoe-test trials ever held off the Point. Due to the shelter the curve of land gave to Pickerel the regular course was much calmer, and this course, run around the flag which lies due South of the Point, with a stake boat for the second turn, very closely approximated it, being if anything a little longer.


Flag
WIND DIRECTION
X - Williams
JUMP
HORSE POINT
START
FINISH
X - Hamlen, J.
R.A.L.
H.H.W.
D.P.P.
I.DeF.
J.B.
Trimingham
Garland, P.
Garland, K.



A.H.R & R.W

Descend Rocky

ALGONQUINS

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
R. B. C.	✓	●●	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	1
C. W.^{3}	✕	●	✓	✓	●	✓	✓	●●●●●	✓
J. B.	✓	✓	✓		●	1	✕	●	✓
L. E. W.	✕	✓	✓	✕	●●	✓	✕	✓	✓
Arnold	✓	●	✓	✕	●	✓	○	○	○
Chadwick	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓
Crocker	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	●	1
Danforth	✓	✓	✓	✕	●	✓	✓	✓	✓
Dorman	✕	✓	✓	✓	●		✕	●	✓
Hall	✕	✓	✓	☠	✓	✓	✓	●	✓
Hamlen, F.	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Hamlen, J.	✓	●	✓	✕	✓	✓	✕	●	✓
Hamlen, W.	✓	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓	✓	✓	1
Lynes	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	●	1
Meyer	✓	●	✓	✕	●●	✓	✕	✓	✓
Motley	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓
Ross	✕	●	✓	✕	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Triningham	✓	✓	✓	✕	●	✓	✓	●	✓
Webb	✓	●●	✓	✕	✓	✓	✓	●	1
	6	9	0	11	10	1	7	13	5

IROQUOIS

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
R. A. L.	✓	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓
W. H. B.	✓	✓	✓	○	○	○	○	○	○
D. P. P.	✕	✓	✓	✓	●●	✓	✕	✓	✓
H. H. W.	✕	●	✓	✓	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓
I. De F.	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✕	●●	✓
A. H. R.	✓	●	✓	✕	✓	✓			
Brooks	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓	✕	●	1
Chisholm	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓
Carey	✓	●	✓	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓
Gardner, R.	✓	✓	✓	✕	●●	✓	✕	●	✓
Garland, K.	✕	●●	✓	✓	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓
Garland, P.	✕	✓	✓	✓	●	✓	✕	●	✓
Henderson	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	●	✓
Moller	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓
Peabody, C.	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓
Peabody, J.	✕	●	✓	✕	●●	1	☠	✓	✓
Williams	✕	✓	✓	✕	●●	✓	✓	✓	✓
Zahner, H.	✓	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Zahner, R.	✓	✓	✓	✓	●	✓	✕	●	✓
	9	6	0	10	10	1	14	7	1

(Sun. Cont.)

The wind continuing in the afternoon, dying down only a very little, the third of this summer's Scouting Games was staged. It was perfect weather, not too hot, with the breeze strong enough to drown out impromptu rustlings among the sweet-fern, yet not too strong to play serious tricks with voices.

There was a large and august gathering watching the fray from the Boneyard, including, besides J.G.W., Mr. and Mrs. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold, who had to take David away after the second game, much to the rage of eighteen Algonquins, and also R.W. and B.C. who were observing today, preparatory to playing in the next encounter.

Feeling ran high, as the score stood at three games apiece, and so the playing was first-class. The first game was won by the Algonquins, by three shots, no runs getting through on either side. There was no outstandingly brilliant play, but equally few errors. The power on both sides was pretty evenly split up, with no heavy drive through any one territory.

The second game went to the Iroquois, much to the fury of the Gonks. Each side netted a hard-earned run, through strong opposition, and the picture was all set for a glorious tie, when, alas, an over-conscientious Gonk was discovered to have committed suicide, thus making the dead total eleven to the Iroquois ten.

This was a hard game to lose, and again tied up the score, four-all. The enraged Algonquins, starting from the North end, put their trust in a heavy party through the East side of the Ridge, hoping to run up a high score of runs. High were the hopes of the Iroquois, and deep and melancholy the fears of the Algonquins, when T. Brooks appeared, having made a run, quite early in the game. He easily shot guard L.E.W, still groggy from having come off second best in an argument with a tree, and proceeded to whip through the hole, getting caught by an enemy when on the back trail. The game came to an end, and with it all the Iroquois hopes, and the Algonquin fears, as the party which had started off on the East side turned in their record - five runs - making it a day for the Gonks, and five to four in the series.

Late picnic supper was munched no farther away than Faculty Coffee, and some of the best rounds of the summer were sung. A cloud of sadness hung over our heads however, at the thought of the imminent departure of Mot-Mot, Charlie Peabody, and Jake Williams, and at the thought of having to get up at six-thirty to see them off!

Monday, July 29th
Bar: 29.65
Temp: 70
Wind: S.S.W.

At nine our July birds departed. It was sad to see them go, and many tender tears were shed over Mot-Mot's beautiful shirt and towel and shoes, and other things, which were done up carefully by loving hands, and sent to him C.O.D. with kindest regards. We couldn't find any relics of the other ones, but at least we know that Jakey has several nice heavy rocks in his bag to remember us by.

The morning was spent in preparation, and the afternoon in reception of multitudes of people, who started arriving about lunch-time, and didn't stop till evening. The most important of them, to wit, our new campers whose numbers and general aspect more than make up for the ones who left this morning are:

Stephen W. Gifford
Bill Meyer
Edmund Billings
A. D. Thomson
Ed. Tappan
John R. Abbot Jr.

Among the other arrivals were four gentlemen who have been bicycling around the countryside, and who, to our delight, have dropped in for the next few days. David [illegible]
William B. Parsons Jr
Howard F. Shattuck Jr.
Robert Grosvenor Congdon

Their presence added greatly to the gaiety of nations, and of the Soccer game in progress on the field, as did that of
who is here to spend the next couple of weeks. He is an old and experienced camper, and we expect to work him hard.

Meanwhile, upon a rain-and-wind-swept field the battalions of the Guelphs and Ghibilines met in the shock of battle. And sometimes there were ten of them, and occasionally eleven; but on they played, forgetful of all - rain and wind - and 'twas a bloody battle. The troops imported from the South were split up evenly and proved valuable assets. One kick cost a player one small toe, but otherwise the game was without casualties. Jersey John Hall was down twice for the count of nine, but finished the game in good shape. An unusual feature was that of the condottierae, placed alomg the side-lines with hautboys to call offsides - as a result there was no disputing, and all the play was exceptionally clean.

On the first day of battle the Guelphs forced their opponents back to their base of supplies, but Capt. Peabody J. proved an able guard and kept his side's slate clean. Retaliation! and the Ghibilines advanced, and the dust rose as the two forces battled grimly, neither gaining any decisive advantage.

The next day dawned, and the wary foes resumed their conflict. Guelph J.B. bounced a sharp arrow off two Ghibiline thighs, and split the baggage train asunder. Nothing very special occurred after that, and the whistles blew at the setting of the sun, with the Ghibilines holding the well-known empty satchel.

Bright and early the following morning Condottieri Pitman, Ghibiline R.B.C. and visiting combattant Parsons led a brilliant left-wing surprise attack that ended in the demolition of the supply base by the last-named marauder. Guard Chadwick was sore pressed and so also was Peabody, as the battle sawed up and down across the field. Flank attacks and counter-marches proved to no avail and both sides were once more deadlocked.

The battle waxed hot on the fourth day as both armies marched and fled furiously. A lull in the encounter gave R.B.C. a heaven-sent opportunity to let drive a lome cross-bow shot into the corner of the baggage-wagon. Only a few more hours of that day remained and the Guelphs pressed hard to tie the score, but were unable to do so.

Thus the Ghibilines were victorious at the end, and watched their fleeing oppoments limp wearily off to the underbrush to lie down and give up the ghost after the sun set, at the end of the fourth day. Excellent fighting by both sides and stellar performances on the hautboys by the 'camp-followers' (perhaps this is too much of a good thing. Use condottierae if you like it better).

List of the contestants: better late than never.

Ghibilines	Condottierae	Guelphs
P.C.		J.B.
R.B.C.	B.C.	I. De F.
R.A.L.	A.H.R.	H.H.W.
C.W.3rd	R.W.	J.G.W.
Hadden		Congdon
Parsons		Shattuck
Zahner R.		Lynes
Zahner H.		Hall
Peabody J.		Webb
Trimingham		Garland C.
Pitman		Chadwick

Evening came, and with it arrived Mrs Curtis, Aunt of Gardners R. and J. accompanied by small niece and her nurse, to stay for supper. A monster game of Dumbcrambo (spelling?) was played till eight-thirty, involving all three charade teams, and most of the visitors as well. The scenes acted were very funny. The first word, drill was given away too soon, and the last one, roe (buck) was not given away soon enough, the unfortunate actors and guessers having to give up at eight-thirty, having acted no less than fifty six wrong words. Afterwards we had "My Lord the Elephant," and this ended the day's activities, except for one event, which came to the ears of the editors after the news had already gone to press.

The event was no mor nor less than the first of the probably many skimming-dish chases of the season, indulged in by D.P.P. and C.W.3rd in the latter hours of the morning. They were racing two veteran boats, left at Camp from last year's races. Everything was merry and bright, and all under control, the owners of the contesting ships puttering easily around in a rangely and watching them wallowing in a smooth swell; when suddenly an unforseen gust filled the sail of one, and away she went, full blast, scuttling for Stony Point, with the rangely a poor second. Finally, after a long and heated chase, the old boat decided that renewing the days of its youth was all very well, but it was time to calm down, and eventually the panting pair caught up with her, and brought her home once more to her former roost on the rafters in the Infirmary.

Monday, July 30th
Bar: 29.86
Temp: 72
Wind S.W.

This morning at breakfast, all present were both pleased and surprised to recieve the very kind invitation of Joseph Hamlen, Esq. President of the Student council of the University of North Belgrade, to the excercises which were to be held in the University in honor of the new students. Accordingly at eight-thirty promptly a large body of interested guests convened in the imposing Forum of the University, to see the ceremony and to listen to the many brilliant speeches by distinguished members and visitors.

As soon as the meeting had been called to order, Mr. Hamlen, a fine specimen of all that is best in the young manhood of America today, rose to his magnificent height, and, in a voice which held all the rich quality of a born orator's, delivered the stirring address, which we luckily have had permission to print below:

'Know, all men by these presents that I, Joseph R. Hamlen, president of the Student Council of this University, duly so elected by the faculty and student body, do hereby make and declare the following ultimatum: That, by virtue of the authority vested in me by my election, we may smoke, drink, swear, cut classes, and talk back to the teachers - and if they don't like it - I will boycott the University and lead the Student body in a general strike against the administrative board, not returning to classes until they agree to my terms.'

After this impressive speech, which was greeted with thunderous applause from the hundreds of earnest young people present, Mr. Hamlen introduced Mr Richard Webb, first marshall of the class of 1935, who spoke to us with a degree of poise and dignity that is indeed rare to see in one so young.

'Ladies and gentlemen (his speech began) as first marshall, I join sides with my friend Hamlen in welcoming the two new students, who we hope will maintain the honor of the University. Ever since thirty-four years ago, when the University first opened its doors to become one of the leading centers of education in the country, we have steadily progressed in our efforts to increase our physical, moral, and scholastic standards. I also hope the multitude before me will be careful and considerate when using the Tutorium - And, now, gents and ladies, God bless you all.'

Now arose Mr Joseph Bradley, president of the Graduates' Association, who gave a charming impromptu speech, in which he tactfully requested a donation of 100,000 dollars. In spite of the size of the sum, his request was greeted with enthusiasm, as it was in behalf of the University's A.A, which is in great need of funds to support its athletes.

A moment of tense excitement came as Mr. J. Peabody, President of the Athletic Board, and a noted Red, arose. His speech was to all intents and purposes like that of President Joseph Hamlen's, but lacking that certain charm which had veiled the former's less generally agreeable demands, he so thoroughly enraged and disgusted the Faculty, the guests, and even the students themselves, that before he had time to complete what was doubtless a powerful and compelling oration, he was ousted, not to say thrown, nay, even kicked bodily out of the hall, amidst a shower of oaths, epithets, and water.

Order being quickly restored, Professor Little, distinguished member of the large teaching staff of the College, spoke to the multitudes:

'At this moment so vital to all those devoted to the pursuit of Knowledge at Belgrade University, it behooves me, as a member of its staff of learned men, to welcome to our fold those intellectuals who, discontent with a layman's preparation for Life, and dissatisfied with their status as mere "scholars", choose to delve even more deeply into the tomes of research and to battle anew with the problems of the future. This institution, which has flourished for thirty-five golden years - years during which the opportunities it offers have enlarged man's understanding of the problems which confront him - years during which teacher and pupil have worked as one in search of a common goal;namely the attainment of a truly high scholastic standing, not without regard for the breeding of conduct befitting a gentleman. To these purposes the officers of Belgrade U. have pledged themselves. To you neophytes this is the opening of a new chapter in your lives, a chapter that cannot be skimmed lightly - a chapter that will leave on you, we trust, an impression that years cannot efface, even as the imprint of your teacher's hand beating you about the head and shoulders.'

After the applause had died down, the Dean of the University, the man who is at the back of the whole organization, and one of our most distinguished scholars, none other than Dean Boodle, M.A., D.B, P.D.Q, arose, and in these impressive words, closed the ceremony of welcome:

" Labor Omnia Vincit "

To return to mundane things again: almost as soon as the U's excercises were completed an expedition to Bigelow Mountain was got under way, conducted by Msars. P.C. and Pitman, and consisting of Abbot, Webb, Hall, Moller, Garland P., Chadwick, and Chisholm. They departed at an early hour, loaded down with maps and directions of all sorts, and anough food for two meals out. No one, as far as we could gather, had ever been there before, but they were confident of success nevertheless.

The rest of Camp went about its business in the ordinary fashion, finding itself split up into three groups all going in different directions when the afternoon lists were posted.

A select Ouani party was slated to leave the dock at 3:21:5 excactly en route for the other side of the Pond, in search of some new, and little-known caves. The crew consisted of:

R.B.C.
J.B.
A.H.R.
Hamlen J.
Thomson
Trimingham
L.E.W.
Zahner H.
Tappan
Gifford
Lynes
Hamlen F.

One half minute after the departure, on the dot of 3:22 the Cromagnons and the Pithicanthropoierecti met in a long duel in the North Pasture, under the guiding eye of Homo Sapiens R.A.L, while at four-four of the clock even another expidition, this time an overnight one, left the home-port.

The Cromagnons and the Pithicanthropoierecti, who numbered five on one side and six on the other were:

Cromags.	Pithis
H.H.W.	G.W.
Billings	Carey
Danforth	Garland K.
Brooks	Hamlen W.
Meyer W.	Peabody J.
Zahner R.	

We forbear to give the details partly because they were amazingly similar to those of former battles, and partly, to tell the truth, because they have been lost in the scuffle: suffice it to say that the war was a distinctly enjoyable one, with no casualties except to clothes; and that the combatants returned to swim and supper in a cheerful mood.

Camping Trip
— July 30th —

W. H. B.
I. De F.
Dorman
Henderson
Meyer, T.
Ross

Yammerschooner
Terror

Meanwhile the Neanderthalers were scouring the farther shores of the inland sea, in a fruitless effort to discover the rumoured caves. They landed about five o'clock on what was obviously the remnant of a beach, now covered by high water, and havins spent a good twenty minutes falling in and out of the water, while trying to moor their dugout, they shouldered their war-clubs, and made off into the jungles. An elegant blueberry patch was discovered on the top of the hill, after an arduous climb, and here the swinish savages growled and gloated for half an hour, before they were called to order by their chief, and started on the journey once more. Ploughing through the underbrush, Long Pond, a road, another blueberry patch, and one of raspberries, were successively sighted, but never a cave in which to dwell, so, the sun almost touching the Western hills, they returned to the shore once more, and ate their supper in savage glee. Then, clambering into their canoe they returned to their home, fighting against the wind with long uneven strokes and many a gutteral growl.

This evening the Skipper and R.R. came out, in time for supper. They have to go back tomorrow, so while they are here they are being pestered with endless questions about wash, and roofs, and ropes, and writing-paper, and goodness-knows-what-all.

Almost at half-past-eight the mountaineers returned, bringing a tale of success in the face of many adversities. In the first place, the road was both intricate and poor, and took more time than calculated. When the cars finally reached the foot of the mountain, they found a road leading quite far in and up, a piece of news to those who have not been there for several years. The road was made to haul lumber out on, and was somewhat crude, but nevertheless our heroes took it, thereby chopping off a considerable part of the footwork. Disembarking from their chariots, they struck out onto the trail, which was slightly mangled by lumber trails leading off on all sides, and having gone merrily along for a goodly distance, they suddenly awoke to the fact that they had missed the right way. This occasioned a large amount of back-tracking, and some time lost, so that all in all it took them somewhere around three hours to reach the summit. They then ruefully decided that the trail to the Horns(cut last year by the C.C.C. or some one) was not for them, as it would add a good four miles, and more than an hour to their already behind-time schedule, so, having rested and admired the view, which was grand, the air being very clear, they returned to their buggies, and to North Belgrade.

We forgot to say that Bobbie and John Gardner both departed today. They had hoped to stay for August, and we had hoped to have them, but a sudden change of plans prevented it. We were sorry to see them go, as they both have been such good campers.

Wednesday, July 31st
A beautiful, warm day

The last day of July, and a most eventful one. To begin with the weather man forgot to make a report, but any one could see what kind of a day it was, and any way, it was his birthday, so he had to be forgiven. In fact there were two birthdays today, the "twins" being D.E.W. and "Wapp", so there were speeches at dinner, and presents, and spankings galore.

To damp the brilliance of this elegant day, A.H.R. departed, her Ma and Pa coming for lunch, and snatching her away shortly after. She hopes to be back for the last week in August, however, and that being only three weeks away, we are already looking forward to it. H.R. and R.R. departed too, bound for Indian Point, as well as the four man on wheels, who are en route for Northeast Harbor. Tommy Brooke's mother and his grandmother, Mrs. Borland, came to lunch, and stayed for part of the afternoon, to watch

TRACK AND FIELD

This is the second Track and Field of the year, and in some ways it was better than the first, and in some ways not so good. With the departure of one or two of our best athletes last Monday, the times, and distances were longer and shorter respectively. However among the new arrivals are some potential powerhouses, and almost everybody who had a chance to compete in both meets showed definite improvement in this one.

The judges were practically the same as last time, with H.H.W. representing the Pathe News, and L.E.W. reporting for the Press, and the other gentry, though assigned at the beginning to definite posts, acting in a versatile style at many positions.

The groups, which are somewhat changed, are:

A Group

Abbot
Chadwick
Garland .K.
Garland P.
Gifford
Hall
Hamlen J.
Tappan
Thomson
Trimingham
Webb
ZahnerH.

B Group

Billings
Brooks
Carey
Chisholm
Danforth
Hamlen F.
Hamlen W.
Lynes
Meyer W.
Moller
Peabody J.
Zahner R.

First event of the afternoon, was the class B. 100 yd dash. This was supposed to be run in two heats, and then the finals, but owing to two falls, there were two semi-finals as well.

Ist heat, B, 100 yard dash
won by Zahner R, time: 13.5
Hamlen W. 2nd
Billings 3rd
* Carey
Danforth
Meyer W.

* Carey was well out ahead of the whole gang until about twenty-five yards from the finish, when he tripped and fell, losing his position and finally coming in fourth. Exactly the same thing happened to Fred Hamlen in the second heat, who was also well up in the front, so, by special desision of the Judges, a semi-finals was run, giving the fallen ones another break.

2nd heat, B, 100
won by Lynes, time 13.2
Chisholm 2nd
Moller, 3rd
* Hamlen F.
Peabody J.

After the preliminaries for class B the class A first heats were run off. The times of the heats were just about the same as at the last Track and Field, perhaps a bit slower.

1st heat A 100

1st heat A, 100
won by Abbot, time: 13 sec. - -
Garland P. 2nd
Zahner H. 3rd
Hall
Tappan
Webb

Jersey John Hall jumped the gun so that the race had to be re-started, but managed to acquit himself well, threatening Zahner's position. A rather slow race.

2nd heat A 100
won by Hamlen J., time 12.2 - -
Thomson 2nd
Gifford 3rd
Trimingham
Chadwick
Garland K.

An excellent race. The Univ. crashed through, Hamlen bettering his old record by 1 second.

Finals, class B.
won by Carey, time: 13.2 - -
Lynes second
Chisholm third
Zahner R.
Hamlen W.

This was a very close race, Carey who won the unscheduled first semi-final, coming in scarcely two feet ahead of Lynes, with Chisholm a fast third. We are not putting in the semi-finals, as other than Carey the places were the same as in the heats.

Finals, Class A, 100
won by Hamlen J. time: 12.5 - -
Abbot 2nd
Thomson 3rd
Gifford
Garland P.
Zahner H.

Joe again romped to victory. A.D. Thomson made a strong bid for 2nd close, but no cigar-. A good race.

B SHOT PUT
finals: 1st Lynes: 24' 1"
2nd Hamlen W, 23' 41/4"
3rd Carey 22' 4""

New talent found here, all three puts being longer than 1st place in the last meet.

A BROAD JUMP
finals: Abbot 1st, 14', 4"
Gifford 2nd 13' 10"
Hamlen H. 3rd 13' 2"

Abbot proved his superiority from the word 'go' - and Gifford had no trouble holding second place. For two jumps he was ahead of Abbot, but the latter leapt into the 14' marker before reaching the finals. Third place was very closely contested, with J. Hamlen crashing through on his last leap by one half inch over Thomson.

Class B Broad Jump

finals: Moller 1st, 12' 6 1/4"
Hamlen F. 2nd 12' 4"
Carey 3rd 12' 1 1/2"

Some of the best competition of the day. Moller came up steadily, his first jump being 11' 1/4". Carey looked good all the way, though he fouled four times out of six. Hamlen's form was much better than last time, and that coupled with less competition since Crocker left, got him a place.

Class A Shot Put. (12 lb. shot)

finals: Garland P. 1st 23.2
Hamlen J 2nd 21.5
Gifford 3rd 20.8 1/2

Garland bettered his record by a whole foot, to win handily over Hamlen. Abbot and Thomson both came near placing with puts of over 20 ft. An interesting system of "boobs"was inaugurated for those who forgot to bring back the shot after a put. It greived us to hear that "Tiny" Thomson won the boob race with three black marks against his name.

HIGHJUMPING

"A"

First: Zahner H. 4' 5"
Second: Garland P. 4' 4"
Third: Chadwick: 4'

Zahner, a dark horse,came through with flying colors, clearing the five-inch mark at the second try, and raising the height an inch over the last time. Peter Garland looked good, and jumped without a miss until 4.4. It was quite amazing how many large and capable gentlemen were foiled by 3' 10". We do not think that this one of our greatest leaping-years.

"B"

First: Moller 3' 10"
Second: quadruple tie
Carey 3' 8"
Hamlen W. 3' 8"
Lynes 3' 8".
Meyer W. 3' 8"

Moller won this event easily, neve having to jump twice to clear. Haml missed his former height by two inches. There is no outstanding talent in this event, except for Moller, and he will have to go a lo higher to come near former Camp Records.

-FOUR- FORTY-

Class A

Abbot 1st time: 63.8
Hamlen J.2nd
Garland P. 3rd
Garland K 4th

One of the best races there has been. When the field came into the straightaway Abbot was in fourth place, running easily, with Hamlen out ahead. A terrific sprint took him in front to win by not more than a couple of yards. Jersey John Hall, though not a placer, bettered his former record by a great deal, and finished far from last.

Class B.

Lynes 1st
Hamlen F. 2nd
Zahner R. 3rd
Carey 4th

Lynes won this quite easily, being among the first three or four from the start. He didn't have to stretch himself, and the time was a full second slower than previousl

While most of the assemblage adjourned to swim, a select few of the faculty staged some races of their own. R.A.L. and P.C. raced 200 yards, coming in, amazing as it may seem, exactly even; the race was given to the former on the ground that he was weighted down all the way with a cigarette, which he puffed nonchalantly as he went. The race was clocked at the amazingly fast time of four-minutes flat, including time out for a wrestling match at the turn. R.B.C. and J.B. were timed round the 440, R.B.C. doing it in a scant 59 seconds, and Joe tearing round in 55 3/5. This last we thought might be a record, but it seems not, from the record-book's point-of-view.

Charades were slightly hectic, but good, this evening. Two of the words were spur-of -the moment affairs, which went off very well nevertheless. The sides are quite changed from the old order, so we hereby print a new list:

R.A.L.
L.E.W.
W.H.B.
H.H.W.
Brooks
Hamlen F.
Hamlen W.
Peabody J.
Trimmingham
Meyer W.
Gifford
Tappan
Abbot

C.W.3rd
J.C.P.
R.W.
DP.
P.C.
Dorman
Garland P.
Hall
Hamlen J.
Lynes
Moller
Ross
Webb
Zahner R.

R.B.C.
B.C.
J.B.
I. De F.
Chadwick
Chisholm
Danforth
Garland K.
Henderson
Meyer P.
Zahner H.
Billings
Thomson
~~Abbot~~

The first word, which, incidentally, had to be explained to a slightly 'thick' audience at the end, was DISCOVERY, by R.A.L's team. The word was split up so that the first and last syllable 'Dizzy' were acted together, the two middle syllables 'cover' next, and then the word.

The first scene was naturally a baseball game, in which a bush-league pitcher was just about to be canned in favor of the great man himself, while a hooting and jeering audience looked on. Next came a mysterious robber scene (R.A.L.& Brooks robbers, W.H.B. householder in negligee) where the bandits are found in the act, and successfully 'covered' with a starting pistol. Now came a tricky bit that baffled the witnesses. The last scene was the same as the second, down to the last click of the key in the strong-box. The audience was up a tree, but on inquiring they soon were enlightened to the fact that this time it was the man behind the gun, and not the gun itself that made the difference.

"HEIRLOOM" was a very learned word, two whole scenes devoted to the first part, with one for the second, and a fourth for the whole word. Samson and Delilah (E. De F. and B.C.) were discovered on a couch in the first, and the feindish woman, before our eyes, removed his lovely flowing locks. In the second act, however, his hair had grown again, and he pushed down a table-top temple in a most satisfactory manner. 'Loom' was a scene with Penelope at her weaving, explaining to her son the weave-by-day--rip by-night system; and the whole word was a touching deathbed scene, J.B. taking the lead, where the dying man presents to his grandchildren the old family clock(straight from the tutorium).

"ENCHANTER," the most elaborate of the charades, was also done on the plan of taking the first and last syllables together - enter, then Chan, then the word. This was a most exciting drama, taking place on the Siberian Steppes. An English gentleman and botanist, attired rather coolly for that climate, we thought, in a pith helmet and shorts, had just discove a very rare and mysterious plant, the properties of which were so valuable that almost as soon as he entered the room he was murdered by a dastardly villain. 5he curtains closed for a second and then opened on the same scene as Charlie Chan, the great detective (C.W.) entered, and set to work to solve the mufder. Again the curtains shut and opened, and this time there entered the horrible Fu Man Chu himself, who cast a spell over Chan, and held him in his enchanter's grip. All through this heart-gripping drama the lights were kept weirdly low, and outside the door a cauldron of flames cast threatening lights and shadows to add to the horror and mystery.

After this, our blood pleasantly chilled, and the hair standing in patterns on our heads, we, some of us retired to bed, while others listened to a soothing though somewhat gooey instalment of Black Cock's Feather.

Here endeth ye monthe of July - and a most enjoyable month it has been. Everything has gone off wonderfully, with surprisingly few hitches and hiatuses for a place where practically the whole crew, boys, faculty, and ladies, is green to the job. There have been one or two moments when it did seem as if the whole world were crashing round our ears, but things always looked a lot better in the morning, and by now the wheels are buzzing, with not a squeak to interfere.

A multitude of things have been accomplished which we hardly dared hope for. There have been mountain trips, and camping trips, and all-dayers enough for anyone, and the Scouting is well under way, with two snappy and enthusiastic sides. Morning squads have wrought marvel upon marvel. A few of the many are the repairing of the Mammoth stairs, mending the road, getting name-plates on the boats, re-pebbling the front and back yards, getting all the available shells into fighting trim etc. etc. Two new innovations have been 'Cupid-ing' which means archery on the field, bows and arrows supplied by A.H.R. and R.W, and bird-walks, again with A.H.R. Both of these activities came during the morning, and were distinct successes. Canoe-test winds being somewhat shy, there is a derth of certified canoe-men, but let the wind show its face just once, and there will be plenty of people jumping at the chance to pass. A jury-canoe test the other day proved that there are lots of handy paddlers in camp, who would pass it easily, given half a chance.

As to the Log itself, we hope exceedingly that the new one will be able to equal the old, in the number and quality of elegant illustrations poems, and writeups, which embellished the pages of the predecessor. The editors of the Log are duly appreciative, and certainly the contributions have been all that even the most crotchety editor of a scandal sheet could ask.

* * * *

THE AUGUST LOG

A swell day to begin the month on, warm and clear, with a good breeze to keep us from frying. The morning was quite uneventful, no necks being broken or ink spilt or anything of the kind. Afternoon came round, and with it a super boat and canoe - the third of the summer, in which we were shown both the sublime and the rediculous, and discovered many new canoe-men, also some that are distinctly non-.

Thursday, August first.
Temp: max:88, min:58
Bar: 29.41
Wind: W.S.W.
Forecast: fair, with rising wind in the afternoon.

THIRD -- BOAT -- AND -- CANOE

Officials: many and varied

CLERK OF COURSE
R.B.C.

FLOAT MEN
J.G.W.
C.W.

STAKE BOAT
R.A.L.

CARRIERS-OUT
P.C.
J.B.

PATHE
H.H.W.

PRESS-BOAT
I. De F.
L.E.W.

RESCUER
Pitman

SWAN BOATS
D.P.P. W.H.B.

Senior Standing Doubles:

Squanny 1st	Hecuba 2nd	Pink 3rd	Grayling 4th
Abbot	Thomson	Garland P.	Garland K.
Trimingham	Zahner H	Gifford	Webb

time: 3.15 1/2

A nifty race. Thomson particularly showed excellent form, keeping his paddle to one side of the canoe all the way. The two leading boats made fast time, and came in less than a length apart. One of the best races of the year.

Junior Standing Singles:

1st heat

Grayling 1st
Chadwick

Hecuba 2nd
Chisholm

Squanny 3rd
Billings

Pink 4th
Brooks

time: 4.29

Chadwick pulled ahead right away, rounding Pickerel first. Brooks encountered trouble in keeping his boat from running in circles

2nd heat

Hecuba 1st
Moller

Squanny 2nd
Carey

Grayling 3rd
Hamlen W.

Pink 4th
Hamlen F.

time: 4.21

An even start, Squanny lagging a bit, and Hecuba a bit ahead, on way out. Both boats rounded Pickerel, with the other two using the stake-boat. A great race in, with less than a length at the finish. The Pink upset at the end, which the spectators suspected of being a put-up job.

3rd heat

Squanny 1st
Lynes

Grayling 2nd
Zahner R.

Hecuba 3rd
Tappan

Pink 4th
Peabody

time: 4.06 1/2

Peab. had a difficult time starting, owing to a controversy with the mooring ropes. Lynes looked swell from the start; rounded stake boat first, with Zahner 2nd, round Pickerel. Lynes won by a long shot, making the shortest time of the day so far.

Peanut Doubles.(sitting)

Hecuba first
Ross
Meyer T.

Squanny - tie - Pink
Henderson
Meyer W.

Dorman
Danforth

time: 4.53 1/2

Danforth and Dorman, the dark horses, immediately took the lead, with the Hecuba pressing them closely. The Squanny started very badly, but came up fast. Almost a triple tie at the turn, the Hec managed to nose out a lead on the way back, and the other two boats made it a dead heat.

Senior Standing Singles.

1st heat

Grayling 1st
Abbot

Hecuba 2nd
Thomson

time: 3.42

Squanny
Trimingham 3rd

Pink 4th
Zahner H.

2nd heat

Pink 1st
Hamlen J.

Grayling 2nd
Garland P.

Hecuba 3rd
Hall

time: 4.07

Thomson, in the Hec. showed perfect form, while Abbot's stroke was a short vicious chop, somewhat like Trimingham's. Thomson was first, rounding the stake boat, but Abbot's beautiful turn gained him several yards. The two raced in neck and neck, with the Squanny not far behind, but lacking the strength to catch them. A few rods from the finish Thomson lost his balance, and recovered too late to make up the distance. A beautiful race.

Garland made open water on the outgoing leg, but a bad turn put him back neck and neck with Joe Hamlen, who was using a very steady stroke. The Grayling made another bid for the lead, but about fifty yards from bhe finish Garland blew up, and the Pink finished an easy first, with the Hec a slow but sure third.

3rd heat

Hecuba 1st	Squanny 2nd	Pink 3rd
Garland K.	Webb	Gifford

time: 3.43 1/2

Gifford looked good at the start, but the Hec held open water on the other two before she was half-way out to Pickerel. Webb, who was trailing, came up on Gifford round the turn, and finished just ahead of him.

Finals: Junior standing singles.

Squanny 1st	Pink 2nd	Grayling 3rd	Hecuba 4th
Lynes	Chadwick	Moller	Zahner R.

time:4.14 3/5

Zahner was let into the finals, even though he was second in his own heat because the time was so much faster than the others. Lynes got off to a terrible start, but forged ahead to first place before the buoy. Moller rounded the buoy second, but was passed on the way back, to come in a close third, with Zahner lagging badly.

Peanut Rangeleys.

Terror 1st	Erebus 2nd	Identical 3rd	Williwaw 4th	Yammer. 5th
Ross	Henderson	Danforth	Meyer W.	Meyer T.

Pantasote 6th
Dorman
time; 1.44 1/2

It took rather a long time to start this race - in fact a very long time - in fact simply ages - but at last they were lined up, The race was only from Pickerel in, but it was plenty long enough for a collision between the Pantasote and the Yammerschooner. Ross displayed undoubted ability at the oars, and came in fast, leading Greg Henderson by half-a length, with Danforth a very close third.

Junior Sitting Doubles.

Squanny (disqualified)	Grayling 1st	Pink 2nd
Billings	Chisholm	Hamlen W.
Zahner R.	Hamlen F.	Chadwick

time: 3.42 1/2

This was an excessively complicated race. First the Arklet of the Pathe News, got in the way. Then, when this menace had been removed Zahner & Co. fouled Chadwick and Hamlen W. and were disqualified, so there were only two boats left to round the buoys and race in, Chisholm and Hamlen F. winning with a strong finish.

Junior Sitting Doubles, 2nd heat.

Hecuba 1st	Squanny 2nd	Pink (capsized)
Lynes	Peabody	Tappan
Brooks	Carey	Moller

time: 3.42 1/2

This was a straight race, the Hecuba leading from the start. Almost at the end Tappan succeeded in falling out of his canoe, leaving Ken Mobler to paddle her in alone. For some unknown reason Peabo managed to fall out too, but this was after the race, so didn't count against the Squanny.

Finals, Senior Standing Singles.

Abbot, in the Squanny 1st   Garland K., Pink 2nd,   Thomson in Hec. 3rd
Hamlen J. 4th, in Grayling   time: 3.40

Thomson got out ahead by a very little soon after the start, with Chris Garland looking very good, and rounding the buoy into first place, with an expert turn. Thomson lost ground badly, as did Hamlen, and Abbot put on a terrific spurt at the finish, to win handily.

Junior Sitting Doubles, Finals.

Hecuba 1st	Grayling 2nd	Pink 3rd
Lynes	Chisholm	Hamlen W.
Brooks	Hamlen F.	Chadwick

time: 3.26

The Grayling had a bad time starting, but made up in spit of it. It was not a close race, with the Hec showing by far the best form, and doing a beautiful turn, finally winning by four lengths of more.

Senior Four-paddlers.

Carrabasset 1st	Worromontogus 2nd	Abagadasset 3rd
Garland C. bow	Gifford bow	Hall bow
Chadwick	Moller	Trimmingham
Hamlen J.	Webb	Zahner H.
Abbot	Thomson	Garland P.

time: 6.34

This race was out and back twice, all three boats doing good turns at both ends, though the Carrabasset's were the best. The second time out was fraught with disaster, and there was some wide and wild paddling before the Carrabasset finally won out.

Junior Four-paddlers.

Carabasset 1st	Worromontogus 2nd	Abagadasset (capsized)
Tappan	Chisholm	Brooks
Billings	Ross	Meyer W.
Carey	Hamlen W.	Hamlen F.
Lynes	Zahner R.	Peabody

time: 6.34 1/2

This was the last, and in some respects the worst of the afternoon's races. The Abagadasset tipped over while still some way from the finish, a thing which has never happened before in a Boat and Canoe meet, as far as any one knows. Otherwise the race was fair, all three crews paddling pretty well till the Abagadasset suddenly lost all sense of rhythm or balance. The two remaining boats finished well, the Carrab. winning by a length.

While the last few races were being run off thick clouds were gathering in the sky, and by the time we were finished it was obvious that some kind of a storm was brewing, so picnic supper was eaten in the big room. In the middle of the meal, J.G.W., who had been keeping an eye on the weather, warned everyone that things had better# be collected and put under cover pretty quickly and that closed windows, and raincoats were the order if we didn't want to get soaked. Hardly had we finished our hasty putting-away and shutting-down when a full-fledged Williwaw broke, with wind and rain and thunder and lightning. Waves broke high on the monument, where the more hardy and bold were watching the storm, and two white-boats, breaking their mooring-ropes, had to be coralled and hauled up on land. The storm lasted hardly more than twenty minutes, but that was long enough for every one to forget the half-finished supper, and so instead of returning to it, the Doctor told one of his wonderful yarns, which kept camp occupied till it was time for bed. More Blackcock for the elders - good,but inclined to slush in unexpected and lengthy places, which with our hard-hearted and unsentimental audience, doesn't go over very well.

* * * *

Friday, August 2nd
Bar: 29.59
Temp: 75
Wind: West.

A wonderful day, with the wind blowing to beat the band. All morning long various members of the faculty were trying out the cyclometer, or whatever it is, and clocking the wind at a higher speed each time. By lunch time it was almost canoe-test, and at three, after a short lull, the figures showed nearly 22 M.P.H. All thse who wished to try the test immediately rushed for bathing-suits, paddles, and canoes, and while the rest of Camp watched or worked in the Shop, they went at it, two at a time.

D.P.P. was the first to embark, using the Squanny, and going round in fine form. He had some difficulty on the second leg, getting blown too far down wind, and in jumping overboard, near the float, he also had quite a bit of trouble, having to try twice before he got back into the boat, and brought her in quite full of water.

R.A.L. started out while D.P.P. was still om the second leg, taking the Hecuba, heaviest of the two-paddlers. He encountered a heavy sea right from the start, which foiled him for twenty minutes, finally rolling him over before he made Pickerel Rock. He was rescued by Pickers-up C.W.3rd and Hall, and before he could take another crack at it the wind died.

Meanwhile W.H.B. and H.H.W. set out in the Squanny and the Hec. Both of them passed quite easily, with few outstanding moments of tension on the way. The Doctor kept up to windward in a foxy way, and thus did not have any difficulty at all rounding Pickerel, and although a few outsize waves slopped into the boat he came in comparatively dry. H.H.W. shortened up on his paddle, and in spite of drifting to leeward a bit on the first leg, he too came through with flying colors.

The wind looking milder now, it was measured and found to have fallen below the limit, so the ather tests were postponed indefinitely, and a spur-of-the -moment soccer battle was started. For all of twenty minutes the game continued, and then was called, when the wind suddenly made up its mind to come back, and blew harder than ever.

At twenty minutes past four I. De F., first candidate of the second batct, started in the Squanny. His was a difficult canoe-test; he started by going to leeward badly in a ferocious puff on the way to Pickerel. Once this was overcome, things went comparatively smoothly until the third leg, when he started having a poor time once more, and was forced to change his position in the boat to keep from being swamped. The jumping-in was neatly done, but before he could make the final landing, a vicious gust carried him down to a perilous position among the Rangeley eggs, from which he extricated himself with skill.

The next two people, J.B. and P.C. were not so successful. P.C. took the Pink, which promptly rolled over on him before he had had a fair start, so, after dumping her, he tried again with not much better luck. He passed the first two legs of the triangle, and was making the second turn, when a tricky wave caught him unawares, and he went down for a second ducking. Meanwhile, J.B. in the Squanny was progressing at a great rate, but looking pretty wobbly. Once he lost his balance and recovered none too soon, and shortly after he had turned round Pickerel a big lump of water climbed in over the stern and settled itself lovingly behind him, which, sinking to the gunwales, still managed to stay right side up till the rescuers came.

Next came Johnny Abbot and Peter Garland, the first in the Pink, the second in the Squanny. Abbot was slow but good, and made the rounds without mishap. Twice on the home stretch his hands were forced to the gunwales to keep from rolling over, but he came through with flying colors, and did a beautiful jump at the end. Peter Garland didn't have quite the same zip on the first leg, so that he had to take much longer, and, unfortunately just as he rounded Pickerel and was squaring away on the second lap the wind was discovered to be below par again, so he was forced to give it up, and come in after getting half-way.

Whether from having passed the canoe-test, or having loafed all the afternoon, almost every one felt very full of prunes this evening, so there were violent Games on the Hill, from which were derived one black eye and much pleasure, and as direct result, there was a swim for every one before going to bed.

We forgot to say that today came a new and very welcome member to join Camp for the rest of the summer: Dick Webb's beautiful Golden Retriever Checkmate. He arrived this morning, via the train and Chas's truck, all done up in a box, and since then has been officiating at squads, swim, canoe test, and Games on the Hill; after all of which he retired to his sleeping quarters in the Tutorium, put to bed by a host of ardent admirers.

Saturday, August 3rd
Bar: 29.60
Temp: 76
Wind: very light, N.W.

A lovely, calm, uneventful day. The morning was per usual, with rehearsals for tonight's show cutting in somewhat on squads, and on a most luxurious swim. A party of mountaineers was sent off early, getting away at nine-thirty according to schedule. Tumbledown was their destination, and according to the reports they gave on their return, it was a perfect success. Arriving at the foot by quarter of twelve, they decided that it was too early to eat there, so lugged their basket of food up with them and ate high up near the summit. Afterwards they clambered around over the rocks, not scaling the highest peak, but taking in both the others. On descending they met a party of people lugging a number of enormous packs up the steepest part of the mountain, who looked as if they might be going to spend the week-end there, but no other wild life was sighted, and they reached the bottom without adventure, pulling in to Camp a few minutes late for supper. Here is a list of those hardy and bold mountaineers:

D.P.P.
W.H B.
Lynes (official guide)
Gifford
Thomson
Hall
Peabody
Carey
Billings
Meyer W.

As to the rest of Camp, there was shell navigation for some in the afternoon, and go-as-you- please for others, which meant either boat-building or making sausage machines. Along about five o'clock arrived

for a few days' visit, and was immediately plunged into the pre-Sing-Song Maelstrom, which was even wilder and woollier than usual, owing to the absence of R.B.C. who is one of its chief props and stays, and who is even now smoothing at a wedding at Little Boar's Head. However, at quarter of eight promptly the horn was blown, and the audience was seated, and so began our

FIFTH SING SONG
program

Chopsticks - - - - - - - - - - - - - L.E.W. & B.C.

Twentieth Century Sausages - - - - C.W.& Cast

General John - - - - - - - - - - - - L.E.W.2nd and Cast

Choruses

Helen of Troy, a drama - - - - - - Prefects et al.

(owing to the lateness of the hour the Camp song
was omitted at the end)

Chopsticks, very elegantly rendered, was the appropriate and traditional introduction to the evening's performance. Much praise is due both ladies, who were unaware that they were elected until about sixteen and a quarter minutes before eight.

"Twentieth Century Sausages" proved to be a terrible drama in which Dunderback, that dreadful villain (C.W.3rd) was the inventor of a machine which would make sausages out of anything. The first scene was at the meeting of the directors of a large Pig-product Company, with C.W.3rd as the President, and Webb and Chadwick as members of the board, all sampling sausages, which were evidently not up to their standards. Foul play was immediately suspected, and the great detective(we forget his mame) was called in (J.B.). He tasted three samples with the following verdicts: no.1, catsmeat, no 2 collie dog, and horrid to relate, no3 human! At once all four men set out to track the villain, laying a careful net to catch him in, while secretary R.W. took notes for them.

The second act was a street scene. A door across the way opened and a sweet old lady (again R.W.) put the cat out for an airing. All seemed serene as she closed the door, but hardly had she gone in when a strange sinister figure swooped down on the cat and carried it away to its doom. The lady a few moments later stuck her head out, and finding no pussy called policeman Holler, but alas, the poor cat was far away, and they were powerless to find it.

The third and last scene was within the gruesome workshop where Dunderback, and his unwilling wife were slowly converting cages full of cats and mice and dogs and rabbits into sausages. A rap at the door - it is opened - four men enter, bearing a stretcher - Dunderback chuckles - the contents of the stretcher is dumped upon the floor - nothing less than a horrid human corpse - or so thinks Dunderback, but a wink on the side shows it to be none other than the great detective, very much alive, who stealthily awaits the moment when the villain turns to his diabolical machine, and then, aided by the stretcher-bearers, who are none other than the members of the Pig-Products board, he springs upon Dunderback, and amid the shrieks of that unhappy man, forces him into his own machine - the bell rings, the crank turns, a stream of symmetrical sausages pours forth from the spout - thus ends Dunderback, and thus ends this gripping drama.

'General John' came next. This is a very old timer, but this year's Camp was new to it, and it went very well, with Trimmy and Joe Hamlen as the General and Full-private James respectively, and Ross and Peter Meyer making a magnificent army, and Dorman as the color-bearer(blue and white, proving to be, on closer inspection, a YALE banner).

After a number of choruses from the Groton Song-Book the curtains opened on that thrilling drama, 'Helen of Troy'. This also has been done before, so we will not go into detail, merely hitting the high spots. In the first scene J.B. made a charming and ethereal Helen, with W.H.B. as a stern Menelaus. Pretty soon he went off to a board-meeting, and in bounded Paris, and he and Helen flew the coop.

The chorus now appeared C.W.3rd and J.B, two Grecian Elders, and introduced us to the next scene, which was the battle between Hector(I.De F) and Achilles (H.H.W.) This was a ferocious scene, with Hector dying hard almost under the feet of the audience, while the pansy Paris poked his head out round a convenient corner to watch the fray. Here ended the show, except for the beautiful and exquisitely renderad epilogue, which showed Menelaus taking Helen home, singing to her in a voice fraught with emotion, as he gracefully propelled a moab across the stage with a paddle.

Sunday, August 4th
Bar: 29.47
Temp: 75
Very calm.

Today for the third Sunday in a row the tribes turned out for Scouting. Otherwise the day was uneventful, so we will begin at three or thereabouts, with the braves already setting out to their respective territories. Since late in the morning it had been a toss-up between Scouting and Baseball, every one hoping for the former, but fearing that it would be too calm. The powers that be even went so far as to make up two lists in case of a last-minute scange in plans. Everybody, even the sleepiest, was delighted when the list was finally posted, in spite of the warmness of the day, and the almost complete calm which made any motion audible for miles around.

The day started slowly, the only creatures doing much business being the hordes and swarms and armies of ants and mosquitoes which flew and raced over motionless forms among the sweetfern and munched on tortured but impotent ankles and wrists. The first game was uneventful, the only untoward happening being the cold-blooded shooting down of an Iroquois, by a fellow tribesman on the grounds of insubordination. The Algonquins played the more cautious game of the two, and thus succeeded in keeping more under cover, and losing only nine men to their opponents' ten, thus bringing the score from one to two games ahead.

The second game went to the Iroquois by a large margin, much to the fury of Ted Pitman, who was a bare ten feet from the goal when "All In" was called. The Iroquois rated fourteen shots, besides one murder, to the Gonks' measly seven, and had the day been windier, would doubtless have scored heavily.

The last game was a grim one, with splendid guarding on both sides, and big doings which came so near materializing into scores that it really wasn't funny. In the South East corner Guard Ross saved the day for the

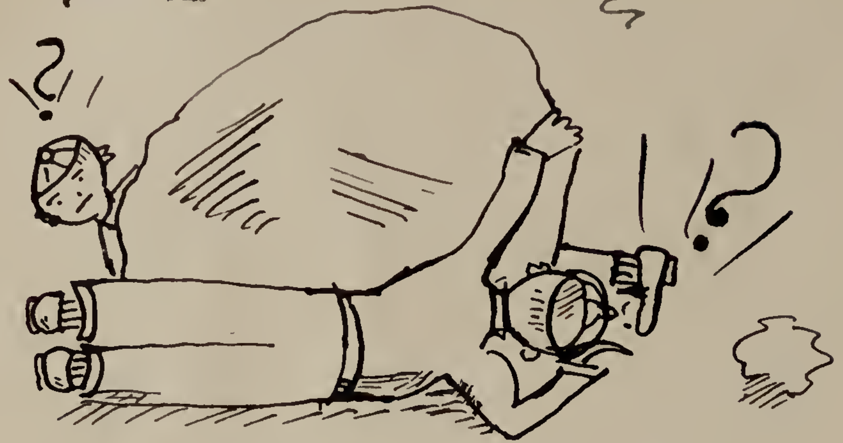
ALGONQUINS

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
R.B.C.	✓	✓	✓	✓	●	✓	✓	✓	✓
C.W.³	✕	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✕	●●	✓
J.B.	✓	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓	✓	●	✓
P.C.	✕	✓	✓	✕	●	✓	✕	●	✓
L.E.W.	✓	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓	✓	●	✓
Billings	✕	●●●	✓	✓	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓
Chadwick	✓	✓	✓	✕	●	✓	✕	✓	✓
Danforth	✓	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Dorman	✓	●●	✓	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓
Hall	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Hamlen, F.	✓	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓	✓	●●	✓
Hamlen, J.	✓	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Hamlen, W.	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓
Lynes	✕	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	●	✓
Meyer, T.	✕	●	✓	✕	●	✓	✕	✓	✓
Meyer, W.	✓	●	✓	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓
Pitman	✓	✓	✓	✓	●●●	✓	✕	✓	✓
Ross	✓	⊙	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	●	✓
Thomson	✕	●●	✓	✕	✓	✓	✕	●	✓
Trimingham	✓	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓	✕	●⊙	✓
Webb	✕	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓
	9	10	0	14	7	0	12	12	0

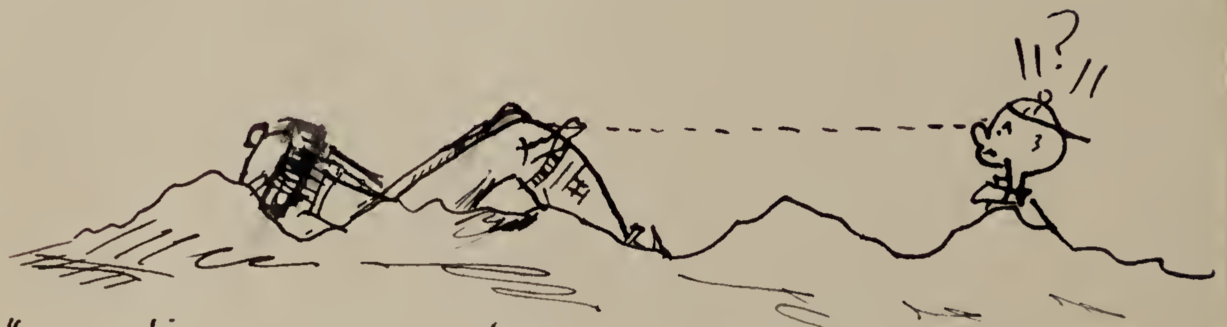
IROQUOIS

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
R.A.L.	✓	●	✓	✕	●●●●	✓	✓	✓	✓
W.H.B.	✕	✓	✓	✕	☠●	✓	✕	✓	✓
D.P.P.	✓	☠	✓	✕	●	✓	✕	✓	✓
H.H.W.	✓	●	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	●●	✓
I. DeF.	✕	●	✓		●		✓	●●	✓
B.C.	✕	●	✓	✓	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓
R.W.	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Abbot	✕			✓	✓	✓	✕	●●	✓
Brooks	✕	●	✓	✕	●	✓	✕	●	✓
Carey	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓
Chisholm	✕	●	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Garland, K.	✕	●	✓	✓	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓
Garland, P.	✓	✓	✓	✓	●●●	✓	✕	✓	✓
Gifford	✓	●	✓	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓
Henderson	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✕	●	✓
Moller		●		✓	●●	✓	✓	●●	✓
Peabody	✕	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	●	✓
Tappan	⊗	✓	✓	✕	●	✓	✕	✓	✓
Zahner, H.	✕	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓
Zahner, R.	✓	✓	✓	⊗	✓	✓	✓	●	✓
	11	10	0	8	15	0	12	12	0

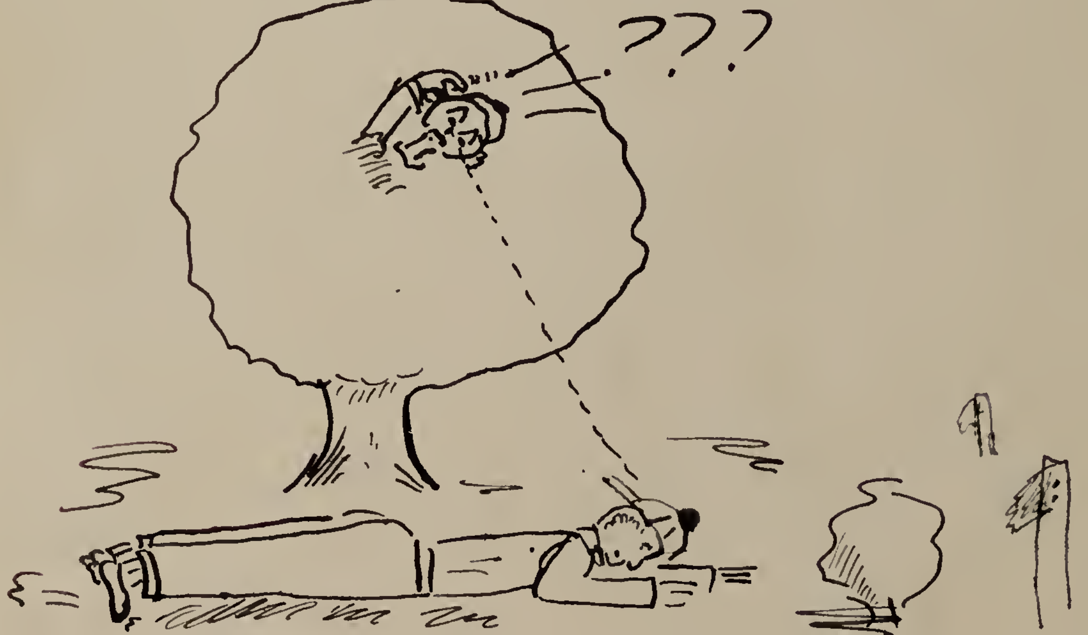
Scouting



"Who the Sam Hill?!!"



"scouting, as seen from The 'Boneyard'."



"The guard is 'up in the air'!" !!!

HL.

Algonquins by nabbing Peter Garland in the act of snatching a run. Peter had slipped through the clutches of both Rover J.B. and East-ridge guard Hall, and was literally within three yards of the line, when trooper Ross shot him in the back, just as "All In" was called.

At the same identical moment the Algonquin hopes for the winning run were crushed in the bud as L.E.W., covering the last thirty feet on the dead run, stuck her hoof in a gopher hole, and was down for the count. So the day ended in a glorious, yet bitterly contested tie, with twelve dead on each side, no murders, no stray shots.

The games were ecxeptionally slow today, due chiefly to the calm; and also due to the calm,ears were brought prominently into the field of play in that one could hear any movement(of persons-not ears) among the dry leaves. One thing we forgot to mention,that was the near-tragedy of Billings, who, while guarding in a pine tree on the North side of the Boneyard, took a header out of said tree, much to the horror and consternation of those gathered on the hill-top. A branch gave way under him, and as he crashed through layer after layer of twigs and dead boughs, it looked as if a dustpan would be needed to pick up the pieces, but on finally coming to earth, much to every one's relief, he got up, shook himself, and lit out for the woods before the lurking enemy could spot him.

Picnic supper was held on the Point, where the last details of the afternoon were hashed and rehashed, and then, having watched eight loons and a girls' camp paddling about in the distance, we all went back for Hymns, which turned out, in spite of a desperate feeling on the part of the pickers-out, to be the best we have had so far this year.

Monday, August 5th
Bar: 29.64
Temp: 70
Wind: S.E.
Forecast: rain all morning, clearing in afternoon.

A horrid drizzly day, the first of its kind in ages. The wind refused to budge, and contrary to the weather man's prediction, the rain continued until evening. This morning was marked by the inauguration of an egg-nogg squad, for the lean and lanky ones, a measure which up till now has been omitted, owing to the fact that this summer has seen a crowd mainly desirous of losing rather than gaining, in which the chubby ones by far outnumbered the skinny.

The afternoon was perfect for soccer, and a large concourse of the braver gentry turned out to join sides with the Royal North-west Mounted Police and the Ontario Bobbies in a fierce and muddy fray, while the less damply inclined employed their time and skill in the yards of Geo. Lawley Inc.

If there was ever any doubt concerning the superiority of the method of the N.W.M.P. over that of the plain cop, as exemplified by the Ontario Bobbies, that doubt was definitely dispelled in the Canadian Soccer game held today. The rival arms of the law numbered the following among their ranks:

R.N.W.M.P.	Ontario Bobbies
J.B.	R.A.L.
Pitman	R.B.C.
W.H.B.	I. De F.
P.C.	H.H.W.
Zahner R.	Abbot
Lynes	Hamlen W.
Garland K.	Webb
Garland P.	Meyer W.
Hall	Zahner H.
Meyer T.	Gifford
Thomson	Chadwick

On the forces of the red-coated sleuths was a military surgeon, who, aside from following his own profession with consummate skill, showed his mates thatt he could also getbhis man along with the best of them.

Four times he sneaked up on the criminals and deftly snagged them before they were aware of what was happening. Two on the first day he brought home to his chief, and two more in as many days, while the poor Bobbies were staring amazedly at his dexterity. His name was Blodgett, and only a private, but reports from Ottowa Headquarters have been made public, and the Merryweather Press is proud and happy to announce that he has been decorated with a distinguished service cross, and also has been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant. His bunkie, a new rookie just enrolled on the force, Pitman by name, brought home two terrifically rough, dirty scoundrels on the last day of the competition. The Bobbies protested his methods, but the Governor-General turned a deaf ear.

Only one lone and weary copper was quick enough to catch a criminal. On the first day a bank-robber slipped stealthily up a back alley, avoided the red-coated detectives, and ran square into the arms of Big Bobbie Little and was dragged whimpering to the station. The awfulness of the situation struck the local blue-coats with full force with but a minute left to play, but in spite of much rushing around, many turnings of the wheels of their minds, and frantic concentration on one poor limping, renegade convict, the law could not lay its hands on him.

The men in blue retired sorrowfully to their beats, pounding their great flat feet wearily along the pavements, thinking of their one measly rat behind the bars, while the red-coated agents of the law danced in raucous frenzy about their six fierce, child-slaughtering, woman-beating, murderous criminals, who would soon be in contact with the hot seat.

The evening showed only faint signs of clearing, and every one disported themselves within-doors at various and sundry games. For those who did not consider it too childish there was a hilarious game of "Going to Jerusalem" to the tune of C.W.3rd's accordion. After that there was a monster game of "Boston" which seems to be a prime favorite this year, and then we had some songs from the Camp Song Book. Mrs. Wiggins played for us and we sang the Song of the Ouananiche and the Chowder Song and lots of other favorite ones, which we have not been able to have so far this year owing to the dearth of box-bangers.

arrived at about quarter of nine, having driven up from Boston in record time. He is going to stay till Wednesday and earn his board and keep by doing all the things that nobody else has got around to doing yet, such as mending roofs and doing time-trials round Hoyt's Island.

In spite of a North East wind the day improved by leaps and bounds from a morning of threatening showers to an afternoon so balmy that by three-fifteen or so a bevy of Busches was cavorting round the Ball-park in one of the epics of the century.

Tuesday, August 6th
Bar: 29.84
Temp: 69
Wind: N.E.

Busch-League Ball

Ze Right Busch		Ze Wrong Busch
C.W.2nd	p.	Hamlen J.
I. De F.	c.	P.C.
D.P.P.	1.	J.B.
Lynes	2.	Abbot
Pitman	3.	C.W.3rd
R.B.C.	s.s.	Hamlen W.
Thomson	l.f.	Gifford
Chadwick	c.f.	H.H.W.
Zahner R.	r.f.	Moller

Owing to the terrific amount of verbal slamming and banging and to the constant seething turmoil of mangled decisions and scores and plays this game would foil the most ardent writer-upper. By the time this effort is through at least two great minds will have put themselves to work over it and even then we hesitate to say how accurate it will be.

Ze Right Busch turned out to be one of the strongest clubs ever to face opposition on the diamond, with an especially imported twirler, and

and a battery of ferocious sluggers. Ze Wrong Busch obviously were inferior from the first pitched ball. They tried to cover their errors by protesting every decision of the umpire that went against them. They even resorted to clapping and booing (which may we say was paid back in kind) in vain attempts to heckle the great Right Busch Slabster. Ze Wrong Busch used two twirlers but neither was able to stem the slugfest, as the final score so clearly indicates.

Ze Right Busch took their raps first, and in short order mashed the busch-league pitcher, Hamlen J., and before that bewildered gentleman could recover five men had completed the circuit. In the next half of the inning the Right Busch pitcher showed his stuff and only four men faced him. One of the highlights was the complete baffling of J. Hamlen while running home, by the amazingly speedy throws between short-stop and catcher.

But he recovered sufficiently to hold the next batters to but one lone run, and that because of a sacrifice and a steal plus a ball through the catcher. Ze Wrong Busch made it hot for all concerned during the next half-inning and C.W.3rd reached home with a good hit and a couple of sloppy throws on the infield's part.

With men on second and third the pitcher bore down and struck out three in quick succession. Not so Ze Wrong Busch - they tore into the ball, and with two away three men banged their way around to the plate before a strikeout retired the side.

The second man up in the fourth inning was passed and his teammates took advantage of the fact and batted him around to score another tally. Ze Wrong Busch were caught up short and again Hamlen J. was buffaloed between first and second.

The fifth was mild, Ze Rights netting two to Ze Wrongs' one tally, but the raw decisions began to fly about the sixth. To begin with, Ze Rights scooped themselves four fat runs, two of them two-baggers, Out from under Dr. Hamlen's nose. Then Ze Wrongs went in for three, their scoring streak being stopped by a barehanded catch on the part of visiting busch C.W.2nd. The underdogs began to snarl about this time, and it was only by the greatest effort of magnanimity on the part of Ze Rights that the game was kept from splitting into smithereens right then.

The seventh, reverently observed by the faithful grandstands, was comparatively silent, also scoreless, but the lid was off again in the eighth, with three for Ze Rights and one for Ze Wrongs. Anobher verbal fracas nearly spoiled the picture over a close decision by Ump. Wood, but they staggered on into the ninth, though the game was well into its third hour. Here came the climax, when, after two Rights had waltzed home with small but neat hits, Right Busch Bitman clouted P.C's pellet for a circuit shot, sending in a man ahead of him, and pooshing the score to twenty. It was all over but the shouting now, and there was nothing to do but go home. Ze Wrongs took a last desperate raps, whistling and jeering meanwhile, and managed to scrape up two runs, before the gong, thus making the score 12-20, but nothing they could do could take away from the terrific slaughter, or from the records of some of Ze bigger and better Busches, among whom there was one who went so far as to tie up the American League Record in bow knots with four doubles in an afternoon . So ended this epic battle, and the tribes hung up the buffaloe robes and went home, wending their weary way across the plains (puns not allowed) and Ze Right Busches and Ze Wrong Busches went and sank their joys and sorrows in the pond.

In the evening there were boats, the first boat night for weeks and weeks, and so ended a really perfect day.

line up	pos.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9				At bat	hits	runs	errors
Lines	4	1	2-3		K		10	3/		3/				6	2		
T.R.C.	1	2	1		7		11	3-4 E4		17					5		
[illegible]	2	3	1-3		3/		12		14	18 E8					5		
[illegible]		Pb.			8-3-5		13		3/	f1					2		
D.F.P.	3	4				8 E5			15	19				6	6		1
Pitman	5	5				9	3/		16	20				6			
Thomsen	7	3/		K		3/	f3/		E3	K				6	1		
Zahner R.	9	3/		K		3/	K		K					5	0		
Chadwick K.	8		k	K		3/		K	K					5	0		
totals		5/5	1/6	0/6	1/7	2/9	4/13	0/13	3/16	4/20	/	/	/				

h

Line-up	pos.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9				At bat	hits	runs	Errors
T.E.	2	2/	1-3		K		f6		6-3/					5	0		
H[illegible] D.	1	6		f-6	3-4/6		7		K					5	2		
D.B.	3			1-3/	E6		8		10					5	4		
[illegible]	4	K		2 E6	K		9		k					5			
C.W³	75		E5	3		6				11							
Hamkorb	6		k	4		K				90							
[illegible]	7⁵					3/		K		K							
H.H.W.	8			K		3/		K		12							
Muller			f3		5 E1		3/	3/									
Totals		/	1/1	3/4	1/5	1/6	3/9	0/9	1/10	/	/	/	/				

Wednesday, August 7th
Bar: 29.93
Temp: 67
Wind: light N.W.

Today the sky being clear and the sun not too hot a Ouani shuttle was started, going across to the Mills and from there to Belgrade where it turned around and came back manned by a second crew, which had landed at the South end of the Pond and walked to the trysting place. The alternating crews were

No 1 going		No 2 coming	
R.B.C.		C.W.3rd	
Hall	J.B.	I. De F.	H.H.W.
Trimingham	Zahner H.	Garland K.	Garland P.
Gifford	Lyneson	Hamlen J.	Hamlen W.
Chadwick	Brooks	Peabody	Webb
P.C.	Abbot	Tappan	Thomson
L.E.W.		J.C.P.	

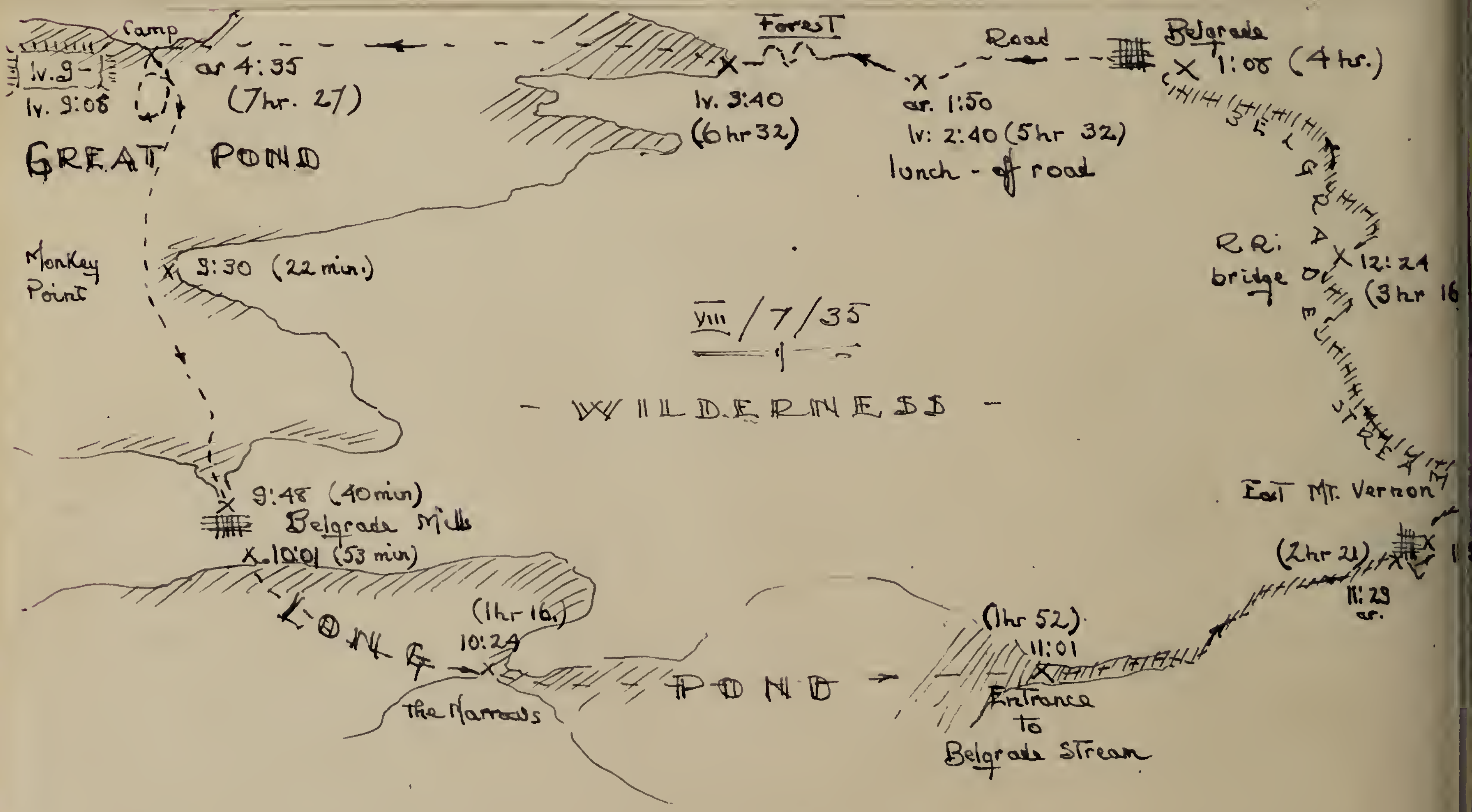
The first half of the expedition set sail in a most efficient fashion, bidding a fond farewell to those who were left behind. Little did they think to meet so soon again, but a scant four minutes had elapsed before the Ouani hove along side the float once more, to the raucous accompaniment of boos, hisses and jangling of bells. Who it was that made the error we cannot say, but alack, the entire crew had departed without a thought of food, with which to stave off starvation in the wilds of Belgrade. The food was produced, in suspiciously large quantities, and on investigation, proved to be largely rocks; a painful scene ensued, but finally the noble ship put out to sea once more, this time sufficiently supplied. The Mills were reached without adventure and the Daddy Long-legs who had traveled with the explorers from his home in the Ouani shed, was safely deposited on dry land. Hardly had the canoe been lugged ashore when there materialized a large and efficient party of young men of the chosen people, who kindly helped to carry her across to Long Pond. Having thanked their Semitic succorers they once more embarked, and paddled down Long Pond before a light but favoring wind. No other obstacle was reached until they came to the dam at East Mount Vernon. The water was not going over the dam, which made landing, at the right-hand bank, much easier. Everything was rosy until they tried to push off, when the Ouani was discovered to be hard and fast aground. Several minutes of not-too-patient pushing, and several feet of well-scraped paint were involved before she finally unstuck, and then, in a noble spirit of altruism, skipper R.B.C. spent several minutes more in removing, for the benifit of the returning crew, the various submerged impedimenta which had foiled the getaway. Altogether more than a quarter of an hour was spent here, and the crew was already feeling the pangs of hunger when they set out on the last leg of the paddle.

During this last leg vast sums of money were won and lost, J.B. losing no less than eight hundred and thirty-two ironmen on misplaced bets about the number of corners in the stream, while R.B.C. became proportionately the richer(?). At one-eight exactly, the Ouani pulled in to the shore just above the bridge, having completed the journey in four hours flat. The mariners disembarked and made their way up to Belgrade, where a few light refreshments were purchased to help out the hard-won and still extant lunch. Then they wandered up the road, where they met the second batch of explorers, who, having left Camp at eleven, had disembarked at the South-East corner of the Pond and walked from there.

After a brief confabulation the two divisions continued on their ways, one, having eaten their lunch already, to embark for the paddle home, the other to seek a shady nook in which to masticate their viands. Such a one was discovered beside a small pond hidden among the bushes, and here the weary cohorts rested their bones and sucked their lollipops till the clock said half-past-two. Then on again into the wilds, mistaking a cow-path for a road, they stumbled through forest glens, until, after a weary hour of exploration, they suddenly found themselves upon the long-sought shore, with the rangeleys neatly tucked among the bushes.

The voyage home was a swift one, being completed in the astounding time of fifty-five minutes, with the Golden Bears beating out Cornell by a nose, and Jersey Lightning yanking the Terror home, a speedy fourth.

The second installment had a calm and unadventurous trip home. Having eaten as soon as they landed, the General Store held little or no attraction for them, and they pressed on to the Ouani, lying untouched among the bulrushes. The wind was soft, the sun was warm, and what if the Jew boys didn't condescend to help them across at the Mills, like their lucky predecessors? They didn't miss it much, and arrived, their path smoothed by those who had gone before, in time to pick up to pick up a pilot in a single to guide them grandly home from Monkey Point.


Camp
lv. 9 -
lv. 9:08
ar 4:35
(7hr. 27)
GREAT POND
Monkey Point
9:30 (22 min.)
9:48 (40 min)
Belgrade Mills
10:01 (53 min)
LONG
(1hr 16.)
10:24
The Narrows
POND
Forest
lv. 3:40
(6hr 32)
Road
ar. 1:50
lv: 2:40 (5hr 32)
lunch - of road
Belgrade
1:08 (4 hr.)
BELGRADE STREAM
R.R. bridge
12:24
(3 hr 16
East Mt. Vernon
(2hr 21)
11:29
ar.
(1hr 52)
11:01
Entrance to Belgrade Stream
VIII/7/35
- WILDERNESS -

— OUANANICHE SHUTTLE —

(Outgoing Times)

A feeling, desperate but determined, fell upon us all as the hour for Charades approached. There were those who thought it would be the path of wisdom to postpone them till the morrow, but they were outvoted, and at a quarter to eight, after a supper of soul-searching silence, the show was on.

DINOSAUR, by C.W.3rd & Co. was first. The first act held all three syllables, and the second was the word itself. The scene opened in the dining-room of a hotel or restaurant, with several tables of diners going into action over the soup, notable among them being a large and ravenous family of father, mother, and several small-fry. All went well until the door suddenly opened and a distinctly inebriated gent (J. Hamlen) staggered in. A scene of cold fury ensued, and the family walked out in a body, Ma, Pa, and a string of angry infants. Answer: sore diner.

The whole word was enacted by the Belgrade University Archeological Society, on a field trip, who unearthed an enormous bone from under a realistic pile of sofa pillows. Great excitement ensued as various eminent professors delivered weighty ultimatums, and they were about to adjourn in triumph with the bone in tow, when Farmer Ross appeared and brought down the house by telling them that it was no more nor less than the shin bone of his old cow, which he had buried there last year.

CHOPSTICKS was next on the bill, and the audience was properly mystified when R.B.C. announced that it was a word of two syllables, the first scene showing the two syllables, the second scene showing the two syllables, the third scene showing the two syllables, and the fourth scene showing the whole word.

First were disclosed two persons chopping sticks with questionable vim and vigor. The point of this was not hard to gather, the action being simple, not to say rudimentary. The next was two persons of Oriental mein using the same sticks to consume their dinner, in a truly chinese manner. Next was a scene of tragedy, where one of the diners, J.B., swallowed his chop the wrong way, and in spite of the efforts of his well-meaning oriental friends, died a horrible and gruesome death. And the climax to this well-planned sequence proved to be the funeral dirge, solemnly rendered by R.B.C. and B.C. upon the piano, making the last scene to a touching tragedy.

Last and most difficult for the minds of the distinguished audience to grasp, came NECROMANCER, by R.A.L's club. This also was a drama, in four acts, -neck - roam - answer = necromancer. The first scene had to do with a handsome prince(R.A.L.) who, in order to win the hand of his lady was forced by her father to find the fountain of youth, or else be sentenced to hang by the neck until dead.

The second scene found our hero wandering through abysmal forests, with mysterious ghostly figures leering at him from behind every tree. The third scene was the same, but before he had gone far, he looked up to see the door of the house of Merlin the Wizard. A ray of hope shone into his discouraged mind, and rushing to the door he beat loudly upon it until the great magician himself came to the door.

Within the house Merlin seated himself at a small table, and with the aid of his magic megaphone made clear the path of the young prince, and put the fountain of youth virtually within his grasp, and the final curtain closed on the two conversing in low tones together about the details of the way. This was a long charade, and no one went away to bed till almost nine, the remainder of the evening being spent in repairing the Tutorium.

We forgot to say that Mrs. Moller and her small daughter, and Miss Taylor all arrived today, bringing large supplies of delicious candy with them. They are spending the night, and were witnesses of the gorgeous productions of the evening.

Thursday, August 8th
Bar: 29.65
Temp: 69

Another lovely, calm day, warm and comparatively uneventful. At a little before swim-time a select group of hardy woodsmen set out for an overnight camping-trip to Mount Abraham. Abraham is about sixty miles from here, and they set out in two of the speediest of our magnificent string of automobiles; the Bumblebee and Diana. This mountain has not been climbed for several years and the territory around it was completely new to most if not all the members of the expedition. We expect them home tomorrow night with many tales of their adventures.

Camping Trip
Aug. 8

C. W. 3
Pitman
Carey
Garland, K.
Lynes
Zahner, R.

Bumblebee
Diana

As to the rest of Camp, it was very peaceful. Four boats put out in the afternoon armed with rods and bait and plenty of supper, to see what they could catch, which was remarkably little. The water was too calm, or the fishes were too afraid of the sunlight, or something strange, because a later expedition, leaving shortly before half-past-eight and returning an hour later, managed to collect some sixteen fish, by the light of the moon, including a fourteen-and-a-half inch bass.

Yammerschooner	Williwaw	Pantasote	Identical
I. De F.	Hall	Hamlen J.	B.C.
Peabody	Ross	Moller	Chadwick
[illegible]	Chisholm	Meyer T.	Brooks

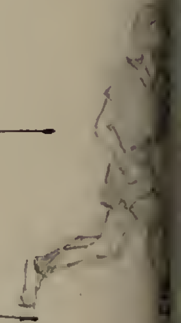
Various other gentry played Skowhegan in the woods which stretch from this side of Pine Parlor to the South border of the Scouting field. The battles were slow, only one run being scored during the afternoon, but nevertheless, from all accounts, it was a highly successful game, with seven on a side, and R.A.L. the acting Skipper. The field, which is a new one for Skowhegan, was pronounced by experts to be good, not, however, coming up to the well-worn battle-ground of the Point.

GROSVENTS

	I			II			III			IV			V			VI	VII	VIII	IX
Zahner, H.	✓	✓	✓	✓	●	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓				
Trimingham	X	●	✓	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓				
Billings	✓	●	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓				
Gifford	X		✓	✓	●	✓	✓	●	✓	✓	✓	✓	X	●	✓				
Tappan	X	●●	✓	X	●	✓	✓	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓				
Hamlen, F.	✓	✓	|	✓	✓	✓	✓	●	✓	✓	✓	✓	X	✓	✓				
Thomson	✓	●	✓	✓	●●		✓	✓	✓	✓	●●●	✓	X	✓	✓				
	3	5	1	2	5	0	1	2	0	3	3	0	4	1	0				
		W			W.			W.			T.								

NEZ-PERCÉS

	I			II			III			IV			V			VI	VII	VIII	IX
Abbot	X	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	X	●	✓	✓	●	✓				
Dorman	X	●	✓	✓	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	X	✓	✓				
Garland, P.	X	●	✓	X	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	✓	●●	✓				
Henderson	✓	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓				
Meyer, W.	X	●	✓	X	●	✓	✓	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	✓	●	✓				
Hamlen, W.	✓	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	●	✓	✓	✓	✓				
Danforth	X	✓	✓	X	●	✓	X	●	✓	✓	●	✓	✓	✓	✓				
	5	3	0	5	[illegible]	[illegible]	2	1	0	3	3	0	1	4	0				
											T.			W.					



At six-thirty all that remained of Camp adjourned to the Point for picnic supper, very jammy and pleasant. Afterwards there were boats and general go-as-you-please.

At eight-thirty arrived Mrs. Leslie B. Cutler with Roger W. Cutler Jr. and Elliott C. Cutler II to stay for a few days. She brought a huge and magnificent box of candy, into which the Half-past-niners plunged with gurgles of bliss. Today also came Mrs. Danforth and her daughter Helen to stay for the night, and , we forgot to say that shortly after lunch we said a sad goodbye to Mrs.Moller, Cynthia, and Miss Taylor, who are driving back to Boston.

"Father Brown" who proves to be a mine of wonderful stories, was trotted out again for late reading, and was much enjoyed by those who were able to stay wide enough awake to listen.

Friday, August 9th
Bar: 29.90
Therm: 68
Wind: N.N.W.

This evening saw Camp at its fullest for the summer - fifty people for supper, with the Camping trip coming back before half-past-eight, and bringing the grand total up to fifty-six. The Danforths went today, Southward bound, but to make up for their loss there arrived shortly after lunch, three of our old Campers; who we suspect will more than earn their board and keep over the week-end:

Samuel R. Payson
John A. Burnham Jr.
Maurice R. Wolcott

Later in the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick came. They are taking Ted away tomorrow morning, which makes us very sad. He is the last of the 'July boys' and what we will do without his beaming countenance it is difficult to say.

Arrivals and departures were not the only events however, for in the afternoon we had, for the second time this summer:

.. RUBBER WATER SPORTS ..

From the Press-Boat Identical the Reporters today viewed a scene of high festivity, as for the second time this summer, great and small alike gathered for the Internationally famed Water Sports under a sky of clearest blue, upon the crystal waters of Great Pond.

The waterfront presented an interesting spectacle with the many observers, and the distinguished group of contestants lining the shores and slip, and the water alive with boats of course officials and spectators.

The officials included, on the wharf, calling the events, and organizing the crews, were Mr J.G. Wiggins in his usual position of Master of Ceremonies, Mr. R.B. Cutler, Dr. W. H. Blodgett, diving expert, Mr. Joseph Bradley, and Mr Philip Cutler, as well as Mr. I. De Friez, who officiated, among other things, at the tug-of-war.

Upon the water, also in various official capacities, were Mssrs. Walcott, Payson, and Burnham, who came up today, especially to be on hand for the occasion, as well as Mr.Roger Cutler, Mr.David Powell of Omaha, Mr. R.A.Little, and, sight-seeing from their yacht, were Mrs. Cutler and son Eric Cutler.

Conspicuous by his absence was Mr. Carles Wiggins 3rd, whose missing from the cheering section of the University was noted by all, and caused unwonted quiet in moments of stress.

A new feature today was the all-feminine Press-Boat, the power being provided by two members of North Belgrade's sub-deb world, Miss Betsy Cabot and Miss Rosalind Wiggins.

FIRST EVENT OF THE AFTERNOON.
Thrilling hand-paddled rangeley races

Four ships, with crews of six men each competed in the first race of the meet. Many thrills were provided as the Terror, capt. Hall, went Berserk and rushed from one side of the course to the other. Half-way down the stretch from the Point she collided with one of the other boats but no serious damage was done, and neither was diqqualified. The finish was closest between the Williwaw and the Yammerschooner, who came in third and fourth respectively, with only a half a length between them. The time was the fastest clocked this year, that of the last race having been omitted.

Pantasote 1st		Terror 2nd
Abbot		Hall
Zahner H.		Gifford
Moller		Danforth.
Meyer T.		Peabody
Webb	time: 1.45	Hamlen F.
Dorman		Chadwick

Williwaw 3rd	Yammerschooner 4
Thomson	Garland P.
Tappan	Trimingham
Hamlen J.	Chisholm
Henderson	Meyer W.
Ross	Billings
Brooks	Hamlen W.

RANGELEY TUG OF WAR (same crews)

The first tug-of-war was between the Williwaw and the Yammerschooner. The Williwaw won in a hard-fought battle, in which a mooring rope was involved for part of the time.

The second tug was less good, the Terror becoming skittish and retiring behind the corner of the float, thus giving the fight to the Pantasote.

DIFFICULT BOW-PADDLING

One of the most difficult, not to say dangerous, races of the day was the bow-paddling race, among four of the most expert canoe-men present. Tiny Thomson, noted Duluth athlete succeeded in making more complete revolutions than any of the others, but his career was cut short in mid-whirl by an upset. The three remaining entrants managed to cross the line, Jersey John Hall coming in third, but managing bigger and better revolutions than his opponents.

Recuba 1st	Squanny 2nd	Pink 3rd
Abbot	Garland	Hall

Grayling(did not finish)
Thomson

NEW FEATURE BLINDFOLD RACING

Excitement was keen as six Rangeleys one of them the hurriedly-deserted Press-Boat, were lined up North of the float, aimed for Pickerel, with instructions to pull off the blindfolds when they thought they were at or near the rock. The winner would be the one to come nearest the goal. The following oarsmen started:

Williwaw	Pantasote	Erebus
Billings	Hamlen W.	Brooks
Yammer.	Identical	Terror
Danforth	Tappan	Ross

Tappan, first to start, immediately headed for Philip Mountain, and kept to that course till stopped in the middle of the lake by the referees. Billings and Danforth also started North, the latter however turning more and more to the right, to make a complete circle before he ended up somewhere this side of Pine Parlor. Barney Ross chose to be original, and whooped it up to the Point, which he was prevented from denting only by the megaphone's roar. Hamlen W. supplied the most colorful idea of direction, going in a complete circle from right to left, and passing under the diving board without knowing it, ending where he began, about thirty feet North of the float. Brooks was the only one to head for Pickerel from the start, and won easitl, coming within twenty feet or so of the flag.

This was one of the most interesting contests of the afternoon, the spectators being held silent with excitement.

TILTING

There were four rounds of tilting today, ranging from very slow to some of the speediest there has been at all.

First came a long-drawn-out battle; Trimingham and Hamlen W. in the Squanny v.s. Webb and Meyer W. in the Pink. Near the beginning of the titanic struggle Meyer was dismasted, but rose again to the occasion. Once the Hamlen baton was snagged securely between the Meyer legs, but he managed to rescue it before Meyer could get in the deciding poke. Yet again Meyer sank to the bottom of the boat, and then a third, and even a fourth time before, after the apalling time of seven minutes the decision was given to the Squanny.

Garland P. and Moller(Pink) next tackled Abbot and Chisholm in the Squanny Moller was down - Chicholm was down, both were down, but Cheese was out too so the fight went to the Pink in 32 sec

Gifford & Chadwick(Squanny) and Zahner H. & Tappan (Pink) now engaged, a fight which was interrupted by the Squanny drifting down among the eggs, and before they had really engaged a second time, a long shot from Tappan turned ship and crew over into the drink.

The last fight was short but sweet, Hamlen J. and Billings in the Pink, against Thomson and Brooks in the Squanny. Joe started very slowly, the opposition meeting him on his own starting line, and knocking Billings out of the boat with one well-directed biff.

(Rubber Water Sports cont. on next page)

MOAB RADES

The Moab races were run today in four preliminary heats, two semi finals and the finals.

The first entrants were Hamlen F. and Chisholm. Hamlen almost jumped the gun, but Cheese made up for it by winning in the record-smashimg time of 43 sec.

Meyer T. had no trouble licking Henderson, crossing the finish in half ~~Greg's~~ time, three fifths of a second slower than Chisholm. Moller and Meyer W. had a close race, both sinking before the end, but Meyer got it, having sunk last.

Peabody and Trimingham, the hope of Bermuda, staged the worst race yet. Trimmy fell out, and Peabo crept across the line in 65 1/2 sec

The first semi-final, Chisholm v.s Henderson was a thriller. Greg was ahead, but could not keep the pace and Chisholm finished in 45 sec. three lengths ahead.

Meyer was polished off by Peabody who showed better time: 57 sec. Bill managed not to upset, but only by the skin of his teeth.

The finals came, with Chisholm the five to one favorite. The first start was bad, Cheese immediately submerging, but a second try saw him covering the course in more than his old form, Easily beating the slow Groton entry in 40 seconds flat.

DIVERS DIVERS

The last event of the afternoon, and the most distinguished. Hamlen J. Hall Zahner H. Danforth, Webb and Henderson all competed, displaying some of the best diving the country has ever witnessed.

The required dives were: Swan, Jack, and Back, with an optional dive at the end, and the privilege of substituting another dive for any of the above. The main restriction was that the divers should call their dives in order that mystification of the judges should not take place.

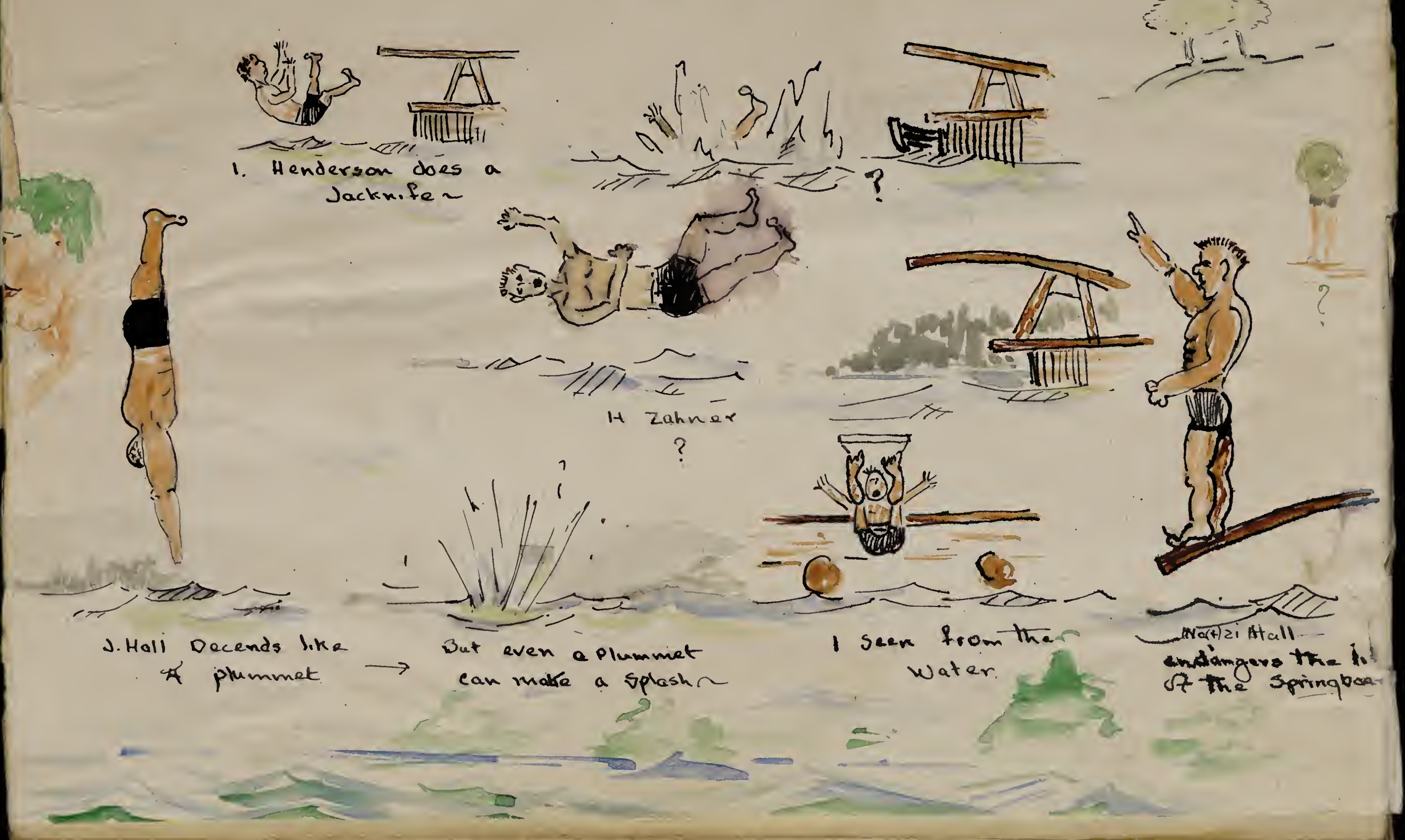
Hall won the Swan dive, with 5 points out of a possible ten, mainly on his dignified approach. He also won the Jack, not because he did a Jack, but because, as luck would have it, he was the only contestant to hit the water head first.

Zahner, who came second with 4 points on each of these, now crashed through with a cool eight on the Back dive. Hall was brave, and won 5 points on that alone while Hamlen J. scraped up a complimentary two.

The optional dives included back, front flip, gainor, board spanker; at least so they were called. Henderson won this on a front flip, with Danforth's 'front flip' second, and the others placing very low, Webb even falling off with a flat zero. Zahner won the day - 18 points Hall was second with 17 and Henderson third with 15.

DIVING

A New Event in Our
RUBBER SPORTS (WATER)



1. Henderson does a Jacknife~

?

H Zahner
?

J. Hall Decends like A plummet →

But even a Plummet can make a Splash~

I seen from the Water.

Na(t)zi Hall
endangers the li
of the Springboa

(Friday, Aug. 9 cont)

Tonight came the long-expected Intelligence Test, administered by J.G.W. and R.B.C. to a scholarly group of people which included boys, faculty and guests. The final ratings ranged all the way from I.De F!s 92 down to the Meyer Bros. who managed to scrape up twenty-six points between them. We have here collected ten of the best answers of the evening, which were many and various.

Question:	Answer:
How old are: Mrs. Powell; R.B.C,?	68, 37
What does R.S.V.P. mean?	Roosevelt sees victory.
How many children has the Doctor?	Two, and awful cute.
What relations are J.G.W. and C.W.3?	Brothers.
What sort of craft is the Osprey?	A one-paddler canoe.
" " " " " " Chub?	Mr. Little, Miss Cabot.
How far away is Mexico?	Nine thousand miles.
What does F.O.B. mean?	Full of Bull.
Name five kinds of fish found in Great Pond.	Two bass, three wall-eyed bass.
Which of the Faculty are Yale men?	The Skipper, J.G.W., J.B.

After this strenuous effort the half-past niners swore that not even the most thrilling story in the world could keep them awake, so accepting their challenge, L.E.W. read Richard Connel's "Most Dangerous Game" with the result that when nine-thirty came round not only were their eyes open, but their hair was standing up all over their heads - every one agreed that it is one of the very best short stories we have had at all, with enough horrors and to spare for even the most bloodthirsty.

Saturday, August 10th
Bar: 29.76
Temp: 68
Wind: S.S.W.
Forecast: continued cloudiness, probable showers.

To a selected few this day was one of frantic racing abd chasing to prepare for the entertainment of the evening, which from what the rest of us could gather is to be something pretty extra-special. The remainder of Camp was very calm and unharassed, however. In the afternoon there were two shifts upon the Soccer field: Boppobalski till four-thirty, and Juvenoskibalski from then till almost six.

BOPPOBALSKI

Malmuks	Katinkas	Cossacks
D.P.P.	L.B.C.	W.H.B.
C.W.	L.E.W.	J.B.
R.B.C.	B.C.	P.C.
I.De F.		J.G.W.
Zahner R.		Webb
Pitman		Abbot
Garland K.		Gifford
Walcott		Payson
Burnham		Cutler R.
Cutler E.		Lynes
Thomson		Zahner H.

Four fast and furious engagements of fifteen minutes each were fought upon the Russian Steppes, where blood ran freely and feeling ran high. The first onslought was without effect, the Malmuks holding slightly the upper hand, but being staved off by the indomitable efforts of Cossacks J.B. and Webb. The Katinkas were kept busy at the bells as, time after time the ball went out of bounds, rooted by some furious Asiatic.

The next encounter was, if anything more ferocious, but equally without definite result. Blood flowed in good earnest as Malmuck C.W. 3rd caught the ball smack in the face, and Cutlers both Cossack and Malmuck went wild and engaged in a fierce fracas among themselves, which ended over the border. The combined efforts of D.P.P. and Cutler E. staved off a dangerous Cossack rush toward the end of the day, and as the sun set the field was still to win.

The next encounter was heralded by a terrible charge of cavalry, captained by I.De F., which swooped down on the Cossack lines, and battered a hole through determined resistance, to make the first decisive gain of the battle. Twice the enraged Cossacks surged forward, and twice were beaten back, to make the Malmuks winners of the day, though far from victors for good.

The fourth melee was the fiercest of all. A terrible battle was waged for some time about the Cossack goal, where the dauntless Cutler R. was holding the bridge. A high shot bounced off the cross bar of the goal, and ricocheted back into the faces of the attackers. Then the fight swerved back across the Steppes, to the opposite end, where a brawl ensued, with no result. Then Cutler E, whipping up his batallions, charged down the West side of the field, and rammed his spear home through the left side of the goal before the panting Cossacks could catch up with him, thus scoring again for the Malmuks, and carrying off the honors of the day, the score 2-0.

After this war was over the Juvenoskibalski battleski was started, with the following sides:

Reds
Trimingham
Billings
Brooks
Danforth
Meyer T.
Moller
Tappan
Hamlen J.
Hamlen F.
Dorman

Czar
I. De F.

Whites
Peabody J.
Carey
Chisholm
Hall
Henderson
Meyer W.
Garland P.
Hamlen W.
Ross

The battleski lasted for four thirteen minute periods of energetic playing, during which time, the Whites did even better than their predecessors, the Malmuks, and walloped the Reds 3-1, thus showing that the Communistic theory doesn't always work out so well.

As soon as the long-suffering table squad had cleared away the dishes, the majority of Camp went up to Mammoth Cave, to have a bit of Digestion Club before the excitements of the evening. We successfully started a story, and had just succeeded in hemming our hero in with wild Indian hordes shooting at him from front and rear, with unscalable canyon walls on either side, when L.E.W. turned the page, and found - that the rest of the story was missing! Oh, woe and gloom! Sadly we started another story and just as it was beginning to warm up, the Horn blew and every one scrambled down to the big room.

There the Preamble of the Play was read, which was the same as when it was given in 1921’ except for the addition of the second scene, in the Camp of General Lee. Then every one, including Barbara B. Zahne Louis C. Zahner, Lucy Gregory Henderson + R.G. Henderson all arrived in time for supper, went out to the other side of the Rest House, to see the first act of:

An Incident of '64

cast:

Major Carter: - - - - - - - - - - - - - - W.H.B.
Reginald Carter - - - - - - - - - - - - - D.P.P.
Scipio - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -J.B.
Mr. Grant(afterwards General) - - - - J.G.W.
General Lee - - - - - - - - - - - - - - R.B.C.
Lee's Aide - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -Roger Cutler
Sentry - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -Eric Cutler
Negro servant - - - - - - - - - - - - - - C.W.3rd
General Siegel - - - - - - - - - - - - - -J.G.W.
Sgt. O'Toole - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -P.C.

In the first act Mr. Carter, an elderly Southern gentleman, is discovered sitting at ease in front of his house, talking of the coming trouble between North and South with his son Reginald, who is seated on the ground, cleaning a rifle. While they are talking a noise of banging and thumping is going on behind the house, and when the negro servant Scipio enters with Mr. Carter's "mornin's mornin"in the form of a mint julep, Mr. Carter asks him what the row is. Scipio explains that it is the man Grant, piling cord wood. Mr. Carter sends for Grant, in spite of Reginald's protests, to tell him that his wood is rotten and worthless, and that he himself is no better than a drunken sot, and that his presence around the house is no longer wanted. Grant defends himself, saying that it is perfectly good wood, and that in order to prove that he is not trying to cheat Mr. Carter he will give him the lot free. A row ensues, Grant and young Carter against Carter Sr. and the scene closes as all three stalk off in different directions while Scipio,in the background lifts his hands and says "Lordy me, there's goin' ter be ructions in this family fo'sure."

The second scene, which was added this year is in General Lee's camp, Headquarters of the Army of Northern Virginia. The situation for the scene, facing East, at the bottom of the hill, out on the Point, was a beautiful one. A small tent was pitched to one side, and from the top of the hill came the sound of drilling. A sentry was pacing to and fro in the foreground, and Zeke, Lee's nigger servant, was playing softly on his accordion.

Voices sound from the hill-top and General Lee and an aide appear, coming down the path. He speaks of a Major Carter and the dangerous mission of spy that he is about to send him on into General'Siegel's ranks. While he is still speaking Major Carter, who is the landowner of the previous scene, enters, dressed in terrible rags, followed by the faithful Scipio.

Lee speaks kindly to Major Carter, telling him that, owing to the danger of the work he is to undertake it, not as an order, but as a personal favor. During the conversation it appears that Major Carter's son has gone over to the North, and that his whereabouts are unknown. The Major has completely disowned Reginald, and will not speak of him.

Lee gives Carter his orders, and he in turn prepares to start at once accompanied by Scipio, who will not leave him. Together they go off, up the winding path, bound on their dangerous errand, while the General and his aide wait till they are out of sight, and then go off in the opposite direction to review some new recruits, leaving the sentry pacing up and down before the tent in the evening light.

The third and last act is in the headquarters of General Siegel's army. The General himself is discovered seated at a small table, writing by the light of two or three candles, while his aide, who is none other than Reginald Carter, stands nearby, waiting to take the dispatches. The aide goes out presently, and almost as soon as he is gone Sergeant O'Toole enters to report the capture of two rebel spies within the lines. General Siegel orders them to be brought in, and Carter and Scipio come in. Major Carter is searched and papers found showing maps and plans of the Federal lines. Siegel immediately orders that he be shot at sunrise, but before he has time to question him further the telegraph ticks out a message that he is needed in the front lines, and he rushes out, shouting to keep the prisoners there till his return.

Lieutenant Carter now enters, looking for General Siegel, and Scipio at once recognizes him, and calls out. Reginald turns at once and sees his father, hands bound behind his back, and dressed in rags. Immediately he rushes to him, but the Major will not speak to him, or give any sign of recognition. While the son is still pleading, Scipio looks up once more, this time to see the one-time wood-peddlar entering, now Commander-in-Chief of all the Northerm armies. Grant Knows the Lieutenant already, and immediately recognizes in the condemned spy, his former employer who had accused him of palming off wet wood. A scene of terrific tension follows, Reginald pleading with General Grant for his father's life, the General himself reasoning the thing out, Scipio mumbling tearfully in the background, and the Major too proud to make a move on behalf of either his slave or himself.

On the wall of the tent hangs a portrait of Lincoln. Grant now turns to this, and there is a long moment of silence - then, slowly, he picks up a pen and writes out the order that will give Major Carter and his servant passage through the Federal lines, and make him a free man once more.

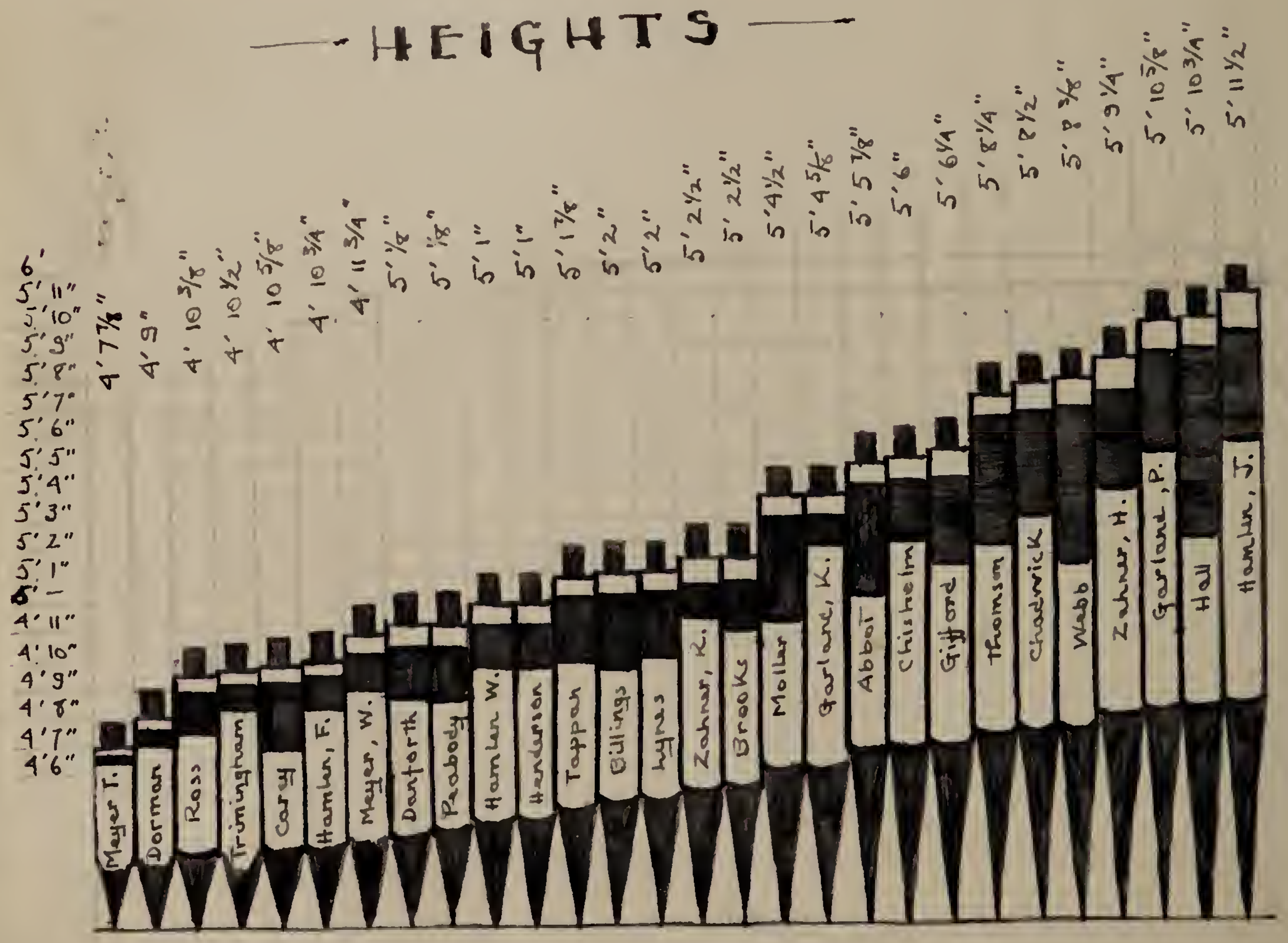
As he goes out, leaving father and son to their reconciliation, Grant turns and says: "And- Major - I rather think you'll find that hickory dry by the time you get home".

So ended the play, and so ends this very inadequate writeup of it. Not enough praise and congratulation can be handed to the actors, or to those, who from behind the scenes, supplied the sounds of singing, of gunfire, of horses' hooves, and of music, which went so far to strengthen the illusion. The acting of Major Carter was splended, as was that of his son, while P.C. as the Irish Sergeant, brought tears to the eyes of more than one of his audience. General Lee was magnificent, and J.B.'s acting of the difficult part of Scipio was faultless. As to J.G.W. in the dual roles of Siegel and Grant - he was beyond our praise: suffice it to say that he had half the audience sitting on the edge of its chairs and biting its nails with excitement, and the rest dissolved in tears - ; and so ended the best Sing-Song there has been at Camp in several years.

August 11th, Sunday
Bar: 29.65
Temp: 67
Wind: S.W.
Cool and cloudy, possible showers.

This morning we found our numbers at the table sadly diminished by the departure of Mrs. Cutler, Eric, and Roger, who left last night to drive down to Squam Lake; also by that of the Zahners, who however we hope to see again in the near future, as they are staying at Camp Ticonet, at the end of the Pond.

The weekly weighing took place, with gratifying results: almost every one has gained, in fact even those who shouldn't. A measuring party was also held and the heights preserved upon this beautiful chart for future reference:


HEIGHTS

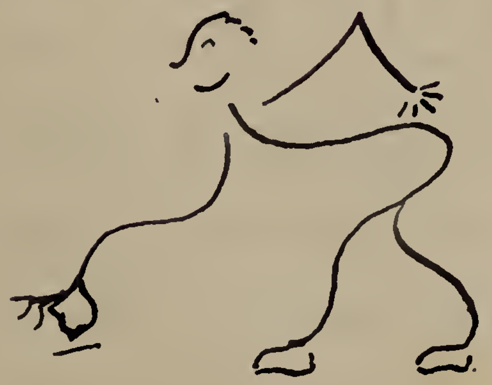
Special to the Press:

all records broken

P. C

picks up

DCLXVI matches in one morning.



ALGONQUINS

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
R.B.C.	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	X	●	✓
C.W.	✓	●	✓	X	●	✓	X	✓	✓
J.B.	X	✓	✓	✓	●	✓	✓	●	✓
P.C.	X	●	✓	X	✓	✓	✓	●●	✓
L.E.W.	✓	●●	|	✓	●●	|	✓	●	✓
Billings	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Danforth	X	●	✓	✓	✓	✓	X	✓	✓
Dorman	X	●	✓	✓	●●	✓	X	✓	✓
Hall	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Hamlen, F.	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Hamlen, J.	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Hamlen, W.	X	✓	✓	X	●●	✓	X	✓	✓
Lynes	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Meyer, T.	X	✓	✓	X	●	✓	X	✓	✓
Meyer, W.	X	●	✓	X	✓	✓	✓	●	✓
Payson	X	✓	✓	X	●	✓	X	✓	✓
Pitman	☠	✓	✓	X	●	✓	✓	●	✓
Ross	✓	✓	✓	X	●	✓	X	✓	✓
Thomson	X	●	✓	✓	✓	✓	X	●●	✓
Trimingham	✓	●	✓	✓	✓	✓	X	●●	✓
Webb	X	●●	✓	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓
	15	11	1	13	12	1	11	11	0

IROQUOIS

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
R.A.L.	X	●●●	✓	☠	●	✓	✓	●	✓
W.H.B.	X	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	●	✓
D.P.P.	X	●	✓	X	●	✓	✓	✓	✓
I.DeF.	✓	✓	✓	X	●	✓	X	✓	✓
B.C.	✓	●	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
R.W.	X	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Abbot	✓	●●●	✓	X	●●	✓	X	✓	✓
Brooks	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	☠	✓	✓
Burnham	✓	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	X	●	✓
Carey	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓
Chisholm	X	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	●	✓
Garland, K.	X	✓	✓	X	●	✓	X	✓	✓
Garland, P.	✓	✓	✓	✓	●	✓	X	●	✓
Gifford	✓	●	✓	X	●	✓	✓	✓	✓
Henderson	✓	●	✓	X	●●●	✓	X	✓	✓
Moller	X	✓	✓	✓	●	✓	✓	●	✓
Peabody	✓	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	X	●	✓
Tappan	X	●●●	✓	X	✓	✓	X	●	✓
Walcott	✓	✓	|	X	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Zahner, H.	✓	●	✓	✓	●	✓	X	●●	✓
Zahner, R.	X	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	X	●	✓
	11	14	1	13	13	0	12	11	0

This afternoon, for the third(or is it the fourth?) Sunday in a row, we had Scouting. The conditions were ideal, if a touch on the cool side, with plenty of breeze to keep off mosquitoes and cover up inevitable rustlings. Both sides were happily augmented, The Iroquois by Walcott and Burnham, The Gonks by Payson. Consternation was grave among the Iroquois as the fateful hour approached and their doughty captain and war-lord; who we forgot to say, has been away since yesterday morning; failed to appear, the more so because one of their most trusty braves, H.H.W. is gracing the M.G.H. At the last minute, however, R.A.L's beaming countenance was sighted coming over the brow of the hill, and so the sides started even, Gonks from the North, Iroquois from the South.

The first game, after much excitement, was won by the Iroquois by three shots. L.E.W., on a freak, broke through Abbot's guard, on the shore, and scored a run. At the same time visiting Iroquoi Walcott scored through the Underground and through C.W.3rd, whom he completely baffled by the number of noises, rattling, rustling and 'crinkling' (patented by C.W.) that he made while passing through the blackberry patch. The Iroquois were slower and more conservative than the Algonquins. The latter's rashness led to one case of suicide, to wit Pitman, who arose and wended his way to the boneyard on hearing the name of Payson called by some would-be murderer on the opposition. R.A.L's goin' to town seems to have done him no damage, as he succeeded in picking off three in a row from a bush on the East side of the Ridge. The game ended in a lather of excitement, with a tie score, and five to go before the end of the season.

In the second game Abbot started distinctly at a disadvantage. He never heard the ALL IN of the first from his place on the shore, and was only made aware of the end of the first game by the Gonk Shore party appearing to start the next. He had to cover the whole length of the filed on the dead run in order to start on time, but it didn't cramp his style, as he whipped round and rushed back to almost score, being nipped in the bud by J.B. who was roving on the East Side.

Another series of impromptu four-forties was undergone by the Gonk Shore party, who started early, and had to rush back and start all over again. This party was ill-fated, because before they had fully recovered from their exertions, three of their party were klonked by Henderson, snooping around in the underbrush. R.A.L. unfortunately committed suicide as he was pursuing L.E.W. through the Underground brambles, and that lady got away to a speedy run, amidst a barrage of "Charlie Wiggins, Charlie Wiggins"s, and, rejoicing more than ever in her resemblance to her brother, gave the game to the Algonquins.

The last game was the closest, being won on one thing - Brooks's suicide, in the remote and lonely fastnesses of the Underground. He was a guard, and perhaps the loneliness of the place, or the boredom, or some secret binge of the night before was responsible - anyway he swears that he saw enormous herds of unrecognizable Algonquins swooping upon him, shrieking his name at the top of their lungs. The Algonquins swear to a man that not one of them so much as whispered the name of Brooks, in fact that none of them knew he was there, and even that none of them saw him go - in fact, to make a long story short, that no one except Brooks was in the neighborhood at the time! So, on a single error the game was won by the Gonks, two out of three for the afternoon, and eight out of fourteen for the season, with three to go before the end of the summer.

In the evening the Doctor told another of his wild and woolly ghost stories, after a picnic supper round the Big-Room fire, and later there were hymns, and then some "Nine Tailors", followed, in the dead of night, by a delightful orgy of munching upon the cheese which Mr. Zahner presented to brighten our Faculty Suppers.

Monday, Aug. 12th
Bar: 29.76
Temp: 68
Wind: S.W.

Camping Trip
Aug. 12

D. P. P.
P. C.
Abbot
Gifford
Thomson
Webb

Diana
Bumblebee

Camping Trip
Aug. 12th

RAL
I de F
Billings
Hamlen W.
Chisholm
Peabody

Carabassett
Abagadassett.

Today, as you may easily percieve, two sets of campers left our 'appy 'ome, the first to brave Katahdin's rocky slope, the second round the Itchfield gone to roam. (this became a poem quite inadvertantly) Camp seemed tiny without them, and when, shortly after lunch three ships of fishermen put out to sea, we were left with only nineteen to hold the fort, where there had been fifty only the other day. This morning Payson, Burnham, Walcott and Co. departed, as did Mr. and Mrs Henderson, and also Ted Pitman, leaving six yawning holes behind them. The first trip to set out was D.P.P's bound for Katahdin, leaving shortly before swim. The second went by way of the Lake, during afternoon reading.

Fishing suppers out included the following noted mariners and piscatorial professors:

Williwaw
W.H.B.
Ross
Brooks

Pantasote
J.G.W.
Zahner R.
Carey

Yammerschooner
C.W.3rd
Garland P.
Danforth

Meanwhile the dwindling cohorts retired to the Point, where ensued a noble afternoon of

SKOWHEGAN

WA - WA
Dorman
Moller
Meyer W.
Trimingham
Lynes
Hamlen J.
J.B.

'Skipper'
R.B.C.

GA - GA
Hamlen F.
Zahner H.
Henderson
Garland K.
Meyer T.
Tappan
Hall

The tremendous battle ensuing raged fiercely all the afternoon, between those who thought Wa-Wa ought to be kept out of the Ga-Ga and those who thought that it should be kept in puddles on the ground. The final results showed that the Ga-Ga's were filled to the bursting-point and then made to swallow a few drops of potassium cyanide(K.C.N) just for beans. In the first encounter one extra globule slipped into an unsuspecting Ga-Ga and the Wa-Was were off to a racing start. But for the next three days there was no doubt as to who held the top cards. Feeling ran high and many were there who swore that they had blasted the entire opposition, that the opposition were cheating, and they even went to the extremity of exchanging a few blows. But the Ga-Gas ran wild and avoided all the Wa-Was, seven leaks appearing mysteriously in the biggest dams, in three days. On the fifth day Trimingham and Hamlen F. returned from an# unsuccessful search to find the former's boat, and the tide turned. A half-moon pulled the ocean up and up until every Ga-Ga was submerged. On the next day the sea receded, and not until five seconds before the zero hour did Wa-Wa J.B. shoot one of the two remaining Ga-Gas and just pull his team up to a dead level with his opponents. On the seventh day the moon was full and the tide rose in a great wave that engulfed all the Ga-Gas until they gurgled and spluttered in their watery graves. The eighth day was the most exciting of all the war, as it broke the tie and gave the Wa-Was the victory. All but one Wa-Wa was killed, and when midnight came two Ga-Gas were dry and unhurt, but the lone Wa-Wa, Lynes reported a secret in-getting to the glass-factory, where he had quenched the fire at the blast furnace, thus crippling the source of supply sufficiently to win the day. Because of the desire for revenge two extra games were played but even Tumbler Hall's stellar tree-behind-getting was unable to stem the tide, and, with a resounding crash the Ga-Gas fell before the wall of Wa-Wa that splintered and broke them, and buried them in the sands, while Doctor Dorman, wafted along on the crest of a wave, with his special wide-eyed, rabbit-like run, put the finishing touch to the day's work.

WA - WA

	✓ I	II	III	IV	✓ V	Tie VI	✓ VII	✓ VIII	✓ IX	✓ X
J. B.	✓ •	X	X	X	/	✓ •••	✓ • /	X	••	✓
Hamlen, J.	X	X •	X	X	X	X	✓ /	X	X	X •
Dorman	X	X	X	X	X	X	✓ /	X	X	• /
Meyer, W.	••• /	X ••	X •••	X	•••• /	X	✓ •• /	X	X •	X •
Miller	X •	X	X	X •	• /	X •	✓ • /	X •••	•	X
Trittingham					X /	X •••	✓ ••• /	X •	X ••	X •••
Lynes	X	X	X •	X ••	X ••	X	✓ /	✓ /	✓	X •
	4 5 1	6 3 0	6 4 0	6 3 0	4 7 4	6 6 0	0 7 7	6 4 1	4 5 0	5 7 1

GA - GA

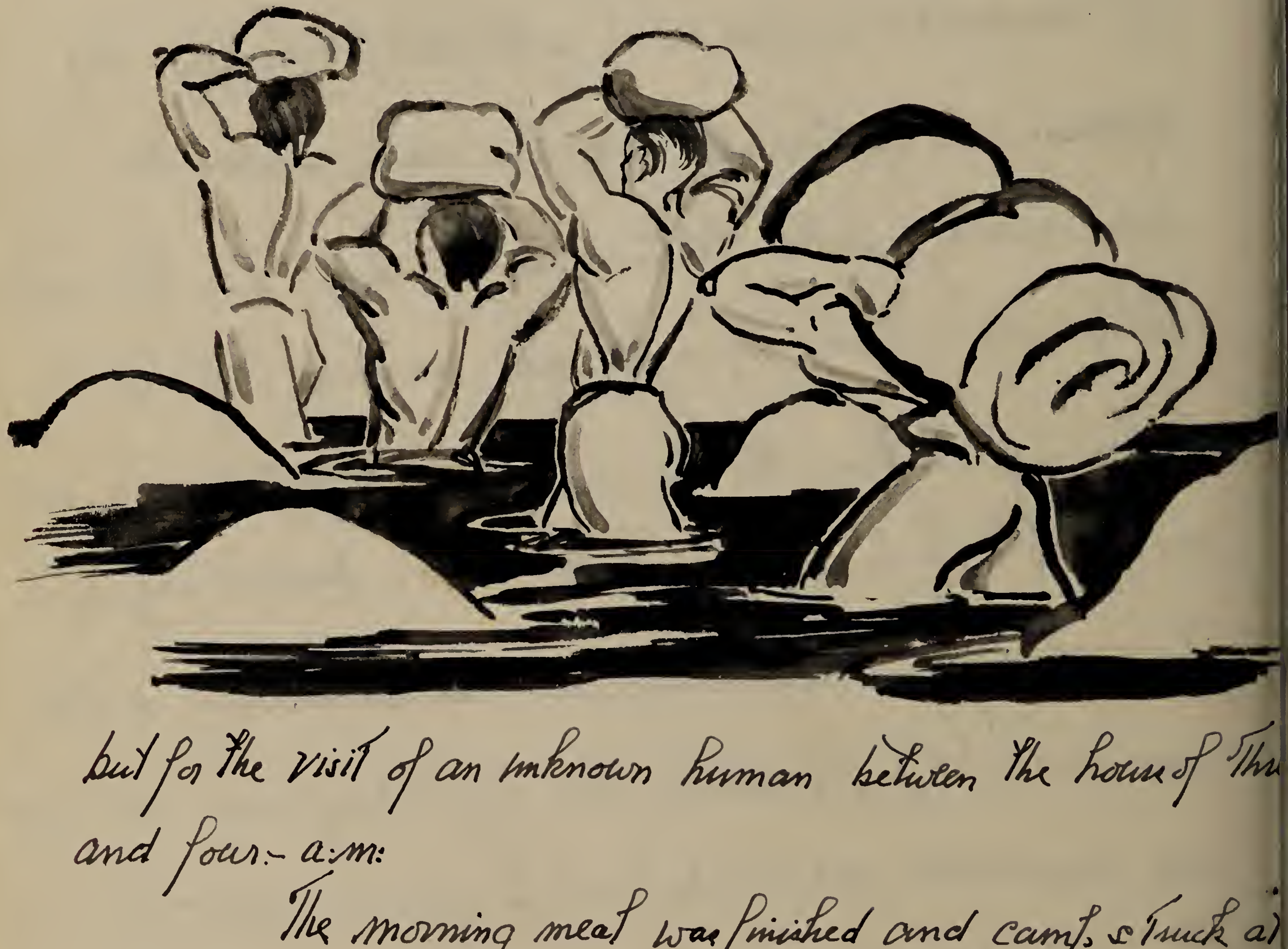
	I	✓ II	✓ III	✓ IV	V	Tie VI	VII	VIII	IX	X
lemlen, F					X ••••	X	X	✓	X	X •
hner, H.	•• /	✓ ••• /	X •	✓ /	X	X •	X	X	•	X ••
lenderson	X	✓ • /	✓ /	✓	X	✓ ••	X	X ••	✓ ••	X
farland, K.	X	✓ /	✓ •• /	X	X	X	X	✓ —	X	X
Meyer, T.	X	X	X •	X ••	X	X •	X	X	X	X
Tappan	X	X ••	X	X •••	X	X •	X	X •	X •	X ••
Halt	X ••	X	X ••	✓ • /	X	X •	X	✓	X	X
	5 4 1	3 6 3	4 6 2	3 6 2	7 4 0	6 6 0	7 0 0	4 6 0	5 4 0	7 5 5

Abram ↗
August 8th
and 9th

C.W³
T.P.
Carey
Garland C
Lynes
Zahner R

Vacastradi

Left headquarters at eleven o'clock, replenished petrol supply "chez Anderson" and by slow and circuitous routes, reached the pine covered foothills of Abram by Two-Thirty. Here the entire party were informed by a perfumed emissary of The Great Northern Paper Company, that the road which we were following, was not open to veihicles belonging to the Public. Immediately, upon the reception of such disheartening news, Two reconnaitering parties were sent out to find a suitable place for pitching camp, but zeal was unrewarded, and we were forced to carry our equipment Two miles up the Tortuous windings of Rapid Stream. The Stream was forded in Truly magnificent style, the water, of an icy and refreshing nature, swirling high about our waist. A picture by our staff artist is here inserted. Camp was pitched on the mounta side of the Torrent, and there we passed an exceedingly pleasant even featuring fishing, swimming, an excellent meal of hamburg an Beans, a phony were-wolf story by C.W.^{3}; our slumber was undi

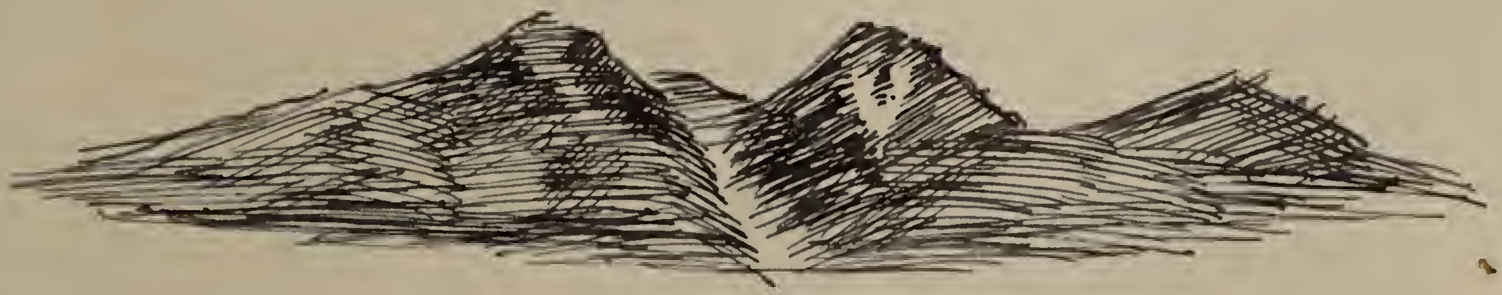


but for the visit of an unknown human between the hours of Thr and four:- a.m.

The morning meal was finished and camp struck at 9.15 am - and we started on our arduous climb - four miles around the base of the mountain and then straight for a mile and one half - We arrived at the Top at 12.40 P.

aided by the binoculars and fire-tower, graciously placed at our disposal by the lonely warder, who remained in his solitary retreat, we contented ourselves by watching people fishing on Saddle Back Pond, which lay fully seven miles away, and by estimating which of the lakes on the horizon ~~which~~ was Great Pond, which should have been visible, as Sugar Loaf, which we see from Camp, rises out of the same mountain Block as Abram.

On the descent, we reassured ourselves that this was one of the wettest climbs on record – 5 streams, large enough to drown in, and 142 bogs, in which one could easily sink to the knee, crossing the trail before it reached our camping site. The stream was again forded with all our baggage, and by 6.15 PM we were once more moving swiftly along in Diana and The Bumblebee.



Camp Mooselot

At about 10.30 A.M. we got ~~off~~ to a late start for Mt. Katahdin. Abbot & P.C. in the Bumblebee and D.P.P., Gifford, Webb, and Thompson in Diana. After various purchases at Chas. Anderson's we were on our way. It wasn't long before one member of Diana's crew unloaded some excess weight. Mr. Webb was this unfortunate person and much to everyone's sorrow he repeated the performance five more times before our destination was finally reached. Having lost our way several times and spent many hours on dusty roads we reached the C.C.C. camp about 4.30 P.M. Here we loaded on the duffle and after a walk of some four miles we came to Sandy Stream Pond, on which we camped. Some time was spent looking for a camping place, during which time P.C. & D.P.P. became quite worried as it was getting dark. The first night was uneventful and the entire bunch rose at an early hour, for some fishing, to find it very foggy. D.P.P & P.C. set out together on a raft and were soon lost from the sight of the others who were fishing on the shore from some rocks. As they slipped through the fog a huge form took shape before them and as they drew nearer it turned into a large bull moose. Not having much luck fishing D.P.P & P.C. returned to camp with the storey of the moose. No one believed it and it was not until later on in the morning that they were able to prove it. This they did when the moose returned about 10 o'clock. This time there was no fog so we took some pictures. A truly interesting morning.

We left our base camp for Chimney Pond, some 1900 feet above us, at about 3.30 and with light packs started up the trail. This was almost our hardest climb. We asked the distance to Chimney Pond often and each time it seemed to grow instead of lessen. We reached the pond about 6.30 and much to our pleasure Ranger Dudley turned a big leanto over to our disposal. Into which we retired at an early hour in order to get an early start in the morning.

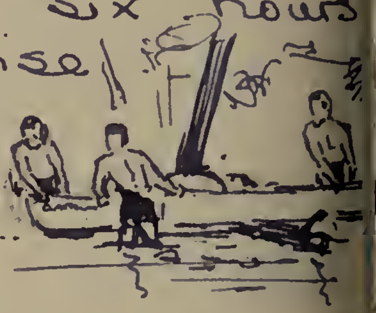
We got up and had an early breakfast in order to be up on the mountain before it clouded over. Up the Cathedral Trail we started. It soon turned out to be no snap and we were only able to go up it in short stages with numerous rests. The top was reached at 11.20. Here part of the lunch was consumed by a wonderful spring. From the spring we went along the Knife Edge, over all the high peaks, and finally down the Dudley Trail to Chimney Pond.

Here we strapped on the packs and started down to Sandy Stream Pond for a little late fishing. We retired very early due to all the excercise we had had during the day. This was one night no one complained of not being able to sleep. Thomson & P.C. rose early for a little fishing but had no luck. Returning to camp they found the rest just getting up so we all started breakfast. Before breakfast had hardly finished P.C. with a few choice articles, that we no longer had any use for, set out to "get" the red squirrels that had bothered the campers at a very unreasonable hour. He had very little luck with the squirrels but had the luck to see a fine buck dear.

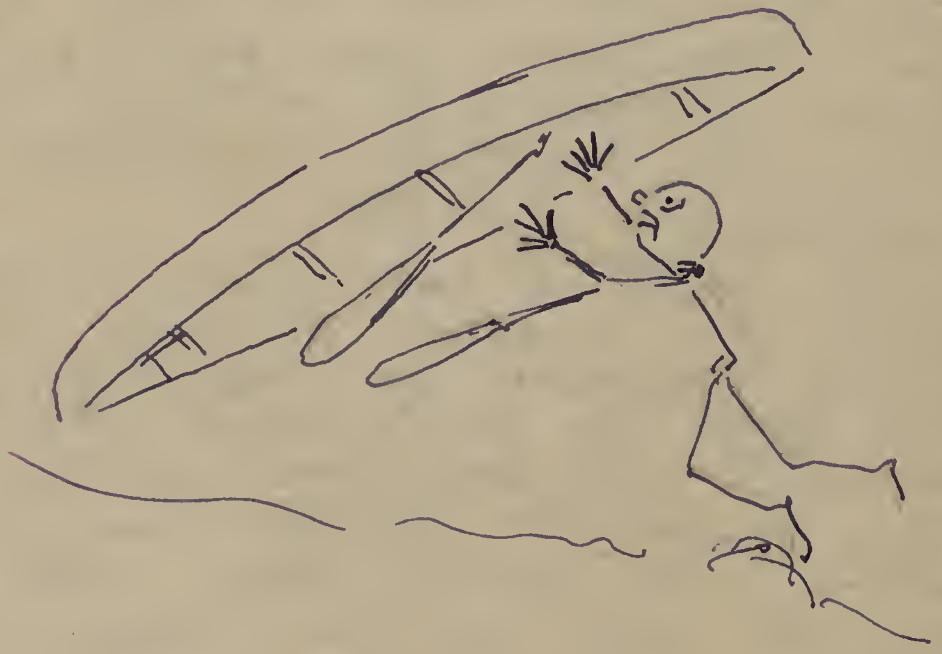
We finally started back for the C.C.C. camp at about 10. We reached the cars in an hour. Much better time than we made on the way in showing in how much better training we were. We arrived home after a tiresome ride of some 182 miles. Webb, miracle of miracle's, was not sick once. And thus ended one of the most sucessful trips of the year

The morning of our departure was spent in intensive preparation in order to ensure an early start in the afternoon, and after replenishing our supply of eating utensils with a few spoons etc., we set out from the float in the "Abby" and the "Carry" at quarter past two.— The portage across to Ellis was effected without much difficulty; the only reward for this achievement was the purchase of a loaf of bread at Anderson's. The paddle down Ellis and McGrath was before a fair breeze and we reached the Itchfield. in good season. After I. De. F. had endeared himself forever to some of the inhabitants by resting his canoe on their carefully clipt hedges, we attacked the hardest leg of our trip ~ namely the carry over the Itchfield. Everyone coöperated splendidly, and we reached our destination ~ the same island where the "Round the World" Expedition had camped two weeks before. ~ as dusk was falling. In spite of our neglecting to bring a can-opener, we ate heartily + retired to a most gratifying slumber.

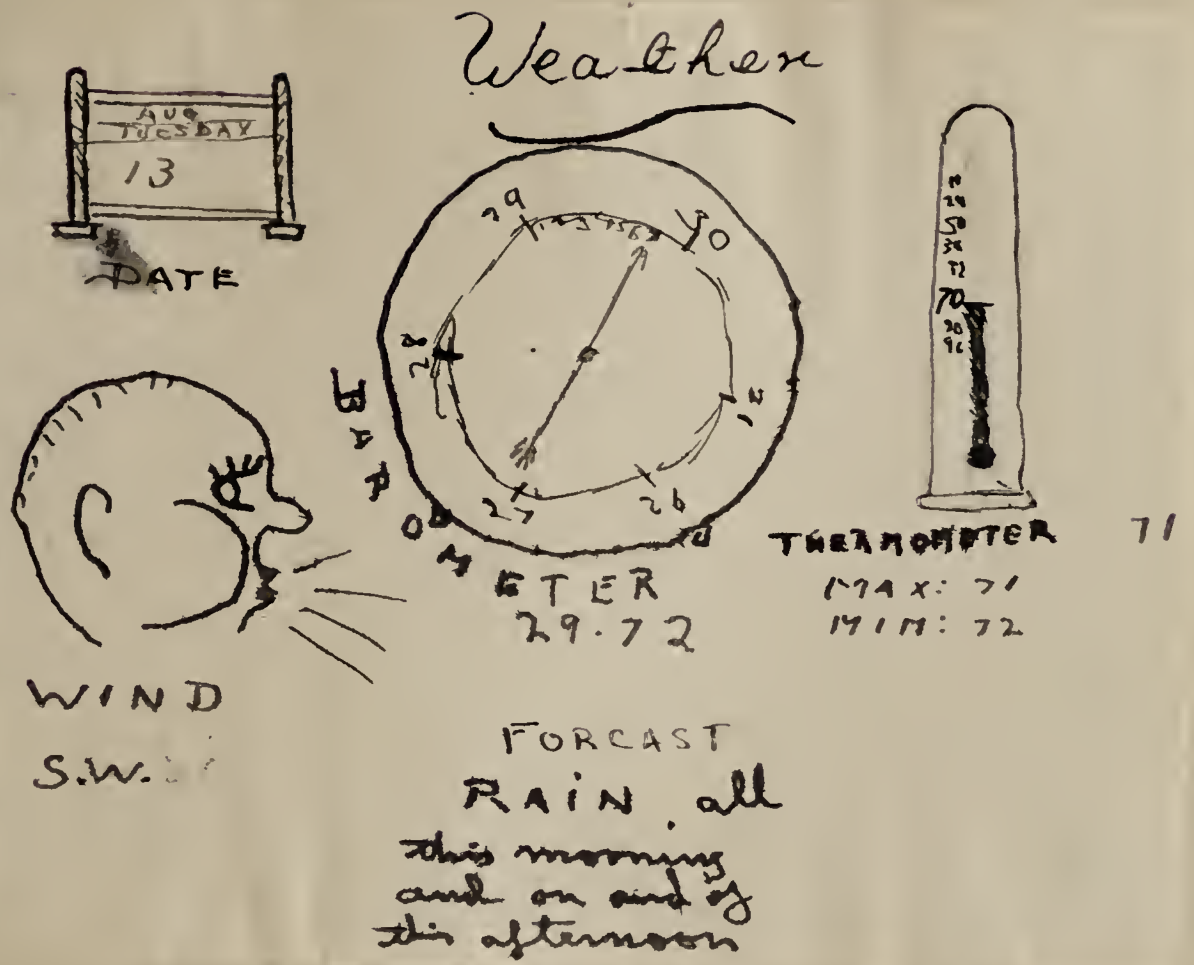
Next morning found us on our way at 9:40, + we passed through Smithfield (without stopping for coffee frappes) and North Pond to land near the source of Meadow Brook for lunch and a short siesta, in which we all had visions of coasting into Great Pond with the current, while the cool of the breeze + the shady trees soothed us. But we soon found this to be an idle dream ~ because the water level had gone way down to one or two inches in some places, + the descent was made half in the canoes + the other half easing them over fallen trees, rocks, + bars of sand. A mile or two down we met a party of four apes coming up wh informed us that they had spent six hours cutting their way through the dense obstructions. This fact made the remainder of our trek easier, + a little less exciting, but still interesting. Coming into Great Pond, we decided to buck the South Wind, + got to Pine Parlor for our supper at 5:30 ~ an excellent meal of beans, potatoes, rice, + tea ~. The half mile to the float was done quickly + we returned a tired + happy crew.



Abagadassett	Carrabassett.
Chisholm.	Hamlen, W.
Peabody, J.	Billings.
I. De. F.	R. A. L.



Tuesday, August 13th


Weather
AUG
TUESDAY
13
DATE
29
30
28
27
26
BAROMETER
29.72
70
THERMOMETER 71
MAX: 71
MIN: 72
WIND
S.W.
FORCAST
RAIN all
this morning
and on and of
this afternoon

In spite of the prediction of this altogether charming weather-report the sun appeared by early afternoon, and the scheduled soccer-game was played in a heat that was sweltering to say the least."Down with the Upper Classes", "Share the Wealth", "Make room for the Masses" were the cries that rent the scorched and muggy air, as the horde of enraged common people, all Greeks, advanced on the Capitoline Hill, where sat the Roman Praetors, wrapped about with pride and purple. The Senators scorned the rabble and staved them off with kicks and a few good chariot whips for a day. But on the second day the fury of the mob was not to be gainsayed, and one J. Phidippides B. started a big push from way back near the Colonna Vittoria, and although beaten to his knees at the bottom of the hill, passed on the torch to a fellow Spartan, R. Boethes C., who hurled it from half-way up with such deadly aim that it passed sizzling between the Corinthian columns and caught a lolling, scornful Senator squarely where he sat. As the sun sank across the Tiber a new bunch of recuits for the commoners were brought in from Athens led by J. Glycon W.

The sun rose on the next day and the rabble hooted and roared from their camp at the bottom of the Hill. During the night J. Phidippides B. had patched up his wounds and led a ferocious van attack in which he personally accounted for no less than five fat, sly Senators. One of the of all the Praetors made many exceptionally brave attempts to save his fellow-men, but his lack of coordination was slightly against him and one of the best things he did was to get in the way. The pride of the Praetors was distinctly punctured and they were forced to at least notice the frantic mob who were screeching for gold, more food, and a bonus.

Another night of rest, and the sun shone down on the fracas for the fourth time. Already the loot was being enjoyed by the howling οἱ πολλοί and the taste of blood urged them on for more. By noon the Senators were really alarmed, but the mob went wild and a tricky manoeuver by R.Boethes C. made an entrance into the Sanctum Sanctorum, and blue blood was inches deep upon the floor. After this the Senators decided that blood and breeding did not necessarily make the fighting man, and made one brave attempt to save what little respect they had left. Caesar W. led a sally, but the mob still raged without for more loot; no longer did the royal purple inspire them with respect. The day ended with the Ship of State headed straight for Scylla and Charibdis, with Greek Communism at the helm.

C.W.3rd
W.H.B.
Garland K.
Zahner R.
Hamlen J.
Hamlen F.
Meyer W.
Brooks
Carey
Tappan
Hall

Bell-boys
Umpires &
Referees:
R.W.
Danforth
Dorman

J.B.
J.G.W.
R.B.C.
Lynes
Zahner H.
Moller
Meyer T.
Garland P.
Henderson
Trimingham
Ross

Shortly after supper the Round-the-~~Horners~~ were sighted, returning
Itchfielders

from a successful trip. The evening provided a variation from the usual in that there was a mighty game of Observation, in which all hands joined, whether as observers, time-keepers, or merely blanket-raisers. There were three tables, each holding twenty much-varied objects, and two lengths of time were given for observing - the first time was only five seconds, and the second thirty. Conclusion: Camp as a whole only moderately observant.

More "Nine Tailors" for the survivors of "Half-past-eight!" - a good book, but a million years in getting started, with decidedly more bells than necessary - however it shows promise, so we are continuing hopefully.

Wednesday, August 14th
Bar: 29.8
Temp: 74
Wind: S.W.

A day of experimentation; for the first time in the history of Camp, Super-Scouting (or it might be called Bar Harbor, or Gardiner, in lieu of Skowhegan) was played this afternoon. The laying-out of the field, arranging sides, and getting the game under way embroiled the faculty in no end of turmoil. Officially started at 3.15, the first game had te be postponed when fully half of the Seneca tribe traipsed calmly through the Boneyard on their way to the starting line. The roughly-drawn sketch accompanying the score-sheet, while not accurate as to scale, gives the casual observer "the picture". Because of the distance between the Boneyard and the ends of the field many relays were needed. This caused much grief and woe in the very first clash of the tribes. Hall stood within sight of the Boneyard as lead-off man for the Mohawk relay team. J.G.W. dropped just North of Fourway thinking that he must be safely on his side of the center; but much to his chagrin he was quickly disposed of by Jersey John, the Human Bullet. J.B. who was looking vainly for the relay man in order that they might start the game officially was shot running through Pine Parlor. The Senecas poured in after the phoney death of one of their best chiefs, and there was no doubt as to who had won the game. C.W. went hog-wild in the Underground, suddenly appearing in the North Pasture before two unsuspecting guards had so much as settled on their perches. Lynes also found the North Boundary, and put the game on ice. Garland P. pulled a very fast one by walking calmly to the end of the field with the men sent to call "All In". I. De F. produced the only murder of the afternoon when a back-tracking Zahner H. popped up in front of him. Although his list said Zahner H. was a Seneca the situation was so tense that his bow-string snapped unintentionally, and a fellow-tribesman bit the dust. Trimingham provided the only bright spot on the left side of the score-board, but a violent headache caused him to retire for the rest of the engagement. An emergency operation on B.C's knee, just as the game was about to begin kept the Seneca Medicine Man and the patient out of harm's way, and aside from him, Zahner H. was the only remaining Seneca when "All In" was called.

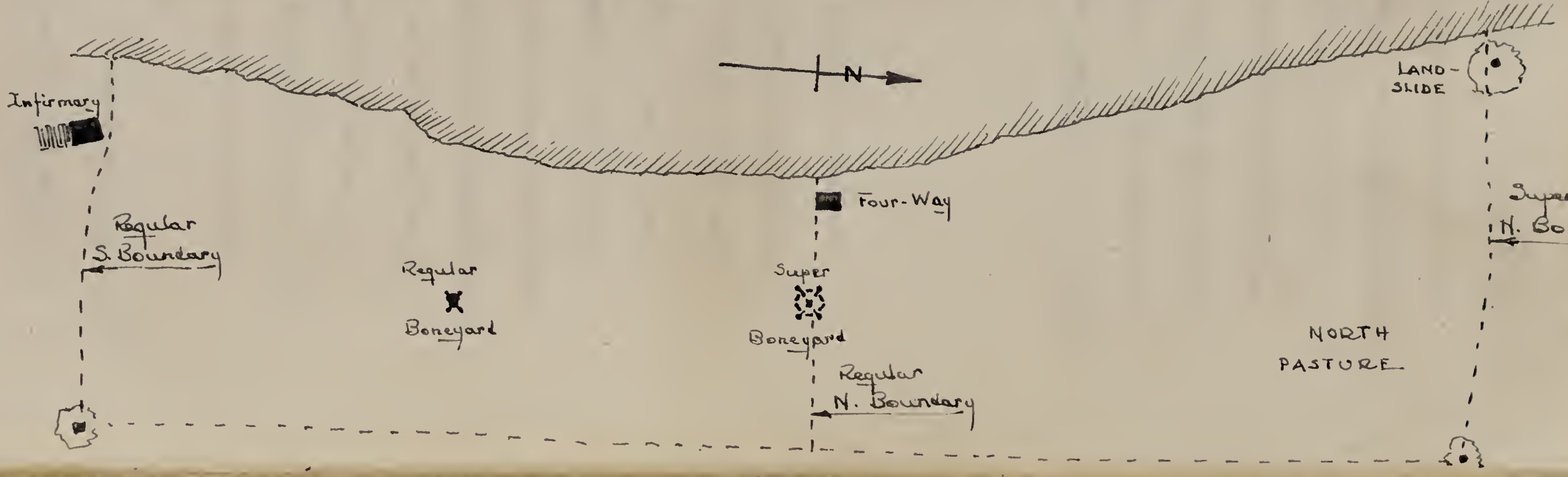
The second fight was much more evenly contested; the warriors had become sufficiently familiar with the terrain to enable them to run only in the right places. The Mohawk dead piled up quickly and it looked as if revenge were sweet indeed. Hamlen W. provided much grief for the Senecas by picking up four of their number in quick succession fairly early in the game. Not until after the truce had been called was the decision finally awarded for the second time to the Mohawks. Hamlen F. and Tappan both scored, thus more than offsetting the larger number of dead on their side. Henderson speared four, and Meyer T. two, each picking one of the two most dangerous Mohawks, but not until after they had messed up the opposing camp sufficiently to make anything but defeat unavoidable.

The third encounter was equally tense. The Mohawk dead were piled eight-deep half-way through the game, while only two Seneca biers were in evidence. H.H.W. was caught by guard Carey, who was playing a very shifty

MOHAWKS

	I			II			✓ III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
V. H. B.	○	○	○	○	○	○	X		
F. G. W.	X			X	•		X	•••	
R. A. L.	X	••		X			X		
Billings	X			X	•		X	••••	
Brooks	X			X			X	•	
Carey	X	•		X			✓	•	
Garland, K.	X			X			X		
Dorman	X			X			X		
Hamlen, J.	X			✓	•		X		
Henderson	X			✓	••••		X	•	
leyer, T.	X	••		✓	••		✓		
loller	X			✓			✓	••	/
eabody	X			X			✓		
Zahner, R.	✓	•		X	••		X		
rimingham	X	•••	/	○	○	○	○	○	○
R. W.	X			X			X		
	14	9	/	10	11	0	11	12	/

	✓ I			✓ II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
C. W.	✓	•••••	/	✓			X		
H. H. W.	X			X			X	•	
J. B.	X			X	•		X	•	
I. DeF.	X	••☠		X	••		X		
Garland, P.	✓	•	/	✓			X	••	
Chisholm	X			✓	••		X		
Danforth	✓	••		✓			X		
Hall	X	•		X			X	•	
Hamlen, F.	✓	•		X		/	X		
Hamlen, W.	X			X	••••		✓	••	
Lynes	X		/	X	•		X	•	
Meyer, W.	X			X			X		
Ross	✓	•		X			✓		
Zahner, H.	X	•		X			✓	••	
Tappan	X			X		/	X	•	
B. C.	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
	10	14	3	11	10	2	12	11	0


N
Infirmary
LAND-SLIDE
Four-Way
Regular S. Boundary
Regular Boneyard
Super Boneyard
Regular N. Boundary
Super N. Boun
NORTH PASTURE

game, just as the former was not more than ten yards from the main Tepee. Billings picked off four savages, thus helping his tribe materially, and J.G.W. accounted for three of the opposition in a slashing, running attack that had the Mohawks baffled. Moller cinched the game by turning in a run, which, added to the superior number of dead Mohawks, gave the last game to the revengeful tribe from the lake. On the whole the day was very successful ~~a~~ the warriors were more tired-out, because of the length, and the open playing, with more chances and hazards added greatly to the excitement of the game.

Seventh Charade Evening

* * *

R.B.C's side went first this evening, with a charade which was baffling in its complete simplicity. The curtains parted on a cheering section, which, led by I.De F. shouted and cheered for the 'team' with great energy. The curtains closed and opened again, on the same scene: same cheering section, same leader, same cheer - however, there was a certain something lacking, a vim and vigor was gone, and the cheers were shorter and less enthusiastic. Again the curtains parted on the same scene, but this time no sound at all issued from the lips of a bored and weary grandstand, while the cheerleader tried in vain to incite them to make a little noise. For a while the audience was completely baffled, but anon crept over the faces of the thinkers a ray of light, as one by one they thought of the answer: CHEERLESS.

The next charade, R.A.L's, was found afterward to have been performed in an illegitimate manner, but this did not detract from its elegance, or beauty. The word was CASTANET.

The first scene, cast, was a magnificent one. Two workers, R.A.L. and H.H.W. were discovered, stripped to the waist, working in front of a furnace in a foundry. One stoked the fire through the open furnace door (the fire was certainly in need of stoking, as water had been mixed with the Kerosene, and a battery of match-throwers had to be kept going behind the scenes to make it burn at all) while the other poured liquid metal into the moulds. All the while a din of hammering from other parts of the foundry, was going on, and the scene was lit by weird flashes and rays of light.

A NET, the second and third syllables, were acted in a rather, unoriginal butterfly-catching scene, and then came the whole word, not, as one would expect, a Spanish dance or something of the sort, but a fishing scene, in which a.moab, W.H.B. and Brooks were the chief actors, and R.A.L. made fish-motions on the end of a rod. It was a beautiful scene, complete even down to the picnic basket, but sad to say it was severely censored by the critics as an illegal method of duping the public.

DENMARK came last on the program, a terrifying charade. The second syllable was acted first, the first second, and then came the whole word, which was a relief to the timorous audience, after the truly horrifying aspect of John Hall as a were-wolf.

In the first scene an unidentified actor is found dying of what the doctor assures his fond relations, is pernicious anemia. The priest is called a wily man, who at once detects the marks of a were-wolf upon the victim's throat. This is a terrible blow, because the soul of the departed must immediately be rescued or else it will be condemned to roam forever as one of these foul and fearsome beasts. As the priest pronounces his verdict the howls of were-wolves are suddenly heard, chilling the listeners to the marrow, and even affecting Dr. Hamlen to such an extent that he inadvertantly howls too, thus relieving the tension a bit.

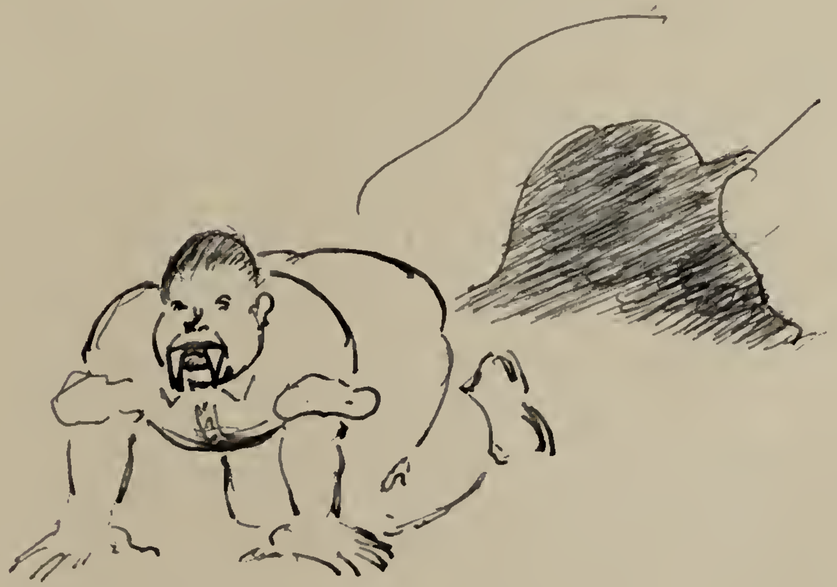
In the second scene, a dismal cave is seen, and in front of it roams none other than the late-departed victim of the last scene, now a horrid were-wolf. Enter the priest with a bevy of followers: a fearsome scene follows in which the were-wolf rushes upon them with gutteral growls issuing from a much-fanged mouth, but they stave him off and finally manage to kill the beast, thus letting the soul of the man go free again.

The whole word was represented in a song by a choral society, sung for the benifit of a visiting charity-worker, or Sunday-School teacher, R.W. The choral society included all hands, and was most affecting to the trained and delicate ears of the audience. The song began:

We all are good musicians, and out of Denmark come.
We all are good musicians, and out of Denmark come.
Trombones we play - we play this way -
Zim zim zerim, zim zim zerim -------

and so on through several well-chosen verses, upon various instruments, all to the accompaniment of appropriate gestures.

Altogether this was a very good charade evening, and lots of fun; only one more before the end of the summer!



! Were wolf !

Thursday, August 15th
Bar: 29.91
Temp: 72
Wind: very light, N.W.

A beautiful day, but very hot. Every one felt logy, and a couple even went so far as to retire to the shades of the infirmary to soothe their fevered brows. However at three in the afternoon there were still eighteen doughty souls brisk enough, in spite of a few growls, to set off in the Ouani and the Abagadassett, bound, they said for Rocky Mountain, while three crews of fishermen put out about the same time, leaving a force of eight to hold the fort until their return.

The "Rocky" trip started late, owing to the ensnarement of J.C.P. by the Johnson-and-Appleby man, who tried unsuccessfully to sell her canned peaches for over fifteen minutes. At last she escaped, unempeached a little before four, and under a broiling sun the wanderers set forth into the haze that hung over the Pond. Arriving at their landing-place, Captain R.A.L. and First Mate H.H.W. held a council of war, and, all things considered, it seemed the path of wisdom not to attempt the cliffs of Rocky Mountain, but to amble down the road a way, which looked cooler and easier on the lagging crews.

So they started on their perigrinations, some forging ahead briskly and a few more spineless ones dribbling along in the rear. Came a corner - the vanguard rounded it - the main body of troops also rounded it - the novissimum agmen rounded it - and - where were the others? Nobody in sight, not a sound, not a trace. They were deserted upon the dusty highway. Sadly they hunted, and still more sadly they called, and with tears in their baby blue eyes they inquired of the passing public if they had seen one boy's camp, mislaid somewhere upon the road. At last they turned to sleuthing, and their efforts were at lenght crowned with success, after following footprints for many weary minutes: the missing links were spotted, perching in a convenient mulberry bush.

The ranks being united once more, spirits reached such a pitch, that crashing off the road at a convenient corner, they proceeded to swarm up through marshes, and fens, and fields and forests, in the manner of Arnold marching on Quebec, to come out finally on the top of Philip Mountain.

Nobody from Camp has ever been up this side as far as we know, and there wasn't so much as a cow-path to go by. However the trek was an enjoyable one, and they all returned, scratched, bitten, and muddy, but in a most jovial mood, to munch their supper, down to the last shy crumb, on the shore, and then paddle home to the tune of their own dulcet roundelays.

The fishermen were not crowned with such success. I. De F. and his fellow-worm-slingers managed to collect about ten, but all told there were not more than sixteen fish who succumbed to the lures of the nine hooks so coyly dangling in the water, and at an early hour most of them returned, worn out with fruitless waiting.

J.G.W. and C.W.3rd, at about five o'clock, took the double and went out to establish a new record round Oak and Pine. They made it in 27.56 3/5. While they were out the Katahdin Camping trip blew in, completely covered with dust, but otherwise flourishing, having had what sounded like an extra-special kind of good time. Having expected only eight for supper, the commisary department, run by the substitute crew of L.E.W., R.B.C., and C.W.3rd, was put to it to stretch the supplies enough, but the result was all that could be desired, as they all sat around the table and screamed at a boat-load of tired fishermen, in the manner of the Mad Tea Party, to "Go "Away!"

The evening was spent mostly in sighing with content at the growing coolness, and in an interview with the corpse in the *Nine Tailors*. The moon shone down upon a smooth unruffled pond, and when the last half-past-niner was safely asleep, and the last hay-bale had disappeared from the Faculty-supper-table, W.H.B. and I. De F. set safely forth, minus the anchor they should have taken, in the Hecuba, to round the Horn, leaving Dr. C. Wiggins to minister to the inmates of the pest-house.

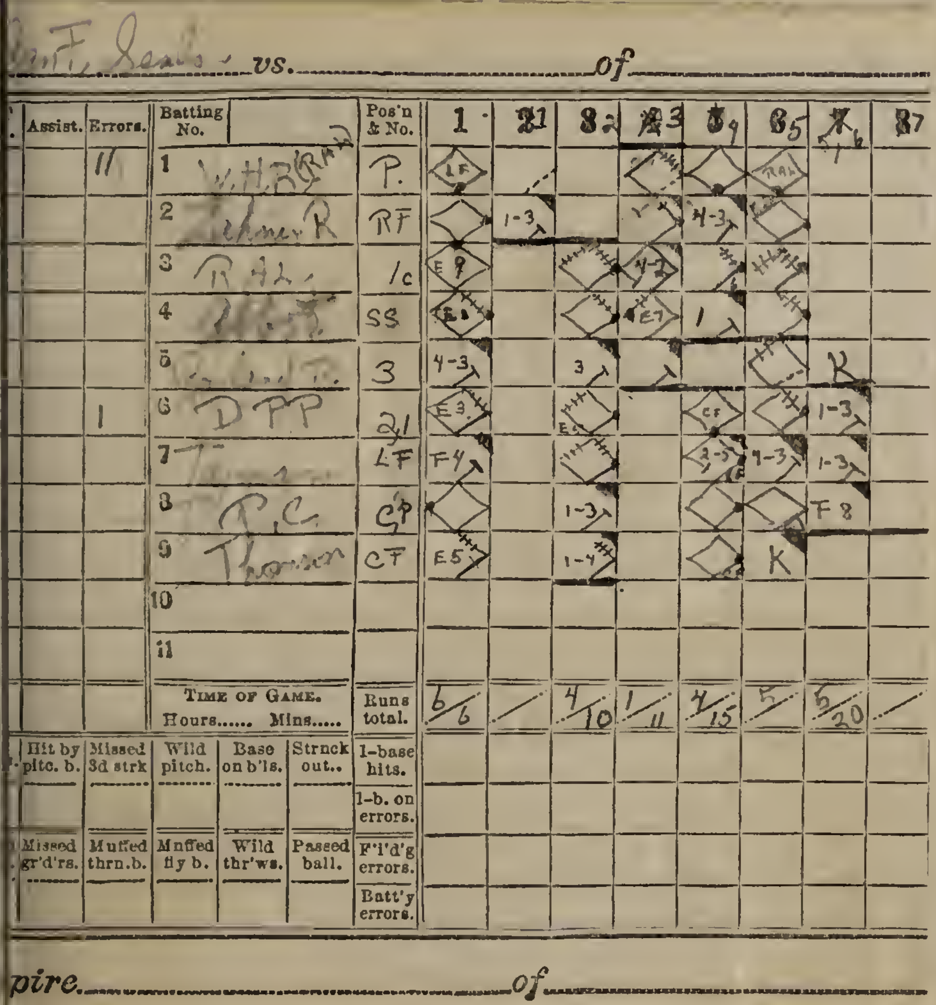
Friday, August 16th
Bar: 29.98
Temp: 72 max: 95!

Today was the hottest on record, a scorcher that shriveled away the last remnants of every one's ambition. Squads went on in a desultory way during the morning, and in the afternoon there was a game of very Soffy Baw Baw, between two minor leagues, the Buffalo Bisons and the San Fransisco Seals.

Buffalo Bisons		San Fransisco Seals
I. De F.	p.	W.H.B.
J.B.	c.	P.C.
Hamlen J.	1.	R.A.L.
Hamlen W.	2.	D.P.P.
H.H.W.	3.	Garland P.
Gifford	s.s.	Abbot
Garland K.	l.f.	Tappan
Zahner H.	c.f.	Thomson
Lynes	r.f.	Zahner R.

The Seals, who got first raps in this Homeric game, shifted their batting order around, while the Bisons let theirs stand as was. W.H.B. in spite of his late hours of the night before, started the ball rolling with a terrific circuit clout off his fellow round-the-Horner. The Seals then proceeded to go round the batting order, with some to spare, running up a huge score before the Bisons were even given their raps. The Buffalo boys came back strong, but not strong enough to tie the tally, which mounted steadily during the ensuing innings. Four homers were raked in by the California boys, while only one went to the credit of their outwitted opponents. During the fourth inning the Medical King-pin of the Seals was called away as he was about to come to bat, but R.A.L. stepped into the breach and knocked the pill for a round trip. The playing was not what one could, by the wildest stretch of the imagination, be called tight, errors being flagrant on both sides, but there were some brilliant plays on both teams too, notable among them an almost-triple play on the part of the Bisons, and the beautiful catch by Bison Zahner H. in the sixth inning.

Amother homer would have been scored by the underdogs if it had not been for Lynes' freak balk at the plate, late in the third, which prevented I.De F. from coming home on a beautiful hit. The last two innings showed a much better brand of playing, and the way that the Bisons dealt with their enemies in the first of the sixth showed truly professional skill. However, in spite of their strong comeback, they were not able to work off the overwhelming lead, and the game ended with the score 20-14 for the Seals.

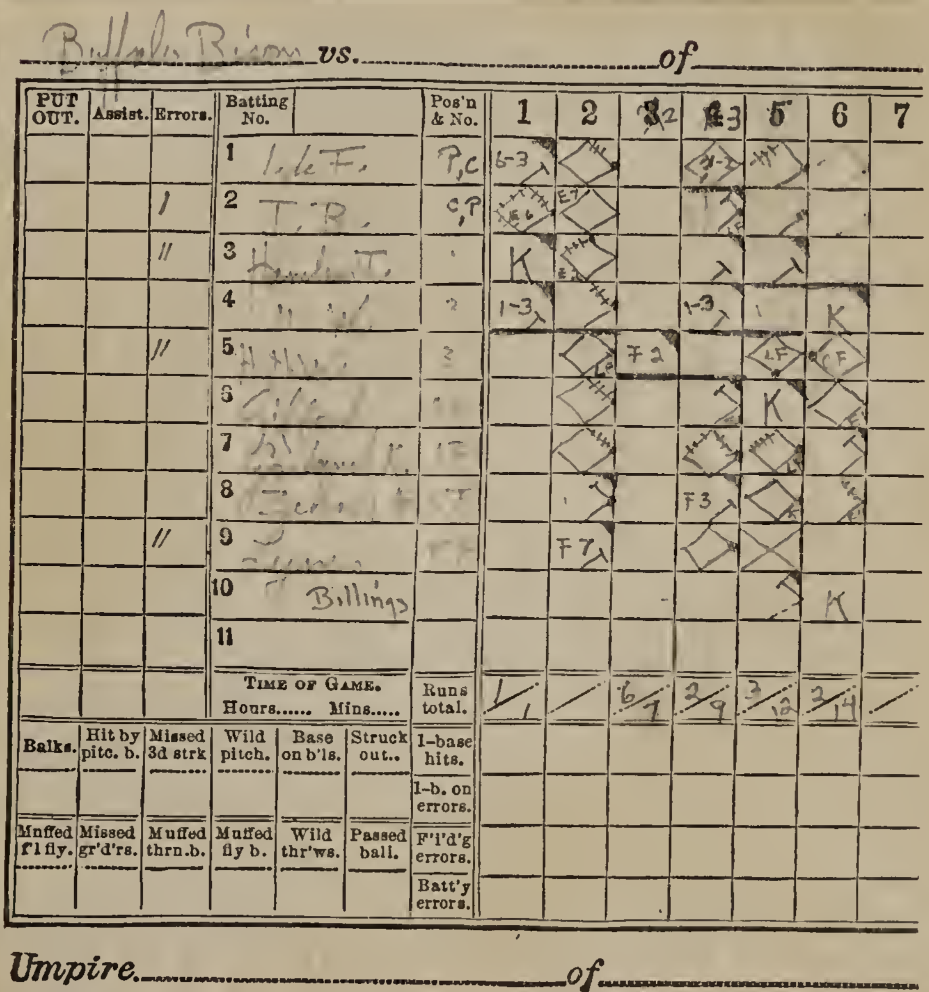


S. F. Seals vs. ______ of ______

Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2 1	3 2	4 3	5 4	6 5	7 6	8 7
	//	1	W.H.B. (RAL)	P.	LF					RAL		
		2	Zahner R	RF		1-3			4-3			
		3	R.H.L.	1c	E 9			4-2				
		4	[illegible]	SS	E 6			E7	1			
		5	[illegible]	3	4-3		3				K	
	1	6	D P P	2,1	E3				CF		1-3	
		7	[illegible]	LF	F4				3-5	4-3	1-3	
		8	P.C.	CP			1-3				F 8	
		9	Thomson	CF	E5		1-4			K		
		10										
		11										
		Time of Game. Hours...... Mins.....		Runs total.	6/6	/	4/10	1/11	4/15	5/	5/20	/

Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.
					1-b. on errors.
Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thrn.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'l'd'g errors.
					Batt'y errors.

Umpire.______ of ______



Buffalo Bison vs. ______ of ______

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3 2	4 3	5	6	7
			1	I. de F.	P,C	6-3			3-2			
		/	2	T. R.	C,P	E6	E7					
		//	3	Hamlin T.		K						
			4	[illegible]		1-3			1-3		K	
		//	5	[illegible]				F2		LF	CF	
			6	[illegible]						K		
			7	[illegible]								
			8	[illegible]					F3			
		//	9	[illegible]			F7					
			10	Billings							K	
			11									
			Time of Game. Hours...... Mins.....		Runs total.	1/1	/	6/7	2/9	3/12	3/14	/

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.
						1-b. on errors.
Muffed f'l fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thrn.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'l'd'g errors.
						Batt'y errors.

Umpire.______ of ______

Saturday, Aug. 17th
Bar: 29.95
Temp: 74
Wind: West

Another scorching day. Squads were hurried through in the morning, and there was shell-navigation for all who were interested from ten o'clock on. A second blackberry squad went off to continue the good work of yesterday, coming back much scratched and stained, and loaded down with buckets of berries.

The afternoon was about the calmest we have had all summer, and so a trial Regatta was held, preparatory to the final one, which will be held probably some time next week.

Under a scorching sun, with a sweltering and short-handed faculty to do the honors, seven races were run off, over a half-mile course, from about on a line with Fourway to a line parallel with the North end of the Float. The oarsmen were devided into three groups: A, B, and C. both A and B having two heats and a finals, and C being run off in one race. Pre-racial excitement was provided for the fans by Professor Brooks, who managed to upset a short distance South of the Float, thus holding up the schedule somewhat.

The first heat of class B. included:

Hamlen J.	3rd
Peabody	2nd
Hamlen W.	1st, time 4.23
Brooks	upset.

Brooks again came to grief a few seconds from the start, and his shell had to be ignominiously towed home by the rescue crew. Bill Hamlen won easily over Peabody, who was violent and erratic, and over Joe, sure but slow.

Second heat:

Lynes	1st, time:4.10 3/5
Chisholm	2nd
Gifford	3rd

This was a good race all the way, Gifford, who was out in a single for only the third time in his life, keeping up well with a fast field -

he should be potential A-group stuff with another week's practice. Chisholm had difficulties quite early in the day, but managed to overcome them without losing too much ground. The courses steered by all three were enough to frighten the French, and gave the watchess on the float several anxious moments, as they veered first towards each other, and then toward Monkey Point, or Pine Parlor. The finish was close, all three boats coming in strong, the Cygnet winning for the second time today.

Class A. first heat:	Abbot	1st, time: 3.29 2/5
	Garland C	2nd
	Zahner H	3rd
	Tappan	

This race, which got under way about four-twenty, was a close one between the first two boats, with third and fourth places widely spaced. Zahner was a good ten or twelve lengths behind Chris Garland, while Tappan had covered a bare half of the course when Abbot crossed the line.

Second heat:	Garland P.	1st, time: 3.32
	Trimingham	2nd
	Webb	
	Thomson	

This was a very scattered race. Trimmy steered an erratic course, and at no time was he within striking distance of Garland, who won without stretching himself tob the full. Webb and Thomson were far behind, and widely spaced, both however, finishing strongly.

Class B. finals:	Hamlen W.	1st, time: 4.16 1/4
	Chisholm	2nd
	Peabody	3rd
	Lynes	

This was rather a dissapointing race for various reasons. Greg Lynes who made the fastest B group time of the afternoon in his preliminary heat, had trouble from the start, which ended disastrously for him, and handed Hamlen the victory. Hamlen rowed evenly and calmly all the way. Peabody was even more erratic than in his first race, while Chisholm did extremely well, finishing only a couple of lengths behind the University champ.

A change in order was now brought about. The class C. race was to have been run off before the A. finals, but they switched around, and A went first in a very exciting race.

Abbot	1st, timeN 3.30
Garland P.	2nd
Garland C.	3rd
Trimingham	

It was hard to see this race clearly from the Float, the sun being low, and C.W's shell seeming to mingle with those of the racers. Peter Garland didn't do as well as the time before, in fact neither brother was rowing at his best. Chris and Trimmy finished in the closest distance of the day, Trimmy being onlyhthree feet behind at the line.

Last of all came C group, which showed some of the best rowing of the afternoon.

Henderson	1st, time: 4.14
Ross	2nd
Hamlen F.	3rd
Meyer T.	

This was e very good race. Henderson looked nifty all the way, and made better time, by more than two seconds, than Hamlen did in the B finals. Ross came in only a length behind, also rowing well, though not with Greg's smoothness. F. Hamlen was not far behind, with Meyer making a poor but game fourth.

The Regatta ended at about five-thirty, with the water still like a mirror. These races do not actually decide anything definite, but as a result when the finals come round there will probably be several changes in the lineups of the three groups.

EXTRA-SPECIAL! Dorman passes Swimming Test! Amidst the shrieks of a large and eager audience, and of his indefatigable teachers, H.H.W. and W.H.

W.H.B.,Phil passed the test today, the last of the non-swimmers. Six weeks of hard labor on the part of both pupil and teachers have been passed, to be crowned at last with success, upon this memorable day!

There were five new and very welcome arrivals today:

First, sitting on the porch, large as life and twice as handsome, when we straggled in to breakfast, was James Arnold Lowell, come for the visit we have waited for so long. Later in the morning arrived Weta G. Lynes and Twining Lynes bringing with them Loring Lynes, a camper of 1930. In the afternoon came Mrs. Kipplinger, to see J.C.P, and stay for a couple of nights, followed by one of North Belgrade's speedier telegrams telling us to expect her.

And so we come to our last Sing-Song of the summer, offering a program unsurpassed in variety and brilliance.

SIXTH SING-SONG

Overture - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -T.L.

Guido, The Gimlet of Ghent - - - - -C.W.3rd and cast

The Lighthouse Keeper's Daughter - -Prefects

Choruses - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -T.L. at the piano

The Tragedy of Abraham Finkle - - - W.H.B. and cast

The Nussbaum Brothers - - - - - - - J.G.W. and T.L.

The evening opened with a treat such as we have not had all summer - Mr. Lynes at the piano - what a combine! He put every one into stitches of laughter with a wonderful imitation of the kind of accompanying music one heard in small-town movie palaces during the days of silent pictures. First he gave a short introductory speech, giving the picture of the accompanist, probably in her off moments the girl who worked at the Drug store, going home and sitting down to try over the music for the next day's show. He asked us to imagine for ourselves the scenes going on on the screen meanwhile. Then he broke into the most wonderful medley of "Hearts and Flowers", "Tramp, tramp, tramp", "Be it ever so Humble, there is no place like Home" and so on, till the audience was rocking in its seats with laughter and applause.

After this wonderful beginning "Guido the Gimlet of Ghent", as translated from the original manuscript, was presented by C.W. and a distinguished cast. The Dean of the University explained beforehand, that when the manuscript was discovered it was in very poor condition, so that any lapses in the speeches of the actors must be forgiven and put down as due to the illegibility of the original.

The first act showed the Margrave and Margravess (or is it Marchioness?) of Bugginsburg in deep consultation over the future of their beauteous duaghter, Clementine (R.W.) who sat nearby, doing her tatting like an obedient girl. From their conversation one gathered that e'en now three doughty men and true were hastening toward Castle Bugginsburg, to seek the hand of the fair one, no less personages than Pêpe de Valtloifer Tancred, the Tenspot, and Rollo the Rumbottle. All three suitors were equally acceptable in the eyes of the parents, but Clementine thought otherwise. Her maiden fancy was firmly fixed upon the Guido, the Gimlet of Ghent, whom, curious to say, she had never seen; in fact neither had seen the other, but both were madly in love, he with her portrait, she, one is forced to suppose, with a portrait of his helmet, for he swore, at a very early age, never to take it off till safely married, and wore it eating, drinking, and even sleeping. Such a marriage is definitely out of the question as far as the Margrave (C.W.) and the Margravess (L.E.W.) are concerned, and there is a strained feeling among the members of the family as the fatal hour approaches.

In the second act Tancred, hasting upon his romantic quest, meets Pepe, in a glen near Bugginsburgh Castle. Having apprehended that their missions are one and the same. They fight to see who shall have the honor, and just as Tancred (Hamlen F.) is about to cleave Pepe (John Ross) to the chine, Rollo, the rollicking Rum-bottle, enters (John Hall). Seeing the combat, he is duly distressed, and finding that the warriors are his old friends, he suggests a better means of deciding. He knows that Clementine loves the masked marvel, and as such he hopes to win her heart. The three of them toss their swords to see who shall be the first to impersonate Guido, who is, from all accounts, far away across the seas. Thus having amicably arranged the contest, they proceed toward the castle.

Meanwhile, as we see in the next scene, Guido and Clementine are holding secret rendevous, in the manner of Romeo and Juliet, he having nobly executed the three guards beneath the wall of Clementine's bower, so that they can talk in peace. She begs him to remove his helmet, but he (J.B.) refuses, giving her, however, his card, which she cherishes, presenting him in turn with her scarf. Just as this transaction is accomplished,onto the parapet stalks Clementine's Mama, Guido slinking off into the bushes before she can spot him. She does not seem to notice the slaughtered guards, or perhaps she doesn't care, but what she does notice is the piece of paper clutched feverishly in Clementine's little hot hand. She snatches it, and reads the fatal name!

Back in the Great Hall, as per scene one. The Margrave and Margravess are discovered pacing the floor, devising means to do away with Guido. Even as they talk, there comes a thundering at the door, and in strides - a knight with a black helm, and a white plume - Guido, no less. They play up sweetly, and soon he is persuaded to ascend to the turret chamber, to rest after his journey, escorted by the gibbering fool, (Hamlen W.). A few minutes elapse, and then the tell-tale drip of blood through the ceiling proclaims to the two fiends below that he is dead. In a few minutes more the corpse is carried through the room; some instinct prompts the Margrave to look beneath the helm - and - it is Pepe De Valtloifer! In horror they look upon each other, but even as they do so, another knock comes, and in comes the second man to wear a black helmet and white plume, which he refuses to remove. Thereupon the Margrave falls upon him and slays him, only to find that it is Tancred!

Things are beginning to look bad. Only one candidate is left, two having been wiped out by the over-anxious parents. However, when the third knight enters, they are again electrified by the white plume. They bend every effort to find if this is the real Guido, but the unknown knoght steadfastly insists he is no other than the dread Gimlet. He will not be cozened into the same traps as thertwo fore-runners, but at last they get him with the poisoned Malmsey. Even as he falls they feel a pang - was not Rollo overly fond of drink, and might it not, after all, be he? - It is! Before they can recover their shattered wits in through the window leaps Guido, the Gimlet. Before the eyes of every one he challenges the Margrave to an alternate slugging-fest, each getting a free whack at the other one's neck. Guido chivalrously kneels first, but the Margrave, who is slightly out of training, cannot dent the raven helmet. Neither, this first time, can Guido crunch the Margrave, so they enter the second round. A terrific biff, and the white plume floats to the ground, but Guido rises, and then - the Margrave falls, as does his wife, dead of the fright. Nought remains but to take the damsel, who now comes forward. But, wait - she is not the girl of the picture - neither, as he takes off his helmet, is he the man she thought he was. Alack - what is there to do but die? She goes first, Guido obligingly spitting her on his sword. He is about to do likewise, when the notion occursis he not after all too good for such a death? Should Guido the Gimlet of Ghent, terror of parents' hearts, die in such a fashion? No! Never! Reluctantly he sheathes his sword, and departs, our hero, saved.

The Lighthouse Keeper's daughter, a rare old stunt of many years' vintage, came next, performed in toughing and admirable style by a small but talented cast. Special praise is due, as it was nearly all in pantomime, round a realistic lighthouse, made of a baby moab, a bigger one, Copley's water bucket, and a lantern.

As the curtains opened the Lighthouse keeper (P.C.) and his golden-haired daughter (I. De F.) were discovered, sitting at home. Presently the old man goes off to light the light. Up, and up, and up he goes, while daughter sits below. While he is in the very act of lighting the beacon, the villain enters the bottom of the lighthouse. Swiftly he rushes up the stair, ties and gags the girl before she can cry out, and then rushes on up the stair, throttling the poor old man on his way. Enter the second-time hero (J.B.). He sees the girl, signs to her to wait, rushes on up the stair, and catches the wicked H.H.W. as he descends. There follows a terrific fight upon the Lighthouse stairs, teetering and tottering up and down. Finally the villain succumbs, the maiden's gyves are cut, a parting tear is shed upon the father, and together the happy couple goes off to live happily ever after.

A round of favorite Camp songs came next: Renzo, the Chowder Song, the Song of the Ouananiche, the Picnic Song, all played by Mr. Lynes as no one has played them all summer, and sung with with unsurpassed energy, not to say beauty, by the rest of us.

W.H.B. and the Medical students now put on a drama known as "The Tragedy of Abraham Finkle".

The first scene was laid in a street-car, the principal actors therein being Abie (W.H.B.), his lawyer-friend Izzie, (D.P.P.) and the policeman, Loring Lynes. Abie gets caught spitting on the floor, by the defender of the law, while telling a story to Izzie. He refuses to pay the two$ fine, and so is thrown into the jug(2nd scene) a remarkable affair, of vertical ropes. Izzy urges him to continue his unlucky refusal to pay the fine, and so there is a law-suit, Abie is tried by judge Moller, and finally condemned to die. In the fourth scene he is just being yanked off to the death-house, when a pardon arrives. (We forgot to say that he was tried on the charge of Murder, a person having died who had been on the street-car.) The last scene is back on the street-car again, with about the same number of passengers as before, the same conductor, and Abie and Izzie, talking the matter over. Alas! Before he can stop himself, Abie once more commits the same blunder, and the last we see of him he is being re-arrested, still refusing to pay the two-dollar fine.

By this time it was nearly nine, but J.G.W. came in, to the front of the stage, and said that, owing to an engagement the Skipper had made with two foreign representatives of the Society for the Promotion of Goodwill between the Nations for this evening, he hoped that every one would stay to hear the gentlemen. A few minutes later there arrived, rather warm from their hurried journey from Waterville, where they are staying, M. Gebhardt Nussbaum, and Herr Rudolph Nussbaum, two distinguished brothers(?), who are collecting American Songs, as sung by American boys, and translating them into French and German for the benifit of Boy-scouts in France, and in Alsace-Lorraine. The songs they sang for our approval were beautiful renditions of ones we have often heard at Camp, in fact, surprising as it may seem, of the very ones we had been so lately singing. Already they have been written down in a former Log for the benifit of Posterity, so we will not print them here. Each song was sung, in literal translation, first in German, then in French, Gebhardt at the piano, and Rudolph doing the preliminary explanations. All the songs were greeted with stupendous enthusiasm, the audience agreeing to a man that the two great Goodwill Promoters had successfully captured all that was best and finest in the songs, and translated it in full. The final number was perhaps even more perfect than the others. It was the Chowder Song, specially rendered so that both French and German speaking Scouts could understand it at one and the same time, when sung at their bi-lingual Jamborees; the audience, composed of eminent linguists and critics, went wild over this number, and the two virtuosos retired to the sound of thunderous applause.

When at last Sing-Song had come to its dramatic finish, there was so little time before half-past-nine that all hands went for a heavenly swim, by the light of the stars (the moon was slow coming up tonight) and from there, straight to bed.

Sunday, August 18th
Bar: 29.97
Temp: 78, max: 98
Wind: W.S.W.

The weather for the past few days has been perfectly terrific. Started Wednesday, it is now getting hotter and hotter, with no sign of a let-up. The sky is hazy, but there is hardly a cloud, to give us hope of a break in the near future. The barometer still stays as high, or higher, than ever, and the wind, which usually rises a bit in the afternoon, thus saving us from completely burning up, has shifted hardly at all since the beginning of the hot spell.

This is the first day of the last full week we shall have. There are lots of things to be run off before the end of the season, Scouting, Track and Field, the Boat Race, the shell-races, the Fancy Dress Ball, and so on. This afternoon, it being much too hot for anything else, we started our winding-up by having the final Boat and Canoe, or at least a good part of it. Just in time to join in, arrived those long-expected three, R B. Ogilby, Peter Ogilby, and Lyman Ogilby, the first to act as official timekeeper, the others to compete in the races. During Reading the flags were set out, four opposite the Point, four in a row about opposite the far corner of Faculty Coffee, and one on a line with the North side of the Float. Lists were made out, stop-watches collected, and shortly after three we were under way for

* Fourth and Final Boat and Canoe *

* * * *

OFFICIALS

On Float: * * * * * J.G.W. major domo
R.B.O. timekeeper
C.W.
J.B.

Pathe: * * * * * * H.H.W. and R.A.L.

In Bateaux * * * * * * * * * D.P.P.
J.A.L.

Press: * * * * * * * * * * * L.E.W. & R.B.C. (substitute stenographer)

Commisary Department: * * * *R.W. & B.C.

Events:

Senior Standing Doubles: 1st heat
Squanny; Abbot & Ogilby P. 1st
Pink: Thomson & Webb. 2nd
Hecuba: Hall & Garland P.
time: 4.07.4

The Hecuba tipped over before she got across the starting line, leaving only two boats in the race. It was an even race all the way, the Squanny forging ahead in the last lap, to win by two lengths.

2nd heat:
Grayling: Zahner H, Garland K 1st
Squanny: Gifford, Ogilby L. 2nd
Hec: Trimingham, Hamlen J.
time: 4.17.6

Another upset, this time the Hec, cut the number down to two in this heat. The Grayling had an easy time, coming home a fourth of the course ahead of the Squanny, more than ten seconds slower than the last heat.

Junior Standing Singles:
1st heat:
Hecuba: Hamlen W. 1st
Pink: Tappan 2nd
Grayling: ZahnerR.3rd
Squanny: Billings
time: 6.13.6

Tappan, going at a snail's pace, gained when Billings and Hamlen took the wrong flags. Billings got out ahead, then fell back, then fell out, leaving Hamlen to pass Tappan at the half-way mark, and win by 1/2 length.

2nd heat:
Grayling: Lynes, 1st
Pink: Tappan 2nd
Squanny, Brooks 3rd
time: 5.48

This was a close race between Lynes and Carey. Lynes took the lead at the first turn, and steadily widened it till he was five lengths ahead at the finish.

3rd heat:
Pink: Chisholm 1st
Squanny: Hamlen F.2nd
Grayling: Peabody
time:6.35.6

Peabody made the fourth upset out of five races, leaving two boats to fight it out. Hamlen dropped behind, then came up again, but was unable to beat Chisholm's sprint, which took the Grayling across, victor by 3/4 length.

Peanut Sitting Doubles:
Hecuba: Meyer T, Henderson, 1st
Pink: Ross, Hamlen F. 2nd
Squanny: Carey, Dorman
time: 5.15.4

The Hecuba was ahead at the start. The Pink, by reason of steering the only straight course, got to the turn first, and jumped to the lead. The Hec picked up on the long leg, the wandering Squanny got in the Pink's way, and the Hec, came fast and straight to win.

Senior Standing Singles:

1st heat:

Pink: Webb	1st
Grayling, Hamlen J.	3rd
Squanny: Ogilby P.	[illegible]
HecubaN Zahner H.	2nd

time: 5.56.4

Hamlen, ahead at first, was baffled by the wind, and Webb came behind to get miles ahead. The Hec. came up to second, but Zu was down on the second turn, rising again, in spite of the increasing wind, to hold his place against both **Grayling** and Squanny.

2nd heat: posponed, on account of wind.

Peanut Rangeley Race:

Terror: Ross	1st
Identical, Henderson	2nd
Williwaw, Meyer T.	3rd
Hammerschooner, Dorman	

Ross jumped ahead at once, doing very well, and winning over Henderson in a straight race.

The wind having now risen quite a bit, the meeting was reluctantly adjourned, and every one went for a swim. The rest of the events are to be run off tomorrow morning, weather permitting.

Picnic supper was had at the Point, a favorite Sunday-night place this summer. The blackboard, chalk and erasers accompanied us, as well as innumerable pads and pencils, and the GREAT ELECTIONS were held, to see what the desserts for the rest of Camp will be. After much milling and meditating on the part of the referees, the list was posted, which included some twenty or thirty desserts, varying from Washington Pie to Stewed Prunes, and Nuts.

The visiting Dessert-Expert, who as he himself admitted, has come for many a weary mile just to be present for this occasion and the ensuing days of bliss, first rose, and in an eloquent speech, reviewed the desserts, their virtues, vices, and explained, in words of one syllable, the voting system.

The two leading candidates, at least the ones which caused most comment were the old standby and a dark horse from the Middle West. Far down the list also appeared, under the heading of Ices a mystery-dessert, known to the uninitiated as Creole Short-Cake. Mr. Lowell was slightly biassed in his views, but as he favored neither of the leading candidates, no animosity was aroused in the heartd of the multitude over this all-important election. He did, however, give a big hand to the heretofore unheard of Southern entry, and succeeded in stirring up quite a lot of honest interest.

Next came a stirring speech on the fine qualities of Rice Pudding, by one of its staunchest upholders, R.B.O. He called upon all that was deepest and most romantic in the spirits of his audience, reminding them of the well-known and much-beloved custom of throwing rice after the departing Bride and Groom, finishing his memorable oration by humming the Wedding March.

The romantic, sympathetic, and enthusiastic reveries which his speech had dipped us into were rudely broken in upon by the strident voice of the Middle West, blaring forth the beauties, all too obvious already, of: Peppermint Stick Ice Cream. His first remarks were of so cutting and revolting a nature as not to be easily forgotten by the faithful upholders of the time-honored standard of Rice Pudding. "Why do friends and relations throw rice at weddings?" asked this barbarian "Why indeed? Only because they want to get rid of it!" Thus was the peace shattered, as partisans of both sides shouted and booed and yelled. The rest of this speech is not worth repeating, the whole success lying in the petty, though undoubted, delivery of the speaker, not on the sense, which was conspicuous by its absence.

After this came C.W. 3rd, who, as Dean of the University, strongly advocated rice-pudding as a brain-food, second to none, including even Grape-Nuts, and after him again, came a speech against Rice Pudding, which was delivered by an otherwise quite sane member of the Medical Profession, both long-winded and over-technical, which we have not space to print.

For any one who does not like these writeups, we the Editors, uphold the standard of Complete Freedom of the Press, and do not in any way claim to be a non-partisan organization, though, on the other hand, our opinions are always well-thought out and generally beyond reproach!

Supper having been completely forgotten in the anticipation of greater gustatory pleasures to come, the ballots were now cast, each man voting for nine desserts, including two ice-creams, and, after various small pro-and-con Rice Pudding fisticuffs among the brambles, the party broke up and went home, to sing hymns, to R.B.O's accompaniment till after half-past-eight.

Another installment of The Nine Tailors was safely stowed away, and then, aided by a few assorted hay-bales, the remaining gentry sat down to the colossal task of counting the ballots. Note the result; a clean, honest election, no jipping, no duping, no influencing the minds of Young America against their better natures. What though a few of them did vote for Creole Short Cake, thinking it was Short Cake? That was their tough luck, and will teach them to be more careful in the future. Here are the results, coming from an unstuffed ballot-box, with the number of votes faithfully reprinted:

1. Blueberry Pie	33	votes
2 Apple Pie	28	"
3. Lemon Sherbet	27	"
Rice Pudding or Creole Short Cake	27	"
Peppermint Stick Ice Cream	27	"
6. Lemon Pie	20	"
7 Peach Short Cake	18	"
8. Cut-up-fruit	17	"
9. Mince Pie	15	"

These are our favorite desserts, and Hattie was immediately called into consultation, giving the verdict that all nine shall shortly appear at well-spaced intervals during the days to come.

Monday, August 19th
Bar: 30.03
Temp: 77
Wind: W.S.W.

Squads were rushed through this morning, in order thea the rest of yesterday's incomplete Boat and Canoe Meet might be run off before Lunch, while the water was still calm. While waiting for the less fortunate to finish lamps, yard, etc. a few chosen ones indulged in shell-navigation, and Peter Garland set a new record for the summer - tipping over twice in one morning.

At ten-thirty the races were under way, the same officials as yesterday and the same crews competing.

Peanut Sitting Doubles:
Squanny; Ross, Hamlen F. 1st
Hec; Meyer T, Henderson 2nd
time: 4.46.5

This race was re-run, owing to the complications yesterday. They were even at the first turn, very close on the long leg, both boats looking terrific, with no time, and awful steering, and every one working like mad. The Squanny did an enormous turn at the second buoy, losing lots of ground, but spurting past the Hec again, which, Henderson having lost all sense of direction was cavorting frantically all over the course.

Senior Standing Singles:
2nd heat:
Grayling; Abbot 1st
Pink; Garland C. 2nd
Hec. Thomson 3rd
Squanny: Gifford
time: 4.23.2

A very close race between Abbot and Garland with Thomson an excellent third. Garland was ahead at the last turn, but Abbot, using form not of the best, but very powerful, passed him to win by a quarter of a length, Garland making no sprint to counter the effort.

3rd heat:
Grayling; Garland P. 1st
Squanny; Trimingham 2nd
Pink; Ogilby L. 3rd
Hec; Hall
time: 4.52.2

Close racing between all but Hall, who showed supreme indifference to speed. Trimmy ruined himself on the last turn by his punk steering, and lost by two lengths, Peter coming in with a long slow stroke, on which Trimmy was gaining steadily.

Junior Standing Singles: finals
Lynes 1st
Carey 2nd
Hamlen W. 3rd
Chisholm
time: 4.52

Lynes went well ahead right off the bat, with Carey and Hamlen neck and neck for second, and Cheese only a bare half-length behind. Carey and Hamlen both put on powerful sprints, but Carey's was the better, pulling him out ahead a length and a half, while

Chisloim, paddling steadily, came close behind,

Senior Standing Doubles, finals:
Hec. Thomson, Webb 1st
Squanny. Abbot, Ogilby P. 2nd
Gray. Zahner H. Garland K. 3rd
Pink. Ogilby L. Gifford
time: 4.03.4

A fast start and a good race, with the University stepping into the lead at once, with great firmness, to lead all the way. The Squanny was close however, with the Grayling coming in third by only half a length, and the Pink close behind her.

Junior Sitting Doubles: finals:
Hec. Billings, Lynes 1st
Squanny. Peabody, Carey 2nd
Pink. Hamlen W. Zahner R. 3rd
Grayling. Tappan, Chisholm
time: 4.05

Lynes stepped into the lead soon after the start, with the Pink and the Squanny very close for second. The Squanny took first place in the long lap, and held it for the rest of the race without trouble.

Senior Standing Singles, finals:
Pink: Abbot 1st
Squanny: Garland P. 2nd
Hec. Garland K. 3rd
Grayling: Webb
time: 4.25

Chris Garland was let into this race even though he only came in second in his heat, because his time was so good. The race was between Abbot and Peter Garland, with Peter leading a good part of the way. He was ahead on the last turn, but in coming round, lost his balande and his direction, and the Pink, with a hefty sprint, broke into the lead.

Junior Four-Paddlers: 1 1/2 times round course.

Abagadasset 1st		Worromontogus 2nd
Lynes		Zahner R.
Ross	time:	Hamlen F.
Brooks	6.18.6	Hamlen W.
Tappan		Billings

Carrabassett
Peabody
Meyer T.
Carey
Chisholm

The Abagadasset went into the lead soon enough, with both Carrab and Worry close. Peabo worked like a demon, but the Carrab lost on turns, while the Worry gained on them, coming in second on speed and first by a long shot on style.

Senior Four-Paddlers: twice around.

Carrabasset 1st		Worromontogus 2nd
Thomson		Abbot
Hamlen J.		Hall
Gifford	time:	Ogilby P.
Garland K.	5.21	Zahner H.

Abagadasset
Garland P.
Webb
Ogilby L.
Trimingham

The Abagadasset jumped into the lead at first, with the Worry taking it away at the first turn. The Ab. came up again, and the Dark Horse Carrab now began to show new speed, in the second time round. On the North turn the Ab. came to grief, and went up the spout, while the Carrab put on a spurt, and passed the Worry, to win in a very close race.

For Lunch, as well as the last part of Boat and Canoe, arrived Mr. and Mrs. Zahner; we suspect them of the ulterior motive of coming for the Blueberry Pie, most voted-for of all the desserts, which we had today, in monstrous quantities.

In the afternoon, by way of a restful change, there was:

PUGNAPEDPILIAPUDUNIVERSITATEMBELGRAD

with Boatbuilding on the side, and rehearsals for practically everybody, at 5.30

TRADITORES

C.W.
J.B.
P.C.
J.G.W.
R.A.L.
Abbot
Zahner R.
Garland P.
Webb
Hamlen W.
Ogilby L.

CORATOR TEMPORIS

R.W.
Tappan

PECCATORES

D.P.F.
I. De F.
J.A.L.
R.B.C.
H.H.W.
L.C.Z.
Lynes
Garland C.
Gifford
Zahner H.
Ogilby P

The Traditores (Traitors) could find scarcely any one upon whom to try their Machiavellian schemes - only one small regiment was led astray into an enemy ambush, while the Peccatores (Sinners) committed sins galore. I. De F. and J.A.L. were the chief offenders, while L.C.Z. attempted innumerable sins, but could never bring them to fruition.

In broad daylight was the first sin done - Murder. J.A.L. started a quarrel with a couple of traitors, Zahner R. in particular. One of the contenders was forced out of bounds, and before any one knew quite what had happened, Zahner H, from a near-by corner, slipped J.A.L. a loaded gun, and he drilled the hot lead right through Zahner R. Many would-be murderers clustered about the traitors' sanctum, but only a few paltry wounds resulted from their onslaughts.

Very early the next morning I. De F. started his infamous career by assaulting an unsuspecting (though certainly deserving) traitor, and almost beating him to death. The traitors then sent out their best men into the van, and J.Brutus B. managed to inveigle a regiment off the main line of march, with promise of much loot. He led them into a ravine which ended in a high, unscaleable head-wall, and then called on the enemy to carry on the good work.

The third day saw no spilling of blood at all, but there were many close calls on either side. Abbot almost had a nice-but-stupid army amuck, but one bright person saved them by a rather hazardous maneouver.

As the sun rose o'er the hills on the fourth day, L.C.Z. led a brilliant gang of thieves up to a bank, and in thirty-one seconds his fellow-gangster had busted into the safe, and run off with thirty-thousand dollars of loot. The battle raged back and forth throughout the rest of the day, but no one could be betrayed, nor could the long arm of the law allow for more sins.

Sam Warren arrived in time for Supper tonight, the first time he has been back since he was a prefect here. He was immediately railroaded onto a charade team, and spent his first evening scrabbling through dictionaries. After supper there was go-as-you-please until about eight, when we all went into the big room, and sang, to R.B.O's accompaniment. Curious how we blossom out into an aviary of song-birds under his guidance, wherebefore, with all the great local talent at the piano, we were still as dumb as fish!

More records were smashed today - very important ones: table setting, and table-clearing.

C.W.3rd and squad managed to clear, wash, and put away the tables after lunch today in the truly marvelous time of - 4.20

At night the whole body of the faculty, guests included, slapped on the morning's board with appurtenances (exclusive, may we say, of coffee cups and some teaspoons) in exactly - 3.46

Tuesday, August 20th
Bar: 29.8
Temp: 73.5
Wind: rising S.S.W.

There were mare's tails in the sky today, with a slightly falling barometer and a rising wind. It looks like the end of the hot spell, and everything will be perfect if only we manage not to get a three-day North-Easter out of it.

After some heated debates the schedule for the afternoon was successfully arranged, our Third and Last

TRACK AND FIELD

Officials

BROAD JUMP
R.A.L.
P.C.
J.B.

HIGH JUMP
R.B.C.
S.D.W.

SHOT PUT
C.W.
I. De F.

PRESS
L.E.W.

STARTER
J.A.L.

PATHE
H.H.W.

FINISH
R.A.L.
D.P.P.
W.H.B.
J.A.L.
R.B.C.
S.D.W.

At the last minute no less than three good men were seized with various minor maladies, and were withdrawn from the field, much to our sorrow, as otherwise some of the times might have been appreciably shorter, and some of the distances longer. The revised lists looked as follows:

A.
Abbot
Garland C.
Garland P.
Gifford
Hall
Hamlen J.
Ogilby L.
Tappan
Thomson
Trimingham
Webb
Zahner H.
Ogilby P.

B.
Carey
Chisholm
Dorman
Hamlen F.
Henderson
Billings
Meyer T.
Meyer W.
Moller
Peabody
Ross
Zahner R.

As per usual, the Hundred was run off first, with J.A.L. at the starting gun.

1st heat, B. time: 13.2

Zahner R	1st
Chisholm	2nd
Meyer T.	3rd
Dorman	

This was a close race all round, with Dorman running neck and neck till he fell, twenty feet from the tape. The time was as fast as any B class first heat this summer.

2nd heat B, time: 13.2

Carey	1st
Billings	2nd
Henderson	3rd
Ross	

One and two were only a nose apart, as were three and four, in a good race. Both 1st and 2nd places came as near as possible to being ties.

3rd heat, time: 13.2

Hamlen F.	1st
Moller	2nd
Peabody	3rd
Meyer W.	

The times for all three heats were the same, showing promise of a very exciting final. Hamlen took this heat without being pressed, second and third coming closely bunched but pretty far behind.

Finals B. time 12.8

Hamlen F.	1st
Carey	2nd
Zahner R.	3rd
Chisholm	
Moller	
Billings	

Hamlen showed that he hadn't even let himself out to the full in the last race, bettering his time by two fifths of a second, and winning easily. Zahner and Carey came close together, with Chisholm several yards behind.

1st heat A. time: 11.8

Abbot	1st
Garland P.	2nd
Zahner H.	3rd
Webb	
Ogilby L.	

The fastest time of the afternoon, this race was close between Garland and Abbot, with Zu making a slow but determined third.

2nd heat, A, time: 12.2
Hamlen J. 1st
Gifford 2nd
Tappan 3rd
Ogilby P.

A close race all round, with Smoky Joe burning up the track in exactly the same time as he made in the second heat of the last race, on July 31st.

3rd heat, An time: 12.5
Garland C. 1st
Thomson 2nd
Hall 3rd
Trimingham

Another good close race. Special praise is due Jersey John, who ran by far the best race he has all summer, coming in to a fast sprint at the finish.

Finals A, time: 12.
Abbot
Hamlen
Garland P.
Garland K.
Gifford
Thomson

This was the least good of the A 100s today, the time being slower than the first heat, and the field straggling quite a bit. However the time was 1/2 sec. faster than at the second meet.

* * * * * * * * * *

Class B. High jump.
Moller 1st, 3'9"
Carey 2ND, 3'8"
Hamlen F, Billings 3rd, 3'6"

The jumping was only mediocre, Moller only having to take one second jump to win at 3'9", and Dorman missing at the phenomenal height of 2'10". The bar was jumped from 3'3" to 3'6" and six contenders immediately fell by the wayside. Carey looked wobbly on 3'6" but managed to clear 3'8" on his third try.

Class A. High jump.
Garland P. 1st, 4'4"
Abbot, Zahner H. 2nd, 4'3"

Garland scored an upset, beating out Zahner, who won at 4'5" last time. Peter took two jumps to make the final height. Third place is not recorded, as no one else passed the 4' mark, Hall even being stumped at 3'2", four higher than Dorman.

Class B. Shot-put, 8 lb stone

Carey	1st,	22.5
Chisholm	2nd,	21.5
Peabody	3rd,	20.4

Carey made his farthest put of the afternoon in the second finals try, while Chisholm made his farthest on his first preliminary.Peab. came up perfectly consistently, to make his last put his best,,with Moller missing a place by a scant four inches.

Class A. Shot-put, 12 lb shot

Garland P.	1st,	23.7 1/2
Hamlen J.	2nd,	22.4
Garland C.	3rd,	21.9

Peter won this on his first put of the day, the farthest one he has made this summer by five inches, beating the rest of the field by more than a foot. This was the Garland Bros. big event, Chris winning over Abbot by a little over a foot, and Thomson by eight inches.

Class B. Broad jump

Moller	1st,	12.7
Carey	2nd,	12.0
Hamlen F.	3rd,	11.8

Moller won, beating his old record by half-an inch, while Fred Hamlen jumped six short of las time,Peabody almost placing with an eleven' five" leap.

Class A. Broad jump.

Abbot	1st,	14.7
Garland P.	2nd,	14.4 1/2
Zahner H.	3rd,	13.2 1/2

Class A jumping was good, Abbot clearing 14.7 on his second jump. Chris Garland almost placed with 13.2 1/2, none of the others, except Gifford coming near exen the twelve-foot marker.

Class B 440 yard run

Zahner R.	1st
Hamlen F.	2ndtime: 73.2
Chisholm	3rd
Billings	4th
Carey	5th
Meyer T.	6th
Moller	7th
Peabody	8th

Much slower than last time, owing to the absence of Lynes the distance demon. Fred **Hamlen was ahead at the** backstop, but Zu passed him shortly afterwards, to make a close and exciting finish.

Class A 440 yard run

Abbot	1st
Hamlen	2nd
Garland K.	3rd
Garland P.	4th
Gifford	5th
Hall	6th
Thomson	7th
Webb	8th

The last event of the day, and a good one. Garland P. met hard luck through his own mistake, as he went round the wrong side of the first mark; thinking he was disqualified, he stopped, and when he started again the whole field was well ahead of him. If this had not happened he might have been able to nab first place. Hamlen led at the backstop, but Abbot pulled the same trick as last time, to win by a narrow margin.

The prefects didn't have the energy to run, as they have, by time-honored custom in past years, neither did they deck themselves out in customary 'Last Track and Field Regalia', confining their fancy-dress efforts to large and shady hats of every description.

In the evening, for the third successive night, we sang, to R.B.O's accompaniment. He finished off the evening's entertainment with a wonderful Phillipine Island Orchestra, the members being recruited from among the audience to the number of four, to play upon four weird and lovely instruments, composed of: 1, the huge fork that stands by the fireplace, banged with a horseshoe; 2, two pieces of wood knocked together; 3, a dishpan, played, in the manner of a drum, with another stick of wood, and 4, a poker banged against the door, thus making metal against metal, wood against wood, wood against metal, and metal against wood, and a most curious, not to say intriguing, sound, into the bargain.

Afterwards there was more Nine Tailors. Things are beginning to move now, at last, after a period of practical immovability, and we are busy decoding messages of great import.

Today arrived Mrs. Peabody, Johnny's Mother. His birthday is tomorrow, and she is staying over for that great event, also to see the truly wonderful charades, over which countless hours of toil have already been spent.

Wednesday, August 21st
Bar: 29.8
Temp: 76
Wind: S.W.

A great day, and worthy of all men to be remembered: in fact one of the greatest of days this summer. In the first place, we awoke to find that the hot streak has broken, with a good shower last night, and the wind is speedily blowing away the lurking clouds left over. In the second place, today was the deciding day of the Scouting Season, and in the third place, tonight was the last and best of all the charade evenings this summer. At the end of it all there almost had to be a squad to go round and collect the scattered and exhausted pieces that were left of faculty and boys, but it certainly was worth it.

In the first place, there were some new additions to both tribes upon the field of battle: two Ogilby Gonks, one ditto Iroquois, visiting Iroquois S.D.W. and also, much to their joy and the Gonks' rage, the returning Amazon A.H.R. who, we forgot to say, came last night, with Tudor Richards, who luckily joined the Algonquins, and helped stave off the ravages of his sister's four runs in an afternoon. Also fighting under the standard of the Algonquins was J.A.L., who, however, refrained, from plunging into the fray until the season's laurels had been successfully assigned, so played one game only.

The first battle was a decisive victory for the Iroquois, who, their backs against the wall, and the score two games in fovor of the Gonks, and only three to go, displayed a hitherto unseen brand of fierce and wary fighting. In the first onslaught an overeager Gonk shore party, hurrying to the kill, was completely massacred by one wily Iroquois, Abbot. A.H.R. started her campaign by prdoucing a run out of the bag, as did Brooks and Chisholm, while Tudor Richards was the sole scorer for the Algonquins.

The second game saw the Gonks clamped down to business, having learned

ALGONQUINS

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
R. B. C.	X	✓	✓	✓	●	✓	X	✓	✓
C. W. III	✓	✓	✓	X	●●●●	✓	X	●●	✓
R. B. O.	X	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	X	●	✓
J. B.	✓	●	✓	✓	●	✓	✓	●●●●	1
P. C.	✓	✓	✓	✓	●	✓	X	●●●●●	✓
L. E. W.	X	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	X	✓	1
Billings	✓	●	✓	✓	✓	✓	X	✓	✓
Dorman	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓
Hall	✓	✓	✓	✓	●	✓	X	✓	✓
Hamlen, F.	X	✓	✓	X	●	✓	X	✓	✓
Hamlen, J.	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓
Hamlen, W.	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Lynes	✓	✓	✓	✓	●●	1	X	✓	✓
Mayer, T.	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓
Mayer, W.	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	X	●	✓
Ogilby, L.	X	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	X	●	✓
Richards	✓	●	1	✓	✓	✓	X	✓	1
Ross	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	X	✓	✓
Thomson	✓	●	✓	X	✓	✓	X	●	✓
Trimingham	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	X	●	1
Webb	X	●●	✓	✓	●	✓	X	✓	1
J. A. L.	○	○	○	○	○	○	X	✓	✓
	11	6	1	8	12	1	20	16	5

IROQUOIS

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shot	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
R. A. L.	✓	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	X	●	✓
W. H. B.	✓	●●	✓	✓	●●	✓	X	●	1
D. P. P.	X	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	●●	2
I. DeF.	✓	●	✓	X	●	✓	✓	●●●	2
S. D. W.	✓	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	✓	✓	4
R. W.	✓	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	X	●●	1
Abbot	✓	●●●●	✓	✓	✓	✓	X	✓	✓
Brooks	✓	✓	1	X	●	✓	X	✓	✓
~~[illegible]~~	✓	●	✓	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓
Chisholm	X	●	1	X	●	✓	X	✓	1
Garland, K.	X	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	X	✓	2
Garland, P.	✓	●	✓	✓	●	✓	X	●●	1
Gifford	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	X	✓	1
Henderson	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	X	●	✓
Moller	✓	●	✓	X	●	✓	X	●●●●	2
Ogilby, P.	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	2
Peabody	X	✓	✓	✓	●	✓	X	✓	✓
Tappan	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓
Zahner, H.	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	✓	●●●	✓
Zahner, R.	✓	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓
A. H. R.	✓	✓	1	X	✓	✓	✓	●	3
H. H. W.	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	X	✓	1
	6	11	3	12	8	0	16	20	23

a costly lesson in the first fracas. With the Iroquois now only a game behind they slapped on a terrifically strong defense, and played with utmost caution. This game was slow from the Iroquois (South) end, so slow that C.W.3rd had a chance to ensconce himself comfortably beyond the Boneyard before the East Ridge advance guard so much as topped the rise, from which position he picked them off like ripe blackberries. Screams of joy went up from the North End, as, when the "All In" came, warrior Lynes appeared, having captured two fat scalps and smashed through the enemy's guard, by way of the East Ridge, so fatal to the Iroquois, to clinch the Season for the Gonks.

It was a wonderful feeling for the Gonks, and a dismal one for the Iroquois, who rose up in their mighty wrath, and smashed, blasted, and beat their victors into a complete pulp, in a whirlwind attack, that came to late to stem the tide. Horrible was their revenge, however, as a monster shore party, numbering fifteen, skulked through the undergrowth, and rushed shreiking on the guards, to wipe them out, and trample them underfoot, scoring two, three, and even four runs per man. When at last the call came, and the rampage was finally checked, only one whole scalp remained among the Algonquin hordes that had gone forth to battle, while twenty gory scalp-locks hung from the tent-poles of the Iroquois, who tortured their prisoners, and screeched and howled, in bloody, incomplete revenge.

At supper the hatchet was formally buried, and there were speeches by Captains, and by returning Braves. Among them J.A.L's was outstanding, being chiefly an anecdote of his brief experience of the afternoon. As he was lying in a bramble, trying to spot a recalcitrant and unknown Iroquois, without the aid of a list, which he had neglected to bring, the ghost of a fellow-Algonquin strolled by on its way to the boneyard. Says J.A.L. in a whisper fraught with emotion "How about lending me your list?" The ghost regards him with pained surprise. Such a thing is against his principles, even for a short while, but nevertheless, unbending his ghostly frigidity a little, he replies "No I can't, but the guy you're trying to shoot is Ivy De Frieze".

So ended the first part of this record-breaking day, and, as the charade sides rushed anxiously from the table, the second part began. Promptly at quarter of eight the curtains parted upon the first charade of the evening, given by R.A.L. and Co. assisted by S.D.W.

WHOLESALE. The first syllable might be taken as either whole or hole, in which W.H.B. held the center of the stage, operating upon Trimmy, assisted by R.A.L, S.D.W, L.E.W. et al., and by making a hole in him, made him whole again - very tricky.

Next came Sale, in which H.H.W. was the chief auctioneer, selling off Lincoln's portrait (by none other than Raphael) and R.B.C's manuscript for his great epic, which, contrary to the perverse hopes of the auctioneers, was highly bid for.

Finally, in the third act, came the whole word, which turned out to be wholesale human sacrifice, very gory, with R.A.L. making a charming Head Butcher, and a Phillipine Island Chorus supplying the incidental music.

Second of the charades was BOMBARDMENT, by C.W.3rd, which ended in a magnificent climax. The first scene was the political-rally one, at which this side excells, and in which a bomb was thrown, which, luckily or unluckily, did not go off as was expected.

The next two syllables, Bard-Ment, were Olde Englishe, in which King D. Parsifal Powell, and Queen Guenivere Wiggins were entertained by the Bard from Erin, but found difficulty in interpreting his exquisitely-sung ballads.

Last but not least, was the whole word, with a large number of grisly and determined soldiers in tin hats, bristling with guns, and with a glorious cannon ensconced in their midst, faced us from behind the secure entrenchment of a tipped-up table-top. The audience was nerve-racked enough when fired upon by the cannon, but when the warriors hauled out hand-grenades they were fairly in a panic. The braver and stupider, hurled them back again, and it was not for a considerable length of time that any but the most wiley thought to open the missiles, to find within each one an elegant and honest-to_goodness caramel, which caused some snickers to be directed against some of our more skillful gourmands, who kick up a frightful row if they don't get their piece, or two pieces, or even three pieces, after lunch, yet haven't the brains to take candy when it's literally thrown in their fat faces.

Now came The Charade of the evening, infact, of the whole summer, a production completely beyond the wildest hopes or thoughts of the other sides. Hours of labor, and quarts of midnight oil went into the making of this creation. Not enough credit can be given to authors, actors, and to those who furnished the properties etc. to make this marvelous production.

Chiefly the brain-child of R.B.C. who wrote the largest part of it while incarcerated in South Dormitory, J.B. and J.A.L. both contributed to it their skill as poets, notably, in Song 1, Scene3(J.A.L.), Song 2, Scene 3(R.B.C. & J.B.) and Song 3, Scene 3 (J.B.). Also thanks are due to Hattie, who supplied the raw meat for (horrible thought) the tongue in scene 2.

As to the stage settings, the acting, and the costuming, we cannot say enough. Particularly wonderful was the scene in Hell, dim and horrible, and then lit suddenly lit up by the Hell-fires at Pluto's gate. When Pluto (J.A.L.) finally leapt over the fire (he says it was around) and pursued Dante and Virgil the Audience screeched with horror, as they also did in the first scene, when poor Queen Anne's head was lifted up, with gore dripping from its mouth. We will say no more, but let the manuscript, on the next few pages, speak for itself.

ANDANTE

For list of Dramatis Personnae see end of
second scene.

Scene I

(Court of Henry VIII)
(King seated on throne. Enter Queen Anne, Lord Essex led by Lord High Executioner.)

L.H.E.--- Your Majesty here is your queen
If you ask me Ithink she's mean
To chuck you over for this rake
Just say the word - all will be jake.

Henry--- Welcome back my good Queen Anne
So you've been out and with a man
And you milord what say you now
What see you in her anyhow
I've had two wives and of them all
She is the worst. Just watch her bawl
When ever I tweak her on the ear.
Is that a pleasant sound to hear ?

Essex--- Your Majesty I think she's swell.
Wehad some fun I want to tell.

Anne---- I'll say we did and what is more
Old Henry he's an awful bore
He's been married once too often
And his mind'sbegun to soften
Think's that he knows all the tricks
Should you ask me why I'd say'Nix'.

Henry---- That'll be enough from you
You faithless wench. Hey Bill she's through.
The knife will be the surest way
Katie took it but they say [illegible]
These serving maids are awful tough
so go ahead and show your stuff.

Anne---- Oh Hank old boy don't be so mean
You would'nt want to hurt your queen

Henry--- Don't kid yourself my darling Annie
Here's one from me right on the fannie.
Now William you can do the rest
And rid me of another pest.

Anne---- Your Majesty Imeant no harm
But how could I resist such charm?
My heart is yours don't kill me yet
I'll promise nevermore to pet.

Essex--- Yes Sire stay your cruel hand
I'faith 'tis I who should be canned.

Henry---- Not bad at all. I'll fix you both
Bill take Lord Essex. (Aside) I am loathe
To see her go. She's not so bad
But yet I must. He is a cad.
(Exit L.H.E., Anne and Essex. Anne screams.)
Stop that screaming. Bill hurry up
Get this thing over. I must sup.
(Sword falls once)
There goes Essex lucky cur
Perhaps he had some fun with her.
(Sword falls second time)
And now I'm back where I began
Two dead and gone. Solong Queen Anne.

(Curtain)

Scene 11

(Hell. Virgil and Dante on stage.)

Virgil--- E'er old Pluto's home we gain
We will see some frightful pain.
Hell is built in seven rings
And each one new torture brings
Tothe naughty little lad
Whose behaviour has been bad.

In the first ring you perceive
How the victim doth receive
His due for bucking at the water
And not swimming when he oughta.
(Torture #1)
In the second there's a stall
For the boys who stand like Hall.
Watch the motions carefully
(Torture #2)
Was not that done delightfully?

Dante--- Really Virgie I don't know
I hate to see them suffer so.

Virgil--- Don't be squeamish here's the third
It's so simple it's absurd.
Joe Hamlen was his name on earth
But he was lazy and his worth
Was nothing. So like Sisyphus
He's made to work.
(Torture#3)
My what a fuss!
Now number four. He used to play
From crack of dawn till close of day
There was no peace with him around
Now watch him try the keys to pound!
(Torture #4)
Look here's the fifth a fitting plight
For those who stuff and never quite
Can eat with delicate finesse
But always slop and drewl and mess.
(Torture #5)
The sixth is there. Oh watch this done
Really Dante this is fun
There are so many little boys
Who talk and scream and make a noise
And questions questions all day long
Some of them attempt a song
So after puncturing each lung
The demon will extract the tongue.
(Torture #6)
By six tortures we have passed.
Now the seventh and the last,
This involves no special failing
But always causes grief and wailing
'Tis very good and good for all
There are so many who do bawl
And yell and kick and snoop and spill
Their faults are general and would fill
Full twenty volumes. Hence bad or pure
Each must this seventh test endure.
(Torture #7)

Dante--- Come Virgie now lend me your ear
I feel awful empty here.

Virgil--- O.K. Dante don't get sore
Weare right at Pluto's door.
(Knocks)
Hi there Pluto what'sfor food?
Weare feeling in the mood
For Meyer Meat or Chisholm juice
Or how about Katahdin moose?

(Doors are opened)

Pluto---- Scram out of here quick both of you
Or I will have you for my stew.
Youcan't aspire to my level
I'll have you know that I'm the Devil.

Virgil--- Cut the stuff kid cut it'Plute'
Go run along and toot your flute.
(Eit Dante and Virgil with Pluto in hot pursuit)

(Curtain)

Dramatis Personnae

Scene I

King Henry----= ----- -----R.B.C.
Queen Anne--------- ---------B.C.
Lord Essex----- ------ -----J.B.
Lord High Executioner--------- --I.deF.

Scene II

Virgil----- ---- ----------R.B.C.
Dante------------ ------------Zahner, H.
Chief Devils (Torturers)------------J.B.,I.deF.
Pluto----------- ----------J.A.L..
Tortured No.1-----------------------Meyer,T.
Tortured No.2------- ---------Garland,K.
TorturedNo.3---- ------ ----Chisholm
Tortured No.4---- ---------------Henderson
Tortured No.5------------ ------A.H.R.
Tortured No.6---------- ----- --Thomson
Tortured No.7------ ----- ----Billings

Scene III

Merryweather Music- Makers---------J.A.L.,I.deF.
J.B.,R.B.C.
Toastmaster---- ------------ --Zahner,H.
Audience--------- -------------Chisholm,Henderson
Garland,K,,Meyer,T.
Thomson

Scene III

1 Presto (Upidee)

I

John Peabody is just fourteen--made a speech--so serene-
Joe Hamlen rose as president--birth day wishes sent.
    The speech was met with many a clap
    And then the clamor was for Wap.

Where was our First Marshal Wap? In his seat, in his seat.
Where was our First Marshal Wap? Richard had cold feet.

2 Allegro con multo (Theres a Tavern in the town)

I

About the boys we've said a lot----- said a lot
About the faculty we've not-----no we've not
    Even mentioned one small criticizing word
    So now we'll give them all the bird,
Our director we love dearly
And we like to see him early
    In the morning when he comes to rout us out
That den of black iniquity-----'niquity
Known as the university-----'versity
    Where all the students drink and smoke and swear
    The tutors have no power there.

II

Our secretary's David Powell-----David Powell
At games of soccer he plays foul-----he plays foul
    Never kicks the ball but everybody's shins
    We ask him penance for his sins.
Dr. Blodgett's sort of boring
In our ears he's always pouring
    Scientific data and bad tales of ghouls.
The things we've said may seem unkind,,---seem unkind
We hope the'll not weigh on your mind-----on your mind.
    For we did not mean to slander any one
    Remember it was all in fun.

3 Andante multissimo cum lacrimae (Last Cigar)

I

We've had a glorious summer boys
Fast drawing to an end
When we must leave this pleasant pond
And home our foot-steps bend
Oh wednesday has once more gone by
And it'll not return
Forget not when you're far away
This last word you will learn,
Chorus--
Itis our last charade
It is our last charade
We drop a tear to thimk in sooth
It is our last charade.

II

I now perceive the tears do fall
It touches me full sore
You see this Wednesday is the last
We'll have charades no more.
Oh you'll remember when you're gone
And need some verbal aid
Camp Merryweather's Wednesday night
And this our last charade.
Chorus--

III

Farewell, farewell our time is short
Full soon we must depart
And leave this pleasant Belgrade Lake
So dear to every heart
And when like us you grope for words
And have not Webster's aid
Then tender back turn all your thoughts
To this our last charade.
Chorus--

Thursday, August 22nd
Bar: 29.8
Temp: 73.75
Wind: S.S.E.

A perfect morning, except that we had to say farewell to Sam Warren, who is returning to his home, and to the John Abbots, who whooped in yesterday afternoon, much to every one's delight, and as suddenly whooped out again this morning. We bid them perhaps the fondest adieu that has ever been bidden in North Belgrade, with Moabs, and Fire-irons, and dinner-bells, not to mention flutes and hand-bells, and the Horn itself. Then, feeling sad and downcast, we returned to the Big Room, to find - that fourteen of us had been elected to go and climb Old Spec, upon one of the best days of the season. This was the first time Old Spec ever was climbed by this Camp, and the first time any of us had ever laid eyes upon it. Accordingly the following lucky bums set out in three cars: J.A.L's, most kindly lent, Tudor Richards's, driven by himself, and Diana, that much-travelled huntress of moose and mountains.

R.B.C.
I. De F.
L.E.W.
Tudor Richards
Ogilby L.
Ogilby P.
Zahner H.
Carey
Lynes
Garland P.
Hall
Trimingham
Hamlen F.
Hamlen W.

We left Camp at about ten, stopping at Chas's for replenishment for men and cars, the first in the form of many dum-dums which were assiduously lapped for the next seventy-five miles or so, proving that dum-dums, whether super or not, have marvellous lasting powers. We arrived at the base at quarter of one, and ate what was supposed to be our supper, perched on the running-boards of the cars. A ten-minute period of rest and recreation then ensued, before we turned our attention to the work in hand, which was to occupy our undivided time for the next hour-and-a-half, before we so much as stood on level ground again. The mountain went up like the side of a house, right in front of our noses, and we began climbing up a terrifis slope in the broiling sun, the trees all having been cut away just recently by the kind-hearted lumberjacks. At first the gang lagged badly, the going being very hard, and few of them catching on to the mountain-climbing stride which makes all the difference between fun and torture. But pretty soon we got into the shade of the trees, and after a rest, we all started again, this time keeping much closer together.

After fifty-five minutes of climbing steadily, with never a down-grade, or a levelling-off, we came to the Ranger's cottage, where we all stopped, and those of us who had canteens filled them at the spring. The party now split up into speedier and less speedy, and thus proceeded to the top, R.B.C. sprinting the last lap, to make it in an hour and eleven minutes, and the novissimum agmen heaving into view some twenty minutes later. Every one climbed the Warden's tower, to see the view, which was just hidden from the ground by the scrubby trees. From the tower one got a wonderful view of the Presidential Range, all misty with the clouds that hung on the summits. They are very near Old Spec, which is right on the border between New Hampshire and Maine, and looked enormous. In all other directions the view was unclouded, and very beautiful, though we couldn't see very far because so many mountains blocked the view. We talked long and earnestly with the Warden about fires, and distances, and what he was listening to, with the earphones clamped on; and then we went down, and fiddled around a bit, finally getting going about four o'clock.

It took practically as long to go down as to come up, the going being so steep and slippery, with lots of loose stones. The last half-mile was travelled down the log schute by a daring few, and we all reached the Bottom, slightly battered and bruised from various false steps, at about half-past-five, agreeing to a man that it was one of the best, if not The best of all the mountains we have climbed this year.

It being still too early to eat supper, in spite of the clomorings of the more greedy, we started for home, planning to stop on the way at some pleasant place, in about an hour. After a little of the fine old game of "No, I think there's a nicer place farther on" we at length ended up in a field, devoid of all but a few mouldy apple-trees, but otherwise nice. Having eaten the remainder of "Lunch" and "Supper" combined, a raffling-off of the last pieces of chocolate, and a snappy game of scouting round the cars followed, before we once more embarked. Two more stops were made, one short, to look back at the wonderful view, and the sunset, at the top of a hill; and the second at Chas. Andersons, were everybody made up for the Lemon Sherbet they thought they had missed. Then home, to find that they didn't have Lemon Sherbet after all, or any of the voted-for desserts, and to swim in a very cold pond, and thence to bed or to half-past-nine reading, end of a perfect trip.

While we were away the remainder had not been idle. Rehearsals went on with great wim and wigor, and at lunch there was a mighty pig battle, the general gist of which was this: A large, gross, and unattractive pig appeared upon the board, with underneath the query "The Question is: Is this Webb?". In a fury, the slandered Wapp arose, and in a whirlwind denunciation, declared that it was P.C., not himself, who deserved the smurch on his escutcheon, he (PC) having left Wapp's blankets in the ice-house(we think that's it) whence they had emerged in a fishy and bedraggled state. The Big Room was the scene of a near-riot before J.C.W. finally arose and put a stop to further angry speculation with the following inscription: "The answer is: Old Faithful", in other words Meyer T!

Peace having been restored, and lunch and reading having been accomplished without mishap, the cohorts withdrew to the Soccer Field, whence they returned, battered, beaten, and bloody, from one of the fiercest fights of the Summer.

The game turned out to be one of the best football games we have had, being a clear case of the Heels against the Toes, though it was mostly the shins that suffered. True to form, the toes came out in front, with the score 3-1. The Toes' method of play was, to put it delicately, a little freer than is naturally required. First the Toes went for D.P.P. of foul renown, and misplaced one of his veins. J.A.L, urging forth his team, lit into J. Abbot's hand, but Abbot, nonchalantly clenching the much-mashed member, dashed forward for the only Heel goal.

Later J.B. could be seen careening around the field, foot in fist, suffering from an acute and well-organized attack of revenge, on account of his previous famous scoring. Chris Garland crashed through with the Toes' first goal, and then W.H.B. made the other two in between attending the wounded. So much time was taken up in time-outs for battered feet, legs, arms, and hands to be repaired that a goodly portion of the afternoon was spent in restful relaxation for the less fragile members of the foot-flinging convention - R.A.L. was to be seen dozing off each time, only to be aroused by some crass creature yelling "Time for Breakfast", when he would bound up like a lamb in Spring. In the third period there was a variation, as J.G.W. honored the boys by giving a very good imitation of a game called Soccer - it looked like a good game, and after trying it over on their pianolas for a bit, the afternoon came to an end, and the heros retired to form a reparations committee in the Infirmary.

Friday, August 23rd
Bar: 29.4
Temp: 72
Wind: South.

Another made-to-order day for mountain-climbing, but the Fancy Dress Ball looms in the near distance, and with a few regretful glances at Sugarloaf sticking out like a sore thumb in the North, we turned our minds to Squads, rehearsals, and properties. Mammoth Cave is now the scene of many harassed bands of actors trying out their parts and smoothing out the rough places in their lines, while in the Annex others are rehearsing, and the Shop is a scene of wild activity as instruments and machines of mysterious shape materialize. Sunshine Alley is buried yards deep under cheesecloth and unbleached cotton, while its denizens strive bravely to complete all sorts of peculiar costumes and headdresses.

In the afternoon, as per 3.15 schedule, two simultaneous ball-games took place, of a musical nature that has seldom if ever been equalled. Here follow the lists of the musicians in these symphonies of slugging, and also the score, given note by note.

	ADAGIOS		ANDANTE	
	R.B.C.	p.	Hamlen J.	
	P.C.	c.	J.A.L.	
	Richards	1.	W.H.B.	
Ump.	J.B.	2.	Gifford	Scorers
Abbot	Hamlen W.	3.	R.A.L.	R.W.
	I. De F.	ss.	D.P.P.	B.C.
	Ogilby P.	lf.	Ogilby L.	A.H.R.
	Thomson	cf.	Tappan	
	Zahner H.	rf.	Zahner R.	

Same only softer were the following movements, under the leadership of H.H.W. and Rudolf L. Talbot, who arrived last evening for a few days' visit.

ALLEGRO	PRESTO
H.H.W.	Talbot
Billings	Brooks
Chisholm	Carey
Dorman	Garland K.
Hall	Hamlen F.
Meyer W.	Meyer T.
Lynes	Trimingham
Moller, Garland P.	Ross, Henderson.

There was nothing slow about the terrific battle that took place on the newly-mown ball-park (thanks to J.A.L.& P.C, and Ogilby L.) this afternoon. The two orchestras produced beautiful arrangements of six different pieces, and at the end the judges could find but one point in favor of the slower and more polished playing under the baton of J. Stokowski Hamlen, which gehtleman baffled his opponents eight times, so quick was his wrist-motion and change of rhythm. R.B.Coussevitsky (Spelling allowed for literary quality) of the more graceful team, fooled the opposition ten times, but was unable to stem the the voice of the wood-winds at the end of the fifth number.

Before a note was played President-of-the-Student Council Hamlen officially opened the day - a memorable one, as it was the first and last performance of these two great musical organizations - by trying to induce two opposing musicians, R.A.L. and R.B.C, to hit high A. But the note was neatly missed as one reached middle D and the other flatted - as is always a traditional custom at such ceremonies.

The first number was short and sweet. Richards struck the highest note on the oboe, but Tappan, playing second fiddle deep in the centre, stopped it with a squeak that shrilled higher yet. J.B. couldn't find any stops on his flute and retired to wait until an easier number was being played. I. DeF. could do no better, and Stokowski had the victory in the first onslaught. Two Andantes were mute before Coussevitsky's coaxing, but the third, J.A.L. blasted a note and was aided by the next, D.P.P., to tally a good score against the Adagios. Smart handling of the stops by J.B. prevented C.W.3rd from reaching the end of the first bar without making horrible errors.

The Adagios then swung gracefully into a waltz, and P.C. played a Strauss number that gave his team a tying point, when coupled with "Tales from the Vienna Woods" played by the next soloist with such gusto that he repeated three times before quelled by the gallery. Ogilby P. then struck a note of terror which, though harmful to his ears, yet added a winning point to the Adagio band. A completely baffling move by Stokowski, plus a slip-up between first and second repeats checked upon by J.A.L. allowed the Andantes to come to the fore to try their luck. Although Coussevitsky had the score well in hand he allowed an Andante to get out of time, and before he was caught up four bars had been played and both orchestras now had two markers to their credit.

Only three men played the third number - another short snappy piece, in which Stokowski managed to outwit them and the result was an unattractive, garbled noise. Not to be outdone old "Couss" stepped up on to the leader's box and promptly baffled two slow Andantes. W.H.B. reached very high, but couldn't actually touch the note. A low note started to emanate from J.A.L's base viol, but J.B. bounced it off to first-violinist Richards who immediately turned a lovely thing into cacaphony.

Again Stokowski held the reeds in check and I. De F. blew into his oboe in vain. P.C. was caught lagging behind just as the orchestra reached the second bar, and R.B.C. crashed through with a chord that smote D.P.P. as foul, but he coubd take it, and held his hands over his ears. Coussevitsky got himself all tangled up in his arrangement of this fourth selection - a rather difficult rendering of "The Day I Played Baseball". He held two men at the end of the second and third lines while he baffled a few more, but D.P.P. sneaked on ahead when Hamlen J. deafened the harassed conductor with a blatant low C.

The Adagios fared poorly on the fifth number and were unable to touch more than one note that Stokowski called for. His brother, playing in the other orchestra, played two lines, but his mates were not with him; but Coussevitsky couldn't read the score of this piece quickly enough - an intricate arrangement of "Who's Sorry Now?" The surgeon clashed the cymbals much earlier than was expected and J.A.L. blared forth a tremendous noise involving three full octaves.

Another marker was chalked up when he was helped on to the fourth verse by D.P.P. That bard became too nonchalant and J.B. and Richards broke all the strings on his cello when he tried to jump ahead into the second measure without awaiting Coussevitsky's call. C.W. somehow sneaked up to the second page and R.A.L. produced the lost chord which added the winning point to the afternoon's competition.

The Adagios then played a snappy orchestration, a march entitled "On to Victory". They swung into it with amazing gusto, and poor Stokowski became baffled, Almost every-one hit the right notes. J.B. being the only one of the first five who lost the place. Three points were awarded to the Boston Band, as reward for their efforts. Another player fell by the wayside, and with the tying point only a bar away, J.H.Stokowski baffled his brother Will with a deft twist of the baton and saved the day for his slow but polished orchestra.

The Adagios had the finesse, but the Andantes had the heavier, nobler more stirring orchestrations, which seemed to appeal in a more pronounced way to the Public (Ump. Abbot).

Evening came, and with it more rehearsals. Digestion Club was called for all the dregs of the Dramatic world, with L.E.W. to read to them, in the Shop. However, when she arrived there it was only to find that all the dregs were dregs no longer, and that the whole of Camp was immersed in The Drama. By the time the rehearsals were brought to a successful finish it was bed-time for most, and several of the elder but more delicate Prima Donnas also retired to prepare themselves for the ardours of tomorrow night.

Today arrived, in two shifts,

to make Camp complete, as well as J.R. who is, however, only stopping long enough to collect his camping Kit before lighting out into the North Woods for several days.

Saturday, August 24th
Bar: 29.4
Temp: 62
Wind: S.S.E.

We awoke shivering, to find the thermometer at the incredibly low ebb of sixty, which, after the gay nineties of a few short days ago, feels positively polar. Squads were short and sweet and to the point, and then there were more rehearsals and costume-hunting, considerable grief being spent in the latter quest, as three four and even five people laid plans around one and the same costume.

A special gang departed to find greenery for the Big Room, fast becoming a difficult job, owing to the amounts used up on previous Fancy Dress Balls. For a while it was feared that the room would have to go un-bedecked, but Tudor Richards,and a band of foresters returned about swim-time with two boat-loads of Red Pine.

In the afternoon there was a game of Soccer for all those who wished to volunteer. It turned into Touch-Football, and much fun was had by all, though no more than ten people in all could find time to tear themselves away from preparations. A squad of interior decorators attacked the Big Room, and made it over into a very festive hall, to the tune of many mutterings from behind the closed doors of the Annex. At the fateful hour of four in the P.M. R.B.C's stunt suffered a change in the cast, Steve Gifford finally being forced to succumb to an earache, and L.E.W. substituting for him. Otherwise everything went smoothly, and the safety pins didn't run out, and there was plenty of brown paper, and plenty of gilt to cover all emergencies.

Supper was at six-fifteen instead of the usual six-thirty, and every one was told to report, fully dressed in their costumes, at the door of South, at five minutes of eight.

THE FANCY DRESS BALL

The Stunts, in order of their performance:

The Go-back Machine: producer: C.W.3rd

Professor Heber Blowhard Bellows	C.W.
Dr. Hurtz	J.B.
Pirate Captain	Tudor Richards
First Mate	Hall
Yellow Dog	Ross
Other Pirates	Meyer T. Meyer W.
Wealthy Citizens of Rome	J.G.W. J.A.L. R.B.O.

Ali Baba, or The Forty Thieves: producer: R.B.C.

Ali Baba	R.B.C.
Robber Captain	R.A.L.
Morgiana	L.E.W.(Steve Gifford)
Robbers	Brooks Lynes Billings Zahner H. Chisholm Garland P.

The Green Gods of the Mountain: producer: J.G.W.

Three beggars: Agmar	J.A.L.
Oogno	J.G.W.
Thahn	J.B.
Illanaun	P.C.
Akmos	Webb
Citizens	D.P.P. Hamlen F. Henderson
Dromedary men	Thomson Hamlen W.
Green Gods	Tappan Carey Garland C.

Mad Tea Party: producer: R.W.

Alice	R.W.
Mad Hatter	Hamlen J.
March Hare	Trimingham
Dormouse	Dorman

The Fifth Ace: Author and Producer: R.B.O.

Huey Long, the Louisiana Kingfish	H.H.W.
Hitler	Peabody
Mussolini	Abbot
Stalin	I. De F.
Jim, the Electrician,	Zahner R.
Waiter	Ogilby P.
Chef	Talbot

Bluebeard: producer: W.H.B.

Bluebeard	W.H.B.
Fatima	B.C.
Sister Anne	A.H.R.
Brothers	Danforth Moller

At eight o'clock, as per schedule, the parade was all lined up, stretching in a long double line through South. R.B.O. opened up on the piano, and, led by C.W.3rd and L.E.W.2nd, the procession wound in the front door, and up into the Annex, past the 'recieving line' composed of L.E.R, H.R, J.R, J.C.P, Mr.and Mrs Zahner, a small Zahner, et al. The cortege, the largest and longest for several years, travelled around the room twice, and then disbanded, to find places on the floor, from which to watch the performances.

The Go-back Machine: a grand beginning to a grand evening, this stunt has been given here before, but was somewhat changed for tonight. C.W. was a wonderful Prof. Heber Blowhard Bellows, with his earnest patter, his Bellows' patent Biceps Builders, and his war-cry: Join a Gym and see your body grow!

Professor Bellows gets together with the famous inventor, Dr, Hurtz, who has just invented an as-yet untried Go-back Machine, capable of taking one back as far in History as one desires. Heber realizes the possibilities it holds forth of converting the benighted of bygone centuries to the wonders of Health, Wealth, and Farina. Before our very eyes he mounts the machine, sets the hand at the eighteenth century, latter part, and glides away into the past.

The next scene is on board a Pirate ship, where we see one whom we soon guess to be Capt Kidd drinking and playing at dice with his cronies. In the midst of their game there is a commotion, and Prof. Bellows is dragged in, panting and pale, yet still persistent. Vainly he tries his Biceps-builders, his war-cry, and his Farina. The pirates sneer, then glower, then roar with rage, and tying him up, start taking pot shots at him over the whiskey jug. Tense moments follow as the bullets whistle by his ear, till finally he faints, and they lose interest. Thinking him dead, they turn away, and then, by stealthily cteeping, Heber manages to get to his chariot and escape before they catch him.

The third scene shows three Romand at a banquet, into which the Prof. is suddenly catapulted. He tries his ideas out on them, but they are even less sympathetic, if possible, than the pirates, and end by hurling all manner of insults and objects at him, before he can make good his exit.

Once more we find the Professor and the Doctor together, this time sunk in utter, abject gloom. Only misery has come from the Go-Back Machine - none of the people Heber has visited have shown anything but revulsion for the ideas of the modern health-preacher - besides which the machine is broken - a sad state. The two great men brood deeply, till finally the stark tragedy of it all gets the better of their senses, and seizing upon hammers, the mash the machine into a shapeless pile of broken wood and tin.

After this sad drama came one of a lighter nature: Ali Baba. There is no need of describing this time-honored favorite of Fancy Dress Balls. It ran true to form, enjoyed as much as ever by both audience and players. Special praise is due the magnificent cave of the first scene, into which the whole Robber Band fitted easily, with trunks and chests as well. The robbers were ferocious and their shrieks and groans as they were boiled in oil were enough to curdle anyone's blood. The dancing of the last scene was both original and intricate, involving complicated gyrations on the part of Ali and Morgy over banana skins, bottles, and the prostrate body of the Robber Chief. In spite of the quick shift in the cast it all went off very well, and was barrels of fun for all concerned.

While the scenes were being shifted for Ali Baba, a rousing game of "Do you know the Muffin Man" was going on outside, warming up the small minority who weren't already, and putting the others into an agreeable lather. Then, between Ali and The Gods of the Mountain Captain John sang "Twelve Dirty Shirts" as no-one else has ever been able to, working himself and every one else up into a terrific tantrum before the final "No Dirty Shirts".

"The Green Gods of The Mountain", by Lord Dunsany, is also an old-timer at Camp, but one that never fails to send shivers down our backs. The three beggars were wonderfully ragged and miserable, sitting outside the gates of the city, planning how to get their next meal. "Thou art a wise beggar" exactly described Agmar, as he leaned on his staff, his long grey whiskers wrapped thoughtfully around his forefinger, disclosing his plan to the other two.

The feast was amazing, and it made our hearts ache to see the delicious Woldery wine spilling from the cup upon the floor of the banquet hall. Finally the 'gods' were left alone, all three sitting on a couch, scratching in a sociable and contented way: but then came men who doubted, and though the 'gods' warned them, telling them of the doom that found a doubter in the hills at sunset, the men continued to doubt. The Dromedary men were sent to Parma, and to the relief of Agmar, Oogno, and Thahn, returned to say the seats of the Gods were empty. Once more they sat in peace, till, breaking in upon their thoughts of the banquet to come, and the dancing girls, came the far-off tread of heavy feet, and, slowly, while the three beggars sat transfixed in horror, the three gods entered, and slowly went away again, leaving three senseless lumps of stone sitting upon the bench, staring straight before them. For those of us who had not seen it before it was wonderful, and for those who had, it was better than ever - one of the most delightful plays that has been given in this or any other year at Camp.

After a short period of rest and relaxation, the curtains once more opened, this time on the Mad Tea Party, disclosing the table all beautifully set up in a bower of greenery, with a colossal tea-pot on it. Joe Hamlen was perfect as the Mad Hatter - he should go into it as a profession. Trimmy was grand,- R.W. and the doormouse - they were all perfectly killing, and sent us into stitches of laughter, until, amid the shrieks of the audience, the poor doormouse was hoisted across the table, and rammed into the tea-pot. It is a hard thing to do over an old stunt, after it has been given very well already, and now it will be harder still, what with trying to live up to the performance of the stellar cast that appeared tonight.

Another interim, getting a bit warm in the slightly crowded room - when what to our wondering eyes did appear but - ice cream cones!, lemon sherbet ones at that! Sech a beezness - every one, even the most shy and retiring, partook with great gusto, and by the time the feast was over the curtains were ready to part once more.

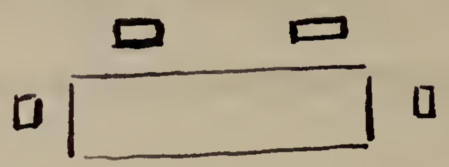
Bluebeard We are giving the writeup of this stunt first although it came last on the program, owing to the fact that the "Five Aces" is undoubtedly going to take up acres of room, so we thought we'd better leave it to the last.

The scene opened, with Fatima lolling gracefully on a divan, while hubby sat upon the floor, in a most friendly and unsuspicious manner, telling her, with a sob in his voice, that he must hie away, and handing her a bunch of enormous and beautiful keys. Hardly has he gone out when Fatima and Sister Anne get together, and open the closet door, on the most gruesome row of heads it has ever been our pleasure to see, hanging from the top of the closet, complete with necks, and swaying slightly in a realistic manner.

The return of Bluebeard was terrible to see, and the cruel way in which he tortured his intended victim, before finally hauling off for the final sock. But meanwhile Sister Anne was doing her stuff, peering through a lovely window out over a landscape of fields, and trees and towers, and just in the nick of time she saw the horsemen, who rushed in before Bluebeard could slay his bright and beauteous bride - curious how those horsemen always manage to arrive on time. It was a grand performance, and made a perfect finish to the evening, with Fatima, Sister Anne, and the remaining knight doing a dance of joy over the prostrate form of a very dead Bluebeard.

The Fifth Ace: a first production on this or any stage
A one-act play: R.B.O. author and producer.

The scene opens with a waiter arranging a table for four, one seat at each end, and two facing the audience.



Waiter puts bell on table, dusts chairs, etc.

Waiter: (calling off-stage) Oh, Jim, Jim!

Jim enters, carrying pliers, wire, etc, smearing face with greasy hand.

Jim: What's s'matter?

Waiter: Big party today - lots of broadcasting.

Jim: What mob is this?

Waiter: Opening meeting of the League of Dictators - big-time stuff. Puts Geneva on the Map at last.

Jim: Okay by me. Who are the big stiffs?

Waiter: The four greatest men in the World!

Jim: All right, I'll bite. What's the batting order?

Waiter: First is IL DUCE (pronounced Ducky) the Dictator of Italy.

Jim: That little wop Mussolini? I knew him when he ran a fruit-stand down near the North Station.

Waiter: Second, the leader of Germany.

Jim: Now there's a guy that can throw a classy act. Hitler knows his sauerkraut, and I don't mean maybe.

Waiter: Then comes Stalin, of the Soviet Republic.

Jim: There never was a Russian yet that could broadcast. The consonants get caught in their whiskers.

Waiter: but this one shaves. Last comes the great American Dictator.

Jim: You don't mean F.D? I thought the New Deal was dead.

Waiter: It is. But we have here the real American Dictator, Huey Long.

Jim: Oh, the Kingfish! What a man, what a man!

Waiter: Now this is going to be a busy day foe you for broadcasting - these guys just love to tell the cockeyed world all about it. Get your Mike all serviced up; plenty of gas, water, and oil.

Jim: Okey Dokey. But we don't need to feed those lads any gas. They have plenty of their own

(exit Jim, whistling)

Enter Huey Long. He tells the waiter who he is, and orders him to announce the three other guests as they arrive. Mussolini enters first, rattling his rapier and introduces himself to Huey. Hitler comes next, but before he speaks to the others he catches sight of the Yiddish characters of the hotel notice, and insists on painting them out at once. Stalin then enters, carrying a pair of skiis as his Russian accent. Irritated at not being known by the others, he tells them that a song has been written about him in Russian. Hitler and Mussolini also report that songs have been written about them, but Long goes one better by telling of a song he has written about himself. He proposes that all the songs be sung, and accordingly Mussolini starts the ball rolling with the following ditty:

Viva Mussolini, Mussolini, Mussolini
Viva Mussolini, Mussolini viva!
    Allegro Confetti,
    Andante Spaghetti,
Viva Mussolini, Mussolini viva!

Stalin now hands out copies of his song, a lovely medley:

Volga boatmen sing this song: Row, men row,
Volga river's five versts long, Oh, Siber-i-a!

Sweating away at the five year plan: Row, men row,
Ogpu watches every man, Oh, Siber-i-a!

Got to row all night, got to row all day,
Got to do what Stalin says, Oh, Siber-i-a!

Unfortunately Stalin's song reminds him that he must broadcast to the Volga boatmen, which he does:

Calling all boats - Attention all Volga boats. This is Comrade Stalin broadcasting - Attention - Calling boats 49 and 53 - boats 49 and 53 - You must get your hands away faster at the finish - your catch is not hard enough - pull together - that's better - now, be sure to keep that up.

Attention boats 38 and 74 - calling boats 38 and 74 - Your form is the worst I have seen in all my life. Stop shooting your tails and get in time - now take the seaweed off your oars and rudder - you are a disgrace to Communism - Consider yourselves exiled to Siberia.

Calling boats 41 and 19 - attention boats 41 and 19 - you are to proceed upstream crooning your theme-song where there will be some American tourists who are the source of whatever wealth our country has. Remember that "there's a sucker born every minute of the day" and we are bleeding them of everything we can. You are to impress them with your romantic moonlight singing. There won't be any moon, but we have a spotlight on a tall pine tree that will give the necessary effect - Here, now, stop - You are flatting the F# on that second Row - remember, tonight your singing may be worth 500 roubles. For Lenin's sake, get in time!

Remember, comrades, this is all for Communism and my Five-year Plan. Some of you complain of starving! Why do you complain? You have always starved - why not keep on? This new regime is no worse than that of those accursed Romanoffs. Before, all the wealth of the country was concentrated in the hands of a few - now, after Communism has divided everything, no one has any money. Now no one can say that some one is better off than they. The whole world is standing by, applauding our enterprise, and I see the day approaching when the whole world will be Comrades under our banner.

Calling all Volga boats - attention all boats - this is Comrade Stalin broadcasting.

Now follows Hitler's song, sung by all four, as were the others.

Heil, Heil! Der Furher's here
Vot de Hell do we care?
Soak de Jews everywhere.
Heil, Heil! Der Fuhrer's here
Mustn't say a Yiddish word now!

Huey's Composition:
Huey Long, Huey Long,
We're for Huey Long!
He's the guy to share the wealth
We're all for him strong.

Jingle bells, Kingfish smells
We're for Huey Long,
If you here are not for Long,
You won't be here for long.

After these efforts, Huey proposes a game of Poker, and the waiter is ordered to bring a deck of cards. He brings them in and does a caed-trick, which leaves Mussolini holding a Black King. This so alarms him that he insists on broadcasting a warning to all Italy: Sad to say this priceless jewel of literature was lost in the scuffle, so cannot here be reproduced, but, believe us, it was an oration, more magnificent even, if that be possible, than the last. The contents of the speech are easily imagined, however.

Long now deals the cards, and the various players help out their hands with cards concealed about their persons. Mussolini bets 10,000 lira, Stalin 10,001 roubles, Hitler 10,002 marks, and Long 10,005 dollars. Muss calls and all show their hands. Hitler has two aces and two kings, of hearts and diamonds. Stalin has three aces, Mussolini four aces, but Huey wins with five aces, and gets the pot. Hitler is enraged, and feels it incumbent upon him to broadcast:

Attention All Germany! Der Fuhrer speaks. Confusion to all the enemies of our native land. Let us purge out relentlessly those in our midst, parasites and blood-suckers, and free our Country to nourish the pure Nordic stock that has been our glory. There is foul propaganda going on in the market-place and the beer-garden, nay even in our very houses.

I, Adolph Hitler, do now order and proclaim that we purge our homes of an insidious influence which I have just discovered. It has come to my notice that in the packs of playing-cards in regular use among our people, there are not only Kings and Queens of Hearts and Diamonds, ruddy, chubby, and Nordic, but there are also dark and sallow Kings and Queens of Spades and Clubs, undoubtedly of Jewish stock. Be it then ordered that all the Spades and Clubs in every pack throughout the land be at once torn out and forever destroyed. Every card game, whist, pinochle, and bridge, is to be played on Nordic Hearts and Diamonds only, with one extra card, to be known, not as the Joker, but as Der Fuhrer; that that means Me, Adolph Hitler. HEIL! Attention all Germany - HEIL!

Dinner is then proposed and the first course, provided by Stalin, is brought in. It proves to be Borsch, a Russian soup, but the plates contain sticks, pieces of string, buttons, etc. etc. Stalin, in a rage, scolds the waiter, who insists that his orders were to sweep up the kitchen and put everything in the soup. The plates are taken away and Mussolini's spaghetti is brought in. Hitler, Stalin, and Huey make a frightful mess of trying to eat it, so Mussolini tells them he will show them how it is done. By twirling his fork he gets in an enormous mouthful, but begins to choke. After the other guests have pulled from his jaws a string of spaghetti fourteen yards long he revives and Hitler orders in his course, Limburger Cheese. The guests, even with the clothes-pins on their noses, provided by the thoughtful waiter, cannot manage this, and it is removed.

Huey Long then takes the stage, making a long speech about the grand dessert he id going to provide. He begins to broadcast to his people about it, and after five minutes, is immensely irritated when informed by Jimmy the electrician that through a mistake he has been connected with the Liberia-Patagonia network instead of his native land. He starts again, the following spell:

And now, friends, for the last course. It is a dessert of Nation-wide fame in the States and one, which, I am sure will become internationally famous. People,of America: I am here at the Geneve Conference with the three great dictators of Europe, but none so great as I. Each man has brought a famous food from his country. Mr. Stalin brought some Bosch - terrible soup with anything but the kitchen stove in it. Mr. Mussolini brought some spaghetti with which even he could not cope. Mr. Hitler brought the worst cheese that I have ever smelt. But my contribution to this so far disgusting meal is one of importance to you all. It is a dessert which is famous in every home in America. It is delicious, it is money-saving, it is healthy. Down in Louisiana no one eats anything else. Why, I made one man, who played on the State University football team a state Senator, just because he ate more of this dessert at one sitting than the whole rest of the team put together. If you too, eat quantities of this dessert, you may someday all become Senators.

The material for this dessert has put Louisiana on the map; now it will make it world-famous. It keeps the farmers at work, it keeps hungry mouths full. For all who raise the products for making this dessert there are large rewards. The whole idea of this dessert fits into my "Share the Wealth"plan.

Every person in the United States will eat this dessert at every meal for one year. This will keep the farmers throughout the country at work, and will keep hungry mouths fed. At the end of the year the dessert will change, and the farmers will go to work on different materials. This will keep them constantly at work, with a variety of materials to work on. - Hurry up with that dessert, waiter!

According to my plan every man will have work, will have food, a house with a radio, a vacuum cleaner and a washing-machine. He will have a comfortable income too.

Now, if a man has a million dollars, I won't touch him, but if a man has ten million dollars, I am going to take nine million dollars away from him. In this way I will distribute the wealth among the population of the country. Each man will have his share. My motto is "Every man a King".- Waiter, step on it with that dessert.

Now, people of America, you are faced with a new deal. Not the N.R.A., that curse of mankind, with its Hugh Johnson the Cream-puff General, and its

Rural Free Delivery Farley, the postage-stamp man. It is the New Deal of Huey Long's, to put wealth in every man's pocket, a car in every garage, and chewing gum in the mouth of every child!

At this grand climax the Chef enters, bearing the dessert aloft in his hands, and announcing that it is

"CREOLE SHORT - CAKE"

After the shrieks, the applause, the hisses and the booes had died away following this great performance, every one, including the late actors of the "Five Aces" partook of more ice-cream, in large and imposing quantities, mutually congratulating each other the while, on each other's performances. Every one in this play was all and more than could be wished for, but special notice is due J. Peabody, who managed to look more like Der Fuhrer than Der Fuhrer himself - we even considered taking a picture of him and sending it to Mr. Haenfstengel in Germany, but Dr. Ogilby discouraged us, saying that it would undoubtedly develop into an International incident.

So ended, at a quarter to twelve, a most successful Fancy Dress Ball, winding up with Taps, for the first and last time this summer, two rings, one big, and one little, in the regular way. Afterwards there was some burning of midnight and post-midnight oil, as the dishes were washed, so that there would be enough to go round at breakfast, and the last light went out somewhere between the deathly hours of one and two A.M.

Sunday, August 25th
Bar: 29.7
Temp: 66
Wind: N.W.
Forecast: Cloudy, and maybe slight rain later in day.

We were to have had the pictures of the Fancy Dress Ball, today, but on arising at the luxurious hour of eight the weather presented such a definitely crummy appearance, that there was a unanimous vote to wait until tomorrow. Picking-up after ourselves involved most of the morning, and we were glad to sit down to a sumptuous and gargantuam dinner when the Big Ben chimed one-thirty.

R.B.C. led the Service this morning, and gave us a short talk in addition to the regular reading, and the hymns were the best we have had at all this year.

W.H.B's Father, Mother, and Sister arrived in time for lunch, and we gather that his Brother is turning up some time in the afternoon.

There was nothing special to be run off this afternoon, most of the 'Finals' having already been completed, so there was an informal game of Scouting, indulged in by all of Camp. Algonquin and Iroquois were shuffled together into Kikapoos and Chippewas. J.G.W., J.A.L. and J.R. alternated at the post of 'Skipper' for the three games, the first two competing heavily when they weren't skippering.

The Kikapoos started from the South End of the field in the first game, and polished off their opponents with alacrity. Nobody managed to smash either of the defense lines, and few even reached that far; but the Chippewa scalps far outnumbered those of the Kikapoos. Garland P., that wiley and ferocious partisan of both Iroquois and Kikapoos, covend himself with glory and the gore of his enemies, by gathering in four victims in the Middle Woods. He came directly along behind R.P.C., who served to arouse thesuspicions of the Chippewas, and had some very close calls, then killing them off when they were unaware of his presence. The forty-minute game threw monkey-wrenches in the works and some timing machineries went on the blink, making the game slightly slower than the regular games. R.A.L. on the shore, proved to be a stumbling-block for J.A.L. and Talbot, whose suspicions, murmured sotto voce, he heard as he lay trembling in the underbrush.

In the second game a large and ferocious party through the Middle Woods on the part of the Kikapoos was responsible for the sound drubbing they administered to their enemies. J.G.W. and J.A.L. went high, wide and handsome, whipping through the woods, and pouncing down on the unsuspecting shore guard before any one else had covered half the field. Then the back-tracked the Chippewa shore party, killing a rover into the bargain, and let P.C., Trimingham and Meyer W. through to cabbage a run apiece. Powell 'playing foul' again, rewarded Trimmy for his efforts by commiting murder on him, the only case of the afternoon. The Kikapoos romped to victory on shots as well as runs.

In between the second and third games, W.H.B's twin brother arrived, D.P.P. pulling a cagy one, and cramming him in in his own place, on the Shore party. But Fate put the Camp Doctor on the Shore also, and the great hoax was frustrated by the only person on the Chippewa side who was capable of it. Abbot accounted for the rest of the Chippewa would-be-scorers on the Shore, but met his fate at the hands of a crimson-shirted fate, guard L.E.W., before he reached the line. The Chippewas won the last battle by five shots, no one on either side coming near the line, even though a perfectly tremendous Kikapoo Underground party started out with all the potentialities of a winning bunch. The afternoon ended very late indeed, it being six-twenty when the last "All In" was called, but no one cared very much, and every one had had a good time, the relief from the seriousness of the last few real Scouting Games being enjoyed by all.

In the evening R.B.O. again played the piano for us, while we sang, all

KIKAPOOS

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
J.G.W.	○	○	○	X	●●●●	|	X		
D.P.P.	X	●			●●●		○	○	○
R.B.C.			✓		●		X	●	
P.C.			✓	X	●●●	|	X	●	
I. de F.	X	●	✓		●		X	●●	
J.A.L.		●		X	●	|	○	○	○
R.W.	X	●	✓		●●				✓
Talbot			✓	X			X		
Abbot		●				✓	X	●●●●	
Billings			✓	X					✓
Carey	X		✓	✓			X		
Chisholm	X	●	✓	✓	✓	✓	X		
Dorman			✓	✓	✓	✓	X		
Garland, P.		●●●●		✓		✓	X	●	
Gifford			✓	✓	✓	✓	X		
Hamlen, W.			✓	X			X	●	
Henderson			✓	X 3			X		
Meyer, W.	X	✓	✓			|	X		
Moller			✓	X 2			X	●	
Peabody			✓	X 1			X	●	
Trimingham			✓	X 1		|			✓
Webb			✓	X 6	●●				✓
H.H.W.		●		X 5			X		
							X		
	6	11	0	12	16	5	17	12	0

CHIPPEWAS

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
C.W.		●		X			X	●●	
R.A.L.			✓	X	●● 2 3		X		
W.H.B.	X					✓	X	●●	
R.B.O.	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
J.B.			✓	X	● 11			●	
L.E.W.	X	●		X	●● 4 10			●	
A.H.R.	X	●				✓	X	●	
Richards	X	✓	✓	X			✓	●	
Brooks			✓	X			X		
Danforth			✓	X					✓
Garland, K.	X	✓	✓	X			X		
Hall			✓	✓	●●	✓	X		
Hamlen, F.	X			X			X	●●	
Hamlen, J.	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Lynes	X			X			✓	●	
Meyer, T.	X			X			X		
Ogilby, P.	X	●		X			✓	●	
Ogilby, L.	X			X			✓	●●●	
Ross			✓		●		X		
Tappan	X	●		X	●●●●		X		
Thomson			✓			✓			✓
Zahner, H.		●		X			X	●●	
Zahner, R.			✓	X					✓
	11	6	0	16	11	0	12	17	0

sorts of ditties, the last twenty minutes being hymns, ending with the Battle Hymn of the Republic. We all enjoyed ourselves so much, and were so enchanted with our loveky voices, that half-past-eight became twenty minutes of nine before anybody thought to look at the clock.

Monday, August 26th
Bar: 29.6 3/4
Temp: 64
Wind: West
Forecast: cloudy in morning, clearing later in the day.

This morning we had the photographs we were to have had yesterday. At first, it was so cold, and the wind was so piercing, we thought that the Old Tennis Court would be the best place, but a slight lull cheered our chilly souls, and the pictures were taken, per usual, in front of the boathouse, all being run off with great speed and efficiency. It was funny to see beggars and kings and Eastern damsels, and ferocious pirates, their war-paint still on, all huddling in the blasts of cold wind that swept across the yard. However, when all was over and done, most of the photographees plucked up sufficient courage to go for an icy swim before retiring to the Big Room hearth, and a bevy of checker boards. It is amazing how grease-paint clings to the noses and necks of our pirates and erstwhile Gods. There is still a medley of tints, ranging from red to green to be seen travelling round Camp on the visages of a surprising number of otherwise spotless gentlemen.

At lunch the long-expected, the long-awaited, the tenderly loved and bitterly hated Creole-Short-Cake-or-Rice-Pudding. We noticed with pride, and a slight sneer, that, whereas there was Peppermint Stick galore left over for Faculty Supper yesterday, and in spite of ill-bred hisses and booes that emanated from the mouths of the more churlish and less Epicurean, there wasn't a single, solitary scrap left over, while the fans, and even some of those who had claimed to be most violently anti- clamoured and screeched for more. There were speeches by the leading representatives of both 'favorites', D.P.P. showing persistence, if nothing else, in the face of overwhelming odds, when he arose to read his poem on the subject of pro-and -con Rice Pudding and Peppermint Stick Ice Cream: before he had fairly reached the end of his epic, the opposition had begun their theme-song:

> Do you know the Peppermint man, the Peppermint man, the Peppermint man?
> Do you know the Peppermint man, who comes from Omaha?
>
> No we don't know the Peppermint man, the Peppermint man, the Peppermint man,
> No we don't know the Peppermint man who comes from Omaha!

A stop was put to this light badinage by J.G.W, who rose, and in caustic tones said that he had always believed that singing at the table was only indulged in at Camps Kennebec and Jo-Lee- a silence fell, and soon the hosts departed from their sluicing and browsing to turn their minds to greater matters.

The wind, to the untutored eye, looked good to say the least, and there was a general rush for the fastnesses of the Shop, to start, go on with, or complete, some their first, some their sixth boats. The shellac fell to a low ebb, and the Linseed oil melted away into infinity, and the shipbuilders were in despair of ever finishing in time for a four-o'clock race, when word came that the wind had dyed to a mere shred of its former glory, and all hurry was needless, as the races would be tomorrow morning at the earliest.

Hearing this, the spryer members of Geo. Lawley Inc. and also those who disdained to descend to carpentery, organized a spur-of-the-moment Soccer melee, the teams being the Peppermints and the Creoles, starting their gyrations at approximately three-thirty, and going on till far, far into the evening. For want of room here the lists will appear on the next page.

Peppermints

C.W.
R.B.C.
R.A.L.
I. De F.
H.H.W.
D.P.P.
Ogilby L.
Abbot
Garland K.
Zahner H.
Tappan

Bell boys:

should have
been B.C. but
she was sleepy.

Creoles

R.B.O.
J.A.L.
W.H.B.
P.C.
J.B.
J.G.W.
Richards
Ogilby P.
Lynes
Zahner R.
Garland P.

The Peppermints (short for Peppermint Stick Ice-cream, known to many as pre-digested toothpaste) turned out to be the boys that had put the pepper in the Peppermint, as their chief, from Omaha, led them gallantly to a tense finish, 4-3 in an overtime victory over the dusky advocates of the renowned dessert of Rice Pudding. The victory supplied great moral support to the advocates of the pink goolash, as it had not been met with the expected delight. Feeling ran very high from the first whistle, but during the first period neither aggregation could poison the other's dish. Chief Tappan, of the Peppermints, was sorely put to it to stave off the would-be maurauders, and gave a neat exhibition of Goal-tending. There was no scoring in the first period, but at the end of it R.B.O., Chief Creole Shortcake Himself, had been so sorely wounded that he had to retire - which in no small way could be held as the reason for the defeat which finally came about.

The opponents were thirsting for blood as they lined up for the second encounter. R.A.L. added some carraway seeds to the Shortcake when he beat gouty-footed J.B. in a hard scrub about the Pudding Bowl. Garland K. gave the Ice-cream freezer some tense moments when he allowed the opposition to bounce a few tacks off its rim.

In the third chukker J.A.L. boosted the hopes, dark though they were, of the dusky Creoles, when he bounced a box of Baking-powder, kicked from the corner of the lot, off his head right into the newly-frozen dessert.

The fourth number proved to be a poison-slinging fest for both sides. R.B.C, standing near the main Souptoureen, suddenly percieved a bottle of Ammonia being juggled about by Richards; one wry bounce off his head went out of his reach, and with an Albertina Rosch fling, it was caught neatly on the opposing toe, and sent sailing into the dish, where it broke with a crash. Not more than a minute later J.A.L. skipped neatley through the creamers, and made a lovely pass with a large dose of Castor Oil to W.H.B., which manoeuvre completely outwitted the opposition, and the Pink took on a slightly greenish hue. Not content with that, his next move was even more deadly - a solo from mid-field that caught the freezers flat-footed, and he added a dash of iodine to the ice-cream, which was fast turning into food not fit for swine, rather than a delectable dish for Kings. But the Peppermints were not to be beaten so easily. The dusky men dropped back a little to watch carefully o'er their stewing pot, but 'twas in vain. H.H.(Eddie Shore) Wood sent a terrific rap up center ice, which R.A.L. speeded on towards the Kitchen. It bounced off J.A.L. and was saved (doubt was expressed by more than one) by J.B's quick lunge, and hurled directly out into the ready foot of D. Peppermint P, who slammed the missile's contents, a soupcon , of shall we say, garlic?, into the midst of the bubbling stew. It gurgled and subsided visibly, as it was only in the last minute of play that this calamity occured, and sight of victory had puffed the pudding enormously.

A ten-minute overtime period was agreed upon, and with three minutes left to play, a small but potent portion of cyanide was rushed up center ice, to waiting C.W. of the forward line. With a neat turn of the foot he wafted it gently through the air and plunked it squarely in the middle of the pot. During the next few moments it simmered and sizzled and screamed intermittently, till finally, just as the whistle blew, the ill-fated pudding blew up, covering its adherents with its distinctly unattractive remnants - quite revolting - and the joyful Ice-creamers skipped lightly off the field of battle singing:

> Do you know the Peppermint man, the Peppermint man, the Peppermint man (repeat)
> Yes we know the Peppermint man who comes from Omaha' !

The boatbuilders Inc. had not yet finished their operations, which continued with great strenuousness up till the five-minute bell, and went on again after supper. There are now some thirty six boats entered, with promises of more if the race doesn't come off till tomorrow afternoon. J. Abbot and Trimmy have contributed a magnificent memorial to Mass Production, each turning out no less than six little numbers, of all shapes and sizes, and finally collaborating on yet a thirteenth vessel. When it became too dark in the Shop, every one adjourned to the Big Room, where once more, under the master touch of R.B.O. we burst into song, all the old favorites this time, including "Throw Him Down, McKlusky" and "Tenting Tonight."

After the large majority had retired to their downies, footsteps, voices and even the sound of ribald laughter, were heard, mingled with the distant sound of hammers, drifting down from the Shop; continuing on and on till we all lost track of them as we went to sleep.

Tuesday, August 27th
Bar: 29.6
Temp: 68
Wind: Douth.

The last day of Camp, and a memorable one. To begin with, a new ship appeared at morning swim, before breakfast, being tried out by its owner, R.B.C., who, working all night long, managed to complete it, hull, spars, and sail, between the deathly hours of Twelve, midnight, and seven in the morning. Until far after the zero hour he had company, various other members of the faculty working on their boats, but the last five hours were spent in solitary labor among the silences of the night, broken only by the wails of Patsy, and by a single heartfelt, and Sunshine-Alley-waking oath, somewhere between four and five.

However, in spite of this heroic effort, and the lesser ones of a score of other shipbuilders, the wind refused flatly to appear, and the pond remained as smooth as a mill-pond under the dull gray sky. This wasn't so bad though, because we were able to run off the very problematical final rowing Regatta between the hours of ten and twelve.

The officials were not so very official, and no accurate list of their lineup has been preserved. J.G.W.& C.W.3rd were on the float, as well as J. Cooley Esq. who arrived this morning with his Mother, Mrs. Stone. On the water we had D.P.P. and H.H.W. working for Pathe, and also keeping an eye on the more wobbly oarsmen, J.A.L. and L.E.W. representing the Press, with various others acting as pickers up, and R.B.C. starting the races, and snoozing between starts.

To start the day off in fine style, there were two prize bonehead plays by some of our more promising oarsmen. Greg Henderson had to be yanked out of a shell, just as he was in the act of embarking, in an absent-minded way, without any oars.The President of the University also showed the extent of his brain-power by trying to row a rangeley which was still securely tethered. These mental abberations did not seriously impede the course of operations however, and the Regatta started off in fine style.

Class B, 1st heat:

Henderson 1st   time: 3.43
Hamlen TW 2nd
Meyer T. 3rd

The times were generally quite a lot faster than last week's, and this race was one of the better, with Henderson rowing beautifully, so beautifully in fact, that Murt Meyer stopped in the middle of the race to watch him.

Class A. first heat:

Garland P.	1st	time: 3.19 4/5
Gifford	2nd	
Trimingham	3rd	
Zahner H.	4th	

Garland opened up a large lead early in the day, Zu going way off his course, and steering for somewhere between Oak Island and Monkey Point. Steve Gifford showed definite improvement since last time, finishing four lengths behind Peter, with Trimmy and Zu raving to an exciting finish for the cellar.

Class B. 2nd heat:

Lynes	1st	time: 3.45
Peabody	2nd	4.05
Ross	3rd	

Greg showed the best form of any one so far today, coming in far in the lead, Peab. using his own erratic style, and Barney coming in a gallant third.

Class A. 2nd heat:

Abbot	1st	time: 3.19
Garland C.	2nd	
Thomson	3rd	
Webb	4th	

Abbot got Garland by ten seconds in an erratic race. Abbot was good but rough, while Chris was wild as a hawk, Tiny Thomson coming slow but steady, and Wapp wandering around in a vague way, far in the rear.

Class ~~B~~. 3rd heat:

Moller	1st	time: 3.48 4/5
Hamlen F.	2nd	
Chisholm	3rd	

Moller was a slow but easy first, Hamlen looking pretty good at second, and Cheese going very slowly and wobbling a great deal.

Class A. finals:(note: just before this race there was a desperate but successful frog-hunt in the press-boat)

Abbot	1st	time:3.22
Garland P.	2nd	
Gifford	3rd	
Garland C	4th	

This was a poor race from the point of view of speed, the preliminary heats both being faster than the finals. It was a good race though between Abbot and Garland, till, not more than fifty yards from the finish, Peter lost his slide or something, and nearly capsized as a result, Abbot finally finishing a good ten seconds ahead of him.

Class B. finals:

Hamlen W.	1st	3.45 1/5
Henderson	2nd	
Lynes	3rd	
Moller	4th	

Hamlen was the dark horse here, having been let in from second place in his heat because of the fast time. Greg ~~Lynes~~ Henderson. did poorly compared to earlier in the day, and Greg Lynes went up the spout in the same way he did at the last Regatta, managing, however, to weave in ahead of Moller, who crept timidly over the course, to finish a safe fourth.

The times of these races were much faster than last Race day, but that may have been owing to the weather conditions; certainly the races themselves weren't as good, with few close finishes, and several people giving up before they had finished out the course. However, it was fun, and we all would have felt badly if we hadn't been able to pull it off.

There now remained nothing to do but whistle for a wind. All morning we tried our lures, even going to the extent of unwinding Pickerel Rock's flag, so that the breeze could get at it more easily, but they were to no avail. We licked our fingers, and watched the flag, and whistled, and finally, in despair turned our backs and forgot about it, which last turned out to be the best treatment for it, because after lunch a distinct ripple was to be percieved on the Pond, rising rapidly during Reading, in a most obliging way till it reached truly elegant proportions, and was all that anyone could ask for by the time we were ready to start the races. Four starting-boats were anchored a good way off the Point, to the South, and two crews were sent out as pickers-uppers, which they did with great efficiency, accompanying themselves by screaming shrilly all the time that any one of their own personal boats was in the race.

There were eight preliminary races, three semi-demi-finals, two semi-finals, and the finals, taking in all a matter of some two hours, a cold but exciting afternoon.

In the first race the prides and joys of five boatbuilders were simultaneously crunched as all five boats that started promptly headed for the bottom. Time and again the pickers-up rushed frantically to their rescues, and set them right side up again, but they continued to turn turtle in a stubborn way till at last the hopeless game was stopped by a bellow throughtthe megaphone.

The second heat was hardly more successful. The Dormouse, a sppedy entry won hands down, by reason of all the others capsizing. This winner was built along utterly new lines, the theory being more boat, less sail, and encourages less successful persons to build boats of twelve-inch square hulls and one-inch square sails - the Doormouse had finally to be picked up before it crossed the finish line because we couldn't wait any longer, but there is no doubt that it would have got there in time.

The third heat was a good one - two out of the four boats upset, but one of them was due to being rammed by another ship, and so three boats were let into the semi-demis. Two of the qualifiers were rigged with sky-sails, notably the Minnesota Flash, which tore down the course in the fastest time yet (which, we admit, isn't saying much)

The fourth heat saw the second and last of the Sunshine Alley entries down for the count, the unfortunate Alley Cat having met her fate in the first race, and the Sandpaper, polyglot of the shipyards, succumbing early in this heat. The Pintail, Steve Gifford's conservatively built entry showed up the freak boats against which it was pitted, in fine style.

The fifth heat saw three out of five over, including that wonder of the night, R.B.C's Gattemalatta, a horrid blow to all who saw it. Abbot's boat, one of the six he entered, made a slow but determined first, beating out the Ace of Spades by only a small margin.

Another tragedy occured, when viewed from the point of view of the Faculty, in fact a double one, when both J.B's Roman Holiday, and H.H.W's beautiful and pampered Belle of Belgrade kissed the deck before they had gone ten yards. Trimingham's Tuna, a regular Dustpan, came in first, leaving four mangled corpses in its wake.

The Eaglet, another 'Body by Abbot' showed great speed in this race, and the betting was heavily in her favor to win the day, as she whooped ahead of a doddering field, that eventually capsized, down to the last one.

The last of the heats had one boat of Trimmingham's and one built by Trimmy and Abbot - to wit - the Humey, an unattractive beast at the best, made of the remnants of other boats, in the last hours before the races. The Atlantis, Trimmy's own, won easily, all the others capsizing at the start, and from then on at various intervals, till the pickers-uppers got tired and hauled them out.

The Semi-demi's saw twelve of the thirty-seven starters still alive, In the first race the Flying Yankee and the Minnesota Flash, 1st and 2nd respectively, both carried topsails. The Doormouse came third because the Nertz tipped over, and again had to be picked up so as not to impede traffic.

The second heat saw the Pintail again in an easy victory over the Black Abbot, the lead-weighted Gazelle, and the Hurry.

The Eaglet soared to victory over a fast field, in which Trimmy had two entries, one coming second, the other fourth.

The Semi-finals opened with great excitement brewing on all sides. Three competitors in each heat, with Abbot rating three boats still up, made the going

I
Horse-shoe crab (Abbot)°
Alley Cat (L.E.W)°
Flying Barracuda (Secret Syndicate)°
Gangway (Trimingham)°
Bearcat (Webb)°

II
B.V. (Abbot)°
Bluejay (Carey)
Nertz (Trimingham)
Red Star (Zahner H.)°
Dormouse (Dorman)

Doormouse 1st
Nertz 2nd

III
Flying Yankee (Abbot)
Viking (Trimingham)°
Gazelle (Hamlen F)
Minnesota Flash (Thomson)

Minn. Flash 1st
Flying Yankee 2nd
Gazelle 2nd

IV
Pintail (Gifford)
Snicker Snee (Henderson)°
Hurry (Trimingham)
Sandpaper (B.C.)°

Pintail 1st
Hurry 2nd

V
Black Abbot (Abbot)
Ace of Spades (Brooks)
Kingfisher (Carey)°
Dickybird (Zahner R.)°
Gattemalatta (R.B.C.)°

Black Abbot 1st
Ace of Spades 2nd

VI
Tuna (Trimingham)
Tarantula (Abbot)°
Belle of Belgrade (H.H.W.)°
Injun (Gifford)°
Roman Holiday (J.B.)°

Tuna 1st

VII
Eaglet (Abbot)
Midget (Trimingham)°
Fredali (I. De F. + R.A.L.)°
Labor Omnia Vincit (Gifford)

Eaglet 1st

VIII
Atlantis (Trimingham)
Hooey (Abbot + Trimingham)°
Duluth Devil (Thomson)°
P+M (J.C.P. + Meyer T.)°
Vandjurara (P.C.)°

Atlantis 1st

Flying Yankee 1st
Minn. Flash 2nd

Pintail 1st
Black Abbot 2nd

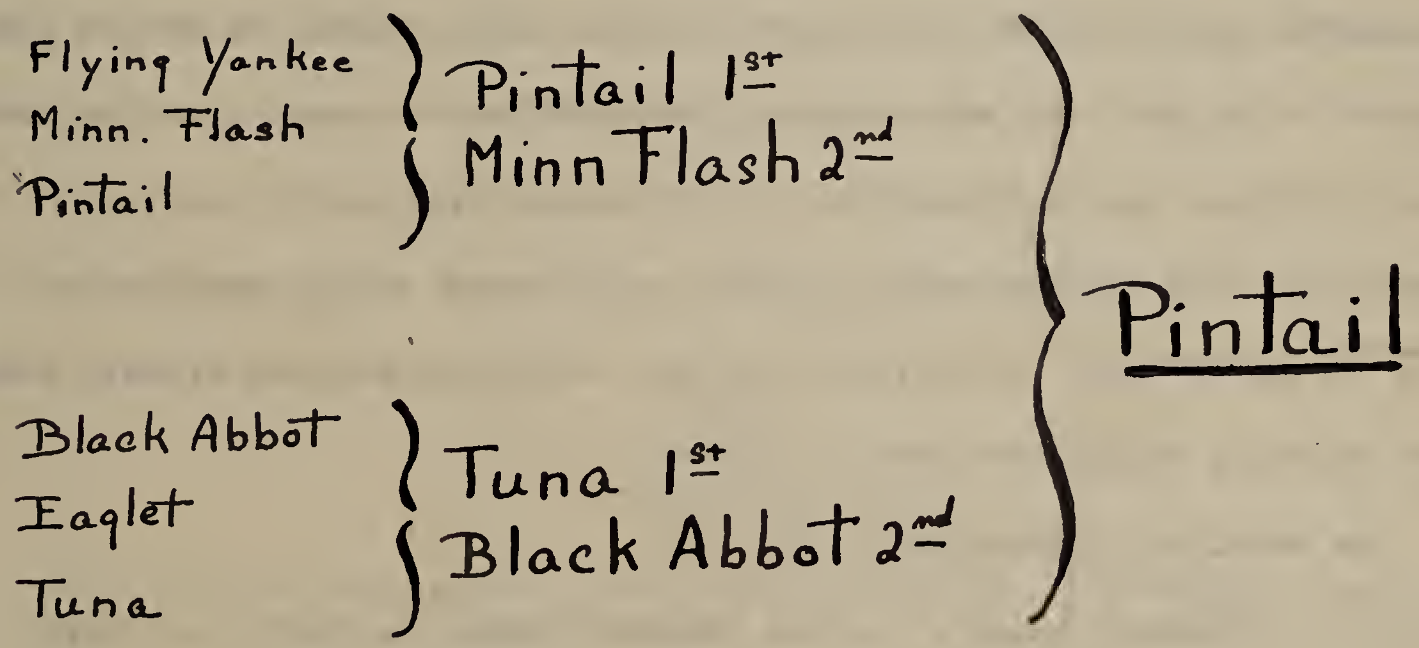
Eaglet 1st
Tuna 2nd

Semi-finals and finals on next page.

(0 = upset before finish)

interesting to say the least, with terrific betting going on in the stands. In the first heat the Pintail again came first - a neat but not gaudy boat that has won steadily all along; with the rakish Minnesota Flash doing less well than formerly, probably due to a newly acquired hole in her deck.

The second heat saw the finish of the fast but fragile Eaglet, which suddenly started to roll over, and managed to capsize four times before being rescued by the pickers-up. The Tuna showed her speed, and left the Black Abbot wallowing in the rear.



The finals were thrilling, the favorites being the Tuna and the Minn. Flash, a good bet in spite of not-too-good showing on the last race. The Pintail looked awfully good however, as she and the Tuna took the lead at the start and came whipping down, neck and neck. The Minnesota Flash broke under the strain, and started the good old race for Davy Jones's Locker, while the Black Abbot continued on her own sweet way. As the boats neared the Point, all could see that the Pintail had the upper hand, and she rushed across the finish line an easy victor, with a huge and enthusiastic mob upon the Point, screaming itself hoarse with delight.

So ended this epic of Maritime History, and the Pintail climbs the Rafters tonight.

Tonight was the great final dinner. Hattie and Gertrude spread themselves, and produced a wonderful feast of four courses, which every one enjoyed to their fullest extent, except for the three first-departing campers, who had to rush away in the middle of dinner to catch the train in Waterville. These were John Hall, Trimmy, and Wapp, also Wapp's Dog, very sad departures. D.P.P. went with them to the train, so he too missed the delightful repast and the attentant ceremonies.

When the dishes had been finally cleared away, J.G.W. presented the six beautiful cups he made this summer for the Camp prizes. He called them depression cups, but they were so much prettier, and so much nicer to have than any ordinary tin mug that ever was presented that we all nearly screamed with rage when he said it. They were turned out of wood, with shields carved on them, and carved handles, the whole painted silver, except for the shields, which were done in colors.

The dormitory prizes went to:

Richard Zahner, for the neatest person in Short Dormitory
Danny Danforth, for Copley Plaza
Peter Garland, for South

The sculling cup went to

John Abbot

The Track and Field cups were won by

John Abbot, in A group
Ken Moller, in B group

The model of the America Cup was awarded to Steve Gifford, for this afternoon's races. Next, an award was made to J.G.W. from Camp in general, on account of a good many things, which was a fishing-rod and reel, with speeches on the part of both R.B.C, who acted as foreman of the Jury, and J.G.W.

Next on the Program was the awarding of the Scouting Cup to the Algonquins for their hard-earned victory, both R.B.C. and R.A.L. making speeches, and then, together, filling the cups of the Faculty and Prefects from the Mug, while the rest of Camp had their cups filled from the faithful white cows. R.B.O. then rose and spoke very beautifully of the War dead, and a silent, standing toast was drunk to them. The healths of the Skipper and L.E.R. came next, proposed by J.G.W., and then the healths of J.G.W. and J.C.P. were drunk, and they each were called upon to make a speech, which they did, much to the delight of their audience. This ended the party, which broke up at eight o'clock, and the rest of the evening, till nine was spent in finishing off Arundel, a grand book, which every one loved. At nine all hands except the table-setters retired to prepare for a six-fifteen arising, and so ended the last and final day of a most successful summer.

Wednesday, August 28th
No weather report.

A speedy getaway, after a last rather hurried breakfast, of seventeen of the 'gang'. They were chauffed over to Waterville by various members of the Faculty, and clambered aboard the train with bags and baggage, scarcely anything forgotten, and all tickets paid for. As the train pulled out of the station, all the departing ones stuck their heads out to wave goodbye, except for the wiley Peabo. Him we could dimly percieve, already sunk in a magazine, with a piece of his beloved candy on its way to his mouth, and at least four others already inside.

A complication arose, when Wapp's Dog was found, crouched miserably in a corner of the baggage room. A war arose between the baggage-master and the contingent from the wilds of North Belgrade, during which the pooch was taken to town and showed the sights, including three cans of dog-food and a muzzle. Finally the row was smoothed out, and Wapp's Dog was booked to depart on the afternoon train; after which manoeuvre the remnants of those who had rushed to Waterville started back in a drizzle of rain.

On reaching Camp we found that several more were on the point of departure, including, besides the boys, J.A.L., Mr. Cooley and his Mother, and R.B.O & Co. Camp dwindled rapidly, until there were a bare nineteen for lunch, including Mr. and Mrs Meyer, who came to take Bill and Peter. John Ross was left to hold his own against the Faculty till the middle of the afternoon. There follows a list of things made out for John Ross to do, in case he should find time hanging heavy on his hands.

— SQUADS —

AFTERNOON —

Aug. 28

YARD
R.B.C.
Ross

LAMPS
I. DeF.
Ross
Barney

BOAT - CLEANING.
P.C.
Ross

MAIL
J.B.
John Ross (Assistant)

PARLOR
J.G.W.
Ross, J.

KNIVES
D.P.P.
Ross, B.

BAIT
W.H.W.
Ross
Ross, J.
Ross, B.

EXHIBIT A

ROSS

Fortunately his parents arrived before he was worked to death, and by three-thirty, Camp, consisting of the Faculty in general, was occupied for the larger part, in a small, select, and very delicate game of Soccer, in which two of the denizens of Sunshine Alley participated, and which was reported to be definitely one of the better games.

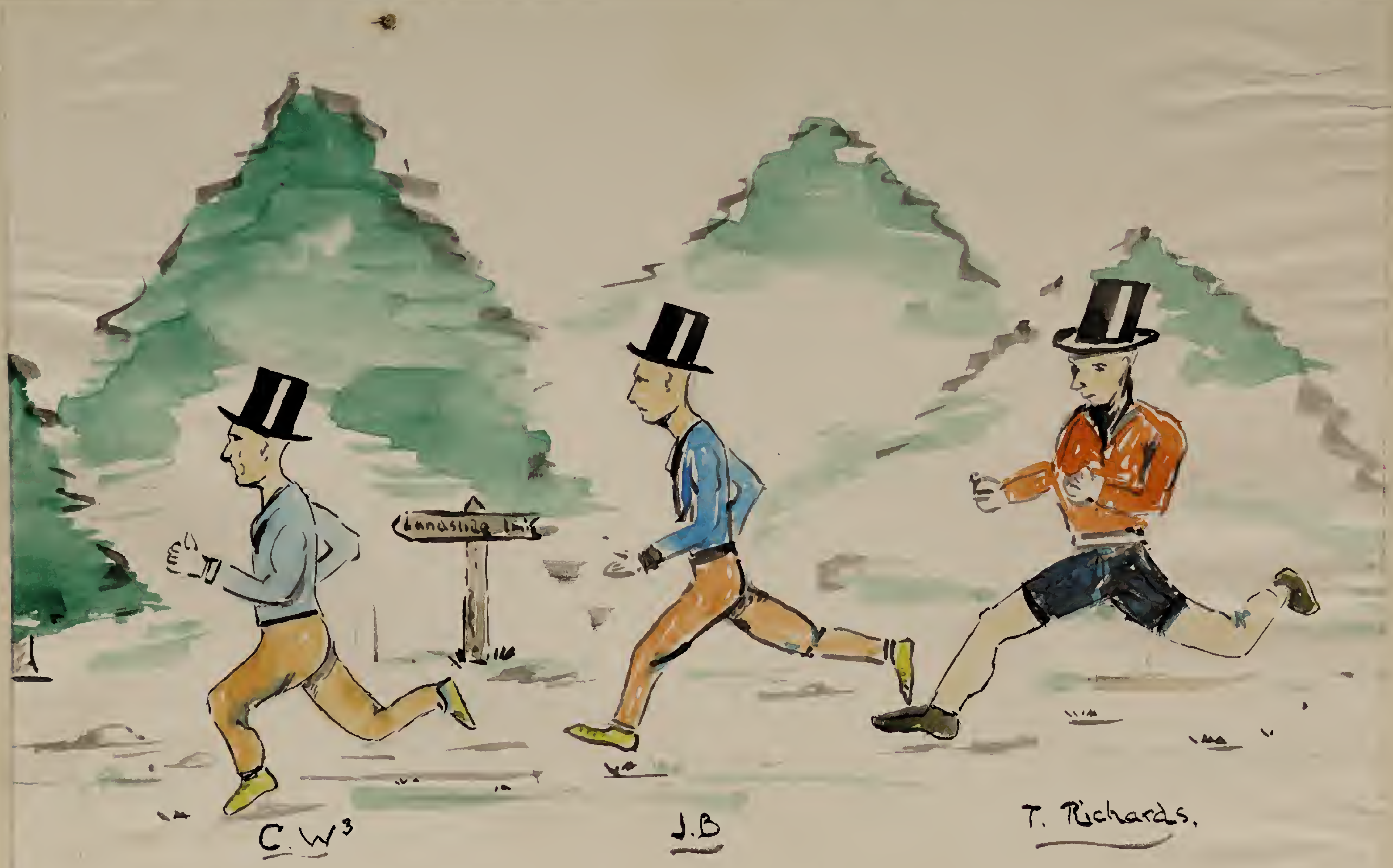
Other activities included a walk to Goose Beach, a run to the Landslide, commemorated by our foremost artist on the next page, and that greatest of all indoor or outdoor sports: sleeping.

Shortly before supper Tudor Richards and A.H.R. departed for Squam Lake, taking with them a goodly ballast of sticks, stones, broken fishing-rods and old shoes, and the rest of us had a huge meal, and then a hugely enjoyed, but sparsley listened-to story.

Thursday, August 29th

A wonderful day for the Faculty Mountain Trip, clear and cool, with a North-West wind. Shortly after nine three cars full set out on their way to the Cranberry Peak of Bigelow Mountain, unclimbed of late but highly recommended. No lunch was taken, the travellers deciding that the prospect of a Dog-wagon, or something, was simpler than scratching around here and having to put off going for another half-hour. The mountaineers consisted of:

J.G.W.
C.W.2nd
C.W.3rd
J.C.P.
D.P.P.
L.E.W.2nd
R.B.C.
R.A.L.
H.H.W.
I. De F.
J.B.
P.C.


Landslide 1mi
C.W^3
J.B
T. Richards.

3 men in top Hats. Run To The Landslide

The caravan set out, and made speedy tracks for Farmington, and thence for the foot of the mountain, arriving at their destination, a blue-blazed tree at the right-hand side of the road, at about a quarter of one. Chocolate in large amounts had been purchased on the way, and with a bite each, and a hitch in their belts, they started up the mountain.

It was a lovely climb, not as hard, or as lengthy as the regular trail up to the warden's tower on Bigelow itself, but giving us plenty of exercise and a beautiful view. The advance guard whooped up in terrifically speedy fashion, with the slow-pokes, who were for the most part ensnared by the wonderful blueberries, arriving nearly three-quarters of an hour later. There were three separate peaks which we climbed, the last being the highest, from which we could look down the trail leading to the pond between the Cranberry Peak and the Horns. There were clouds over the Presidentials, but they only added to the beauty of the view. The last mile or so of the trail was quite scratchy, and full of dead, chopped-down trees, which made the going a bit precarioud, but the blueberries more than made up for it, being perfectly gigantic, and growing in great clusters along the edges of the path.

After a long and comfortable sit on the top, and a leisurely descent with an impromptu visit to the 'caves' where two ferocious bears,(I. De F. and P.C.) lurked in the shadows, the vanguard of the expedition reached the bottom at about the hour when all civilized humans are settling down to their tea: and feeling the pangs of hunger, they straightway sent out a small force to reconnoitre and see what they could see, in the near-by city of Stratton.

Before proceeding far the spyers-out-of-the-land perceived, upon their left a sign saying - BEER, ALE, CIGARS -- RAW FURS and HORSE REMEDIES - whereupon they stalked in upon the unsuspecting proprietor and made off with twelve quarts of warm beer and a box of Saltines, upon which they and the rest of the hungry horde battened and guzzled till they could hardly stagger. Having, in spite of heroic efforts, only consumed the pitiable amount of six quarts of the twelve (how they managed that much we don't know, as it was definitely one of the worser beers) they returned the rest, and then proceeded homeward, three of the twelve chauffeuring the three buggies, and the others, more or less, sunk in slumber (whether swinish or not we hesitate to say).

Arrived once more upon the threshold of their 'little mountain home' they discovered, to their rage and pain, that in their absence B.C., alias Chub had flown the Coop, and was e'en now speeding on her way to Jamaica Plain, or some other dull dump, without ever saying goodbye. A plan was hatched, to send immediately, a letter to the Chub, telling her in words of one syllable what we thought of her, but supper, and then a goodly hour of dulcet, lark-like carolling intervened, and then reading, for those who were not already unconscious, and all in all, the letter is still un-composed.

Friday, August 30th
Bar: 29.6
Temp: 68

A cloudy, rainy day. Not much beezniss except what was connected with that paragon ofbeauty, the Stock-Book. The morning was spent counting soapdishes, and scrabbling around, trying to find the elusive whisk-brooms and dust-pans. Three of our four doughty prefects set out during the morning hours - P.C., I. De F., and H.H.W. They departed in P.C's buzz-waggon, complete with trailer, trunks, and a bunch of selected stones to weight down the tail and hold them on the road.

After lunch there was much reading, and them, for the most hardy and bold, a lollipop-buying expedition (on foot through the rain) to Chas's. J.B. covered himself with glory, and earned the undying thanks of generations of Campers, when he incarcerated himself for the afternoon in the horrible hog-wallow that was the tent-room, not emerging until it was a bower of beauty, Nothing else exciting happened, except for another wonderfulsand beautiful screech-fest around the piano, to the accompaniment of L.E.W's playing. A new little number from the 'slush book' was introduced, rumor hath it, by same person, or persons, who first brought Peppermint Stick Ice-cream to our notice. It is known as "Goodbye, my Lover, Goodbye" and called forth tears of pathos and rapture from every one who heard it, or sang its sweet melody.

Saturday, August 31st
Bar: 29.79
Temp: 66
Wind: West

Another day of stock-taking. Today the store-room, the tool-room, the Shop itself, the kitchen, and the game-cupboard all went under the hammer, with the result that surprisingly few articles were discovered to be lost, stolen or strayed; in fact a whole lot of new ones were found, which hadn't been counted at all in the Spring inventory, which caused considerable tearing of hair and gnashing of teeth before places could be found to list them in.

For lunch arrived W.V.A.Hansen, who stayed long enough to be present at an extraordinarily raucous reading, and to let one of the Rangeleys adrift.

Joanne Pargnant and John Wiggins came about four in the afternoon, all pale and meagre from the harassing life of the Big City, but were soon set on the road to "bigger and better biceps" by a swim and a wonderful supper, followed by much munching of canny, which they themselves brought, and more "singing".

Shortly before supper we discovered that today was J.C.P's birthday, so there was a "many happy returns of the day" from every one, and she made a speech, and later on R.B.C. & Co. presented her with a beautiful manuscript of the charade "Andante", over which many hours of labor had been spent.

Mr. George Abbot was to be seen lurking around the outskirts of Camp from time to time today, and was finally persuaded to come and have a bottle of ale at Faculty Supper. He succeeded in stirring up a veritable Hornets' nest of around-the-Horn enthusiasts, which finally fizzled miserably and ended by only two brave, not to say foolhardy, beings, R.B.C. and J.B. actually setting out upon the long and lonesome trek. It was a good night, but terribly cold, and none of these who had talked big and done little were envious of their lot among the dank mists of Belgrade Stream.

Sunday, Sept. 1st
Bar: 29.9
Temp: 67
Wind: light S.W.

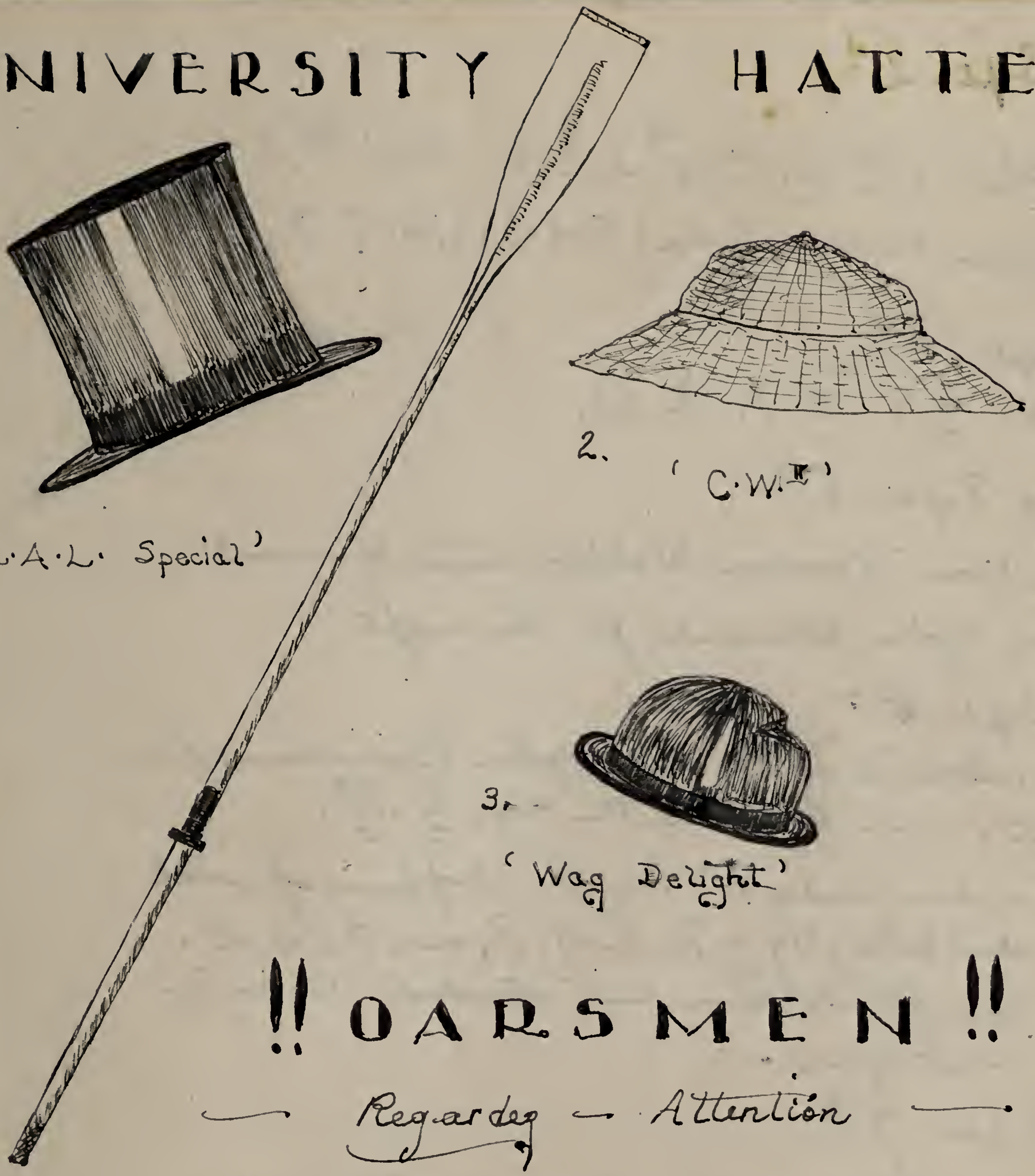
The first day of the new month, and the last one here for several of the crew. September is definitely here. Last night there were Northern Lights, and this morning the water was of a most bracing, not to say chilling, temperature. The travelers from round the Horn arrived at home again at the early hour of five-fifteen, and managed to snag two hours' sleep before breakfast and the ardors of the day.

There was a shelling innovation this morning, as several of the better-known inhabitants set out upon the waters of Great Pond, wearing a most charming and unusual assortment of headgear, thereby giving the occasional fishermen they passed both food for thought and the thrill that comes once in a lifetime, to see so many beautiful beings, clad happily in bathing-suits and bowlers,or silk hats, sculling upon the placid waters of the pond.

The noonday feast was a memorable one, no one leaving the table till the time for reading had pretty well passed. The afternoon was mild to say the least, most of us being occupied with tying up odds and ends.

Margery Peabody and Betsey Peabody arrived shortly before supper, and joined in afterward at our nightly screech, after which L.E.R. read aloud to us all - a peaceful day - in contrast to what we expect from tomorrow.

UNIVERSITY HATTER·



1\. 'R·A·L· Special'

2\. 'C·W.$^{\text{II}}$'

3\. 'Wag Delight'

!! OARSMEN !!

— *Regardez — Attention* —

LATEST MODE FROM PARIS — SEPT. 1.

1. 'R·A·L· Special' an exceptionally lovely silk hat — guaranteed to stop you 'shooting your tail.'
2. the 'C.W.^{2}' — designed especially for more delicate 'rameurs' who cannot stand the ultra-violet ray.
3. the 'Wag Delight' — for no other reason than pure style, and our most chic number.

— ALL ONE PRICE —

Monday Sept. 2nd

Departed: J.G.W. C.W.^II L.E.W. C.W.^III, L.W.

Arrived. (from Journey Lodge) C.A.S; J.W.S. R.H.S.

Wed. Sept. 4th.

Departed. J.P. D.P. R.W.

Thursday Sept. 5th

Mr and Mrs Norman Walker came to dine; and Mr John Edmonds for the night.

Friday. Sept. 6th

Arrived, David Hall and John Burnham for the night, and later in the day, E.P.

Sat. 7th and Sunday 8th: much chopping of wood (at the Sand Slide) by J.R. E.J.P. and R.H.S. who also brought it down and stacked it in the shed for next year.

Monday Sept. 9th

Departed. C.A.S. J.W.S. R.H.S. 'Bijah.

Tuesday Sept. 10th

Now depart

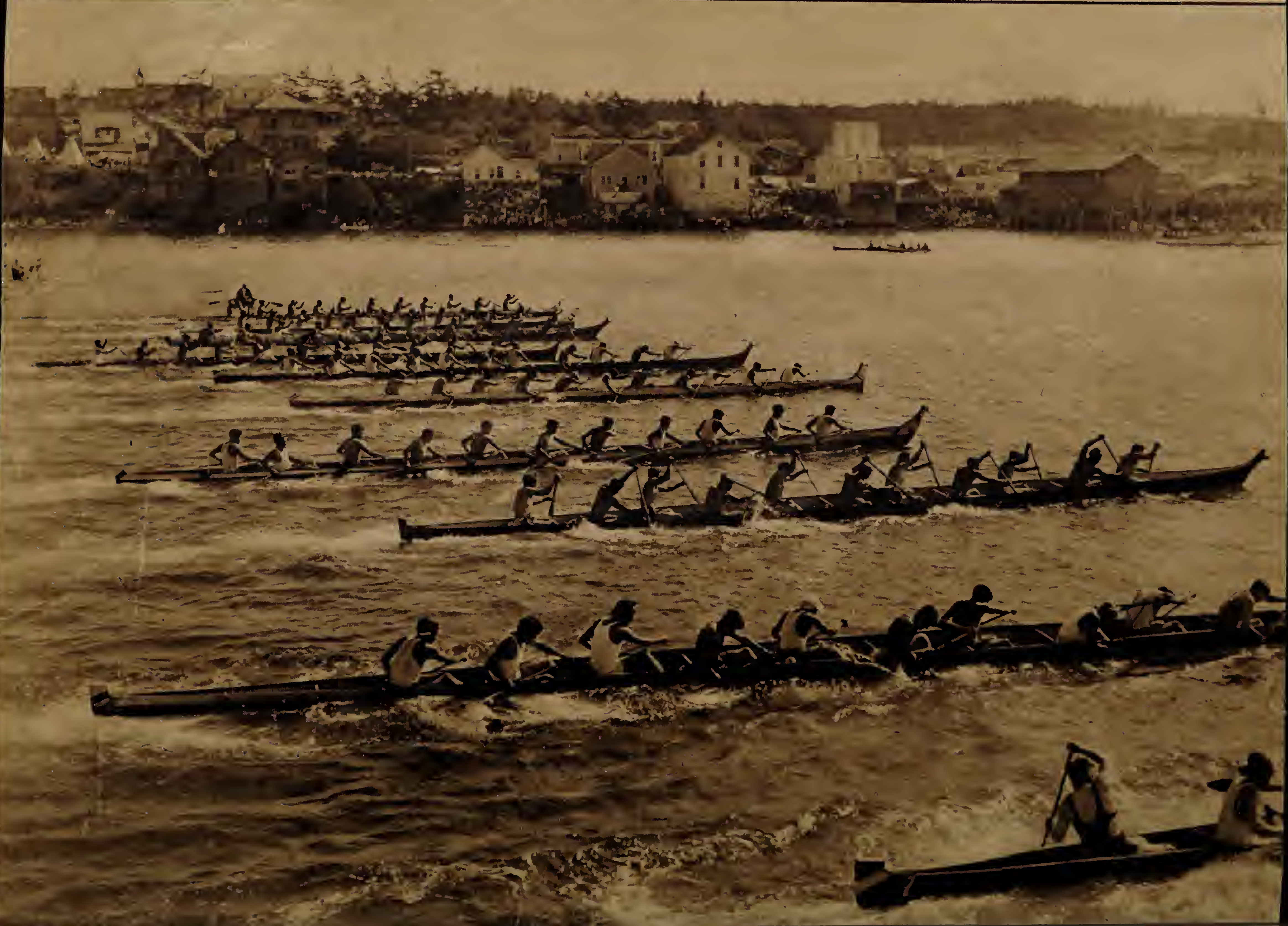
H.R. L&B. R.R. J.R. Paty.

~WEIGHTS~ 1935

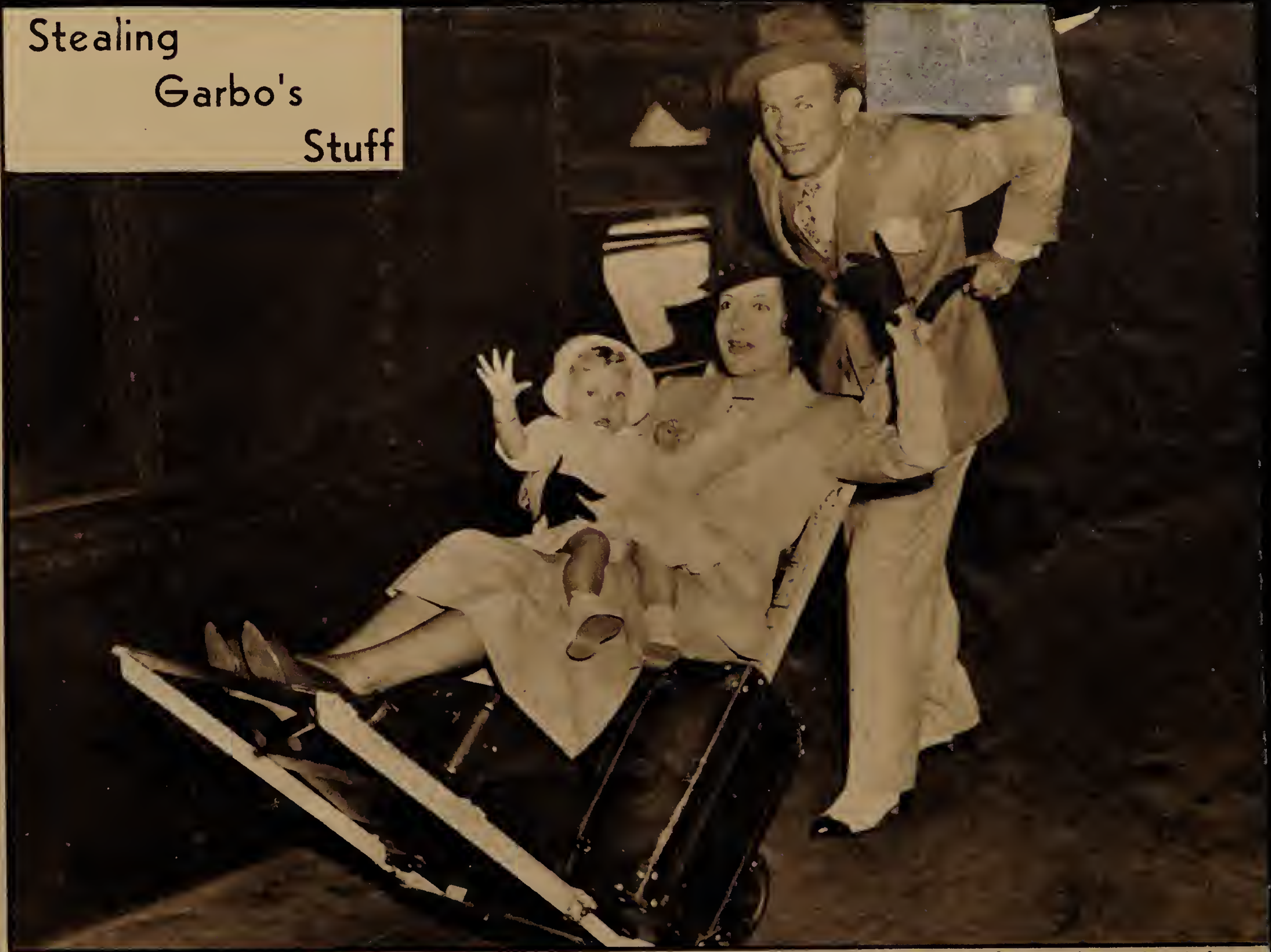
	June 30	July 7	July 14	July 21		July 28	Aug 4	Aug 11	Aug 18	Aug 25	Height
ARNOLD	88¼	89½	89¼	90¾	5'		x			x	x
BROOKS	117	115½	118	~~117¾~~	~~5'~~		115½	115½	115	116	5'2¾
CHADWICK	124¾	125½	126½ ✓	~~127½~~	~~5'~~		128	x		x	x
CHISHOLM	111½	114	115½	~~116¼~~	~~5~~		116	116	116½	116½	5'6⅛
CROCKER	71¾	73	73½	~~74~~	~~4'~~		x	x		x	x
DANFORTH	104	103¾	103	~~103~~	~~5'~~		102¼	102½	M.G.H.	100	5'¼"
DORMAN	71½	72½	73½ ✓	~~72¾~~	~~4'~~		73½	74. E	74¼	75	4'10"
GARDNER J		92	92½	~~93½~~	~~5~~		x			x	x
GARDNER R		72	72½ ✓	~~72¼~~	~~4~~		x			x	x
GARLAND, K.	115	116	113½ ✓	~~115~~	~~5'~~		115½	115½ E	115½	116½	5'4¾
GARLAND, P.		148	145¾	~~146½~~	~~5'~~		145	145 E	148¼	146½	5'11"
HALL	183¾	188½	185½	~~183~~	~~5'~~		179½	183¼	181½	180	5'11"
HAMLEN, F.	81¼	83⅛	83	~~83½~~	~~4'~~		82½	85¼ E	85½	85½	4'10⅞
HAMLEN, J.	131½	131¼	132½	~~134~~	~~5'~~		136	136¼	138	134½	5'11¾
HAMLEN, W.	92	93	94	~~95~~			94	95¾	95½	96	5'1⅜"
HENDERSON	90¾	91¼	89½ ✓	~~89½~~			87¾	90 E	89¼	90½	5'1⅛
LYNES.	102	103½	105	~~107½~~			108½	110¼	110	111	5'2¾
MEYER P.	75	76¾	79	~~77¼~~			76½	78¾	77	77½	4'7¼
MOLLER	96¾		95	~~96¼~~			97	98	97	98½	5'2¼
MOTLEY.	76	78	78	~~76¾~~			x	x		x	x
PEABODY, C.	103¼	104½	103½	~~104¾~~			x	x		x	x
PEABODY, J.	89¼	88½	90	~~91½~~			91¼	92½	90½	91¾	5'1"
ROSS	85½	✓	86	~~86¼~~			86½	87	86½	86¾	4'10½
SWAN	✓	✓	✓				x	x		x	x
TAPPAN	✓	✓	✓				103⅝	105	105	105½	5'2
TRIMMINGHAM.			80 –	~~81½~~			82½	83	84	85½	5'10⅞
WEBB			121	~~124~~			124	124	121½	124½	5'8⅛
WILLIAMS	133	135	136	~~139¼~~			x	x		x	x
ZAHNER, H.	123.0	123½	124	~~123~~			123¾	125¼ E	125	124½	5'9⅜
ZAHNER, R.	104¾	106	108	~~108¼~~			107	108¾	109	109½	5'3

Abbot	124½	126½	127¼	130	5'5¾
Billings	97¼	98¼	99¼	100	5'1 7/8
Carey	90¼	91¼	90¾	90	4'10 5/8
Gifford	123	124¼	124½	121½	5'6"
Myer	85	86¼	M.G.H.	87½	4'11 7/8
Thompson	154¼	154½	156	153½	5'3¼
Ogilby L				113½	5'3
Ogilby P				114¼	5'3½

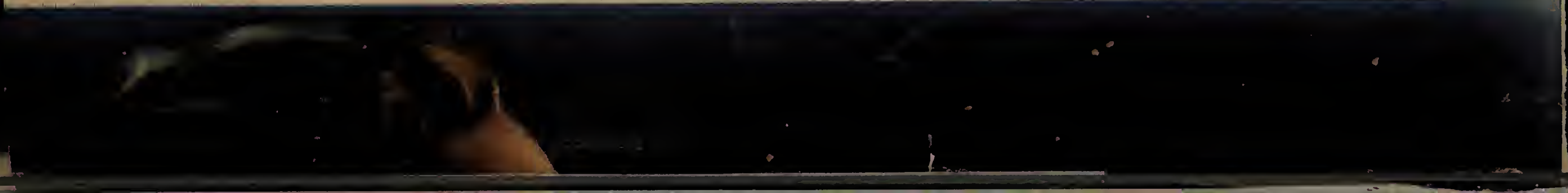
Pacific Indians Match Skill



Stealing Garbo's Stuff



SECRECY (with details) marked the arrival in New York of Gracie (Garbo) Allen, who wired ahead from Chicago "Aye vant to be alone." Gracie, shy and shrinking as ever, with her husband, George Burns doing the footwork, is pictured in Grand Central station. Their adopted daughter, Sandra, is on her lap. "No pitchers," Gracie wired. "Now I go home and get tanked," was her parting shot. (Associated Press Photo)



A Father and Two Sons

Richard and Henry Ames gave their lives, striving to save the life of their father. Was there ever, in grief, more cause for pride? The courage of these young men, their instant power of action against all odds and in utter heedlessness of self, rises above eulogy. It awakens an admiration, a respect, that makes the tongue silent while the mind ponders, and the heart reveres human nature thus shown in its highest quality, in the heroic ultimate to which men may, on occasion, attain.

All who know the North Atlantic in a storm know what slight chance of rescue there was, once the elder Ames had been swept overboard. The peril of the wind and waves is such that even the lifeboat of a liner, with eight men rowing and an officer commanding, faces great danger, and often a ship's captain, knowing the extremity of the risk, will not allow such a boat over the side in a gale. For Richard Ames, who dove alone into the ocean, and for Henry who followed in a small dinghy, the chance was infinitesimal. But it was the sole chance, the single way, by which they might help their father. They took it, and in the taking gave their lives.

In the knowledge of this episode, Bostonians stand with heads bared. They feel poignant regret at the human loss suffered. A citizen of marked worth is gone, and with him two sons whose young careers had already given proof and promise of eminent public service to come. But it must be said—for we believe it so—that in the heroism of these boys the city feels a sentiment of pride even more than grief. The highest traditions of private character bred up here in Boston by families of great tradition have been exemplified and sustained by these grandsons of James Barr Ames. May they be remembered in honor, and the record of their sacrifice remain for all a challenge.

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